FORGET ME NOT

FOR

1826

PUBLISHED BY

ACKERMANN

101 STRAND

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R. ACKERMANN

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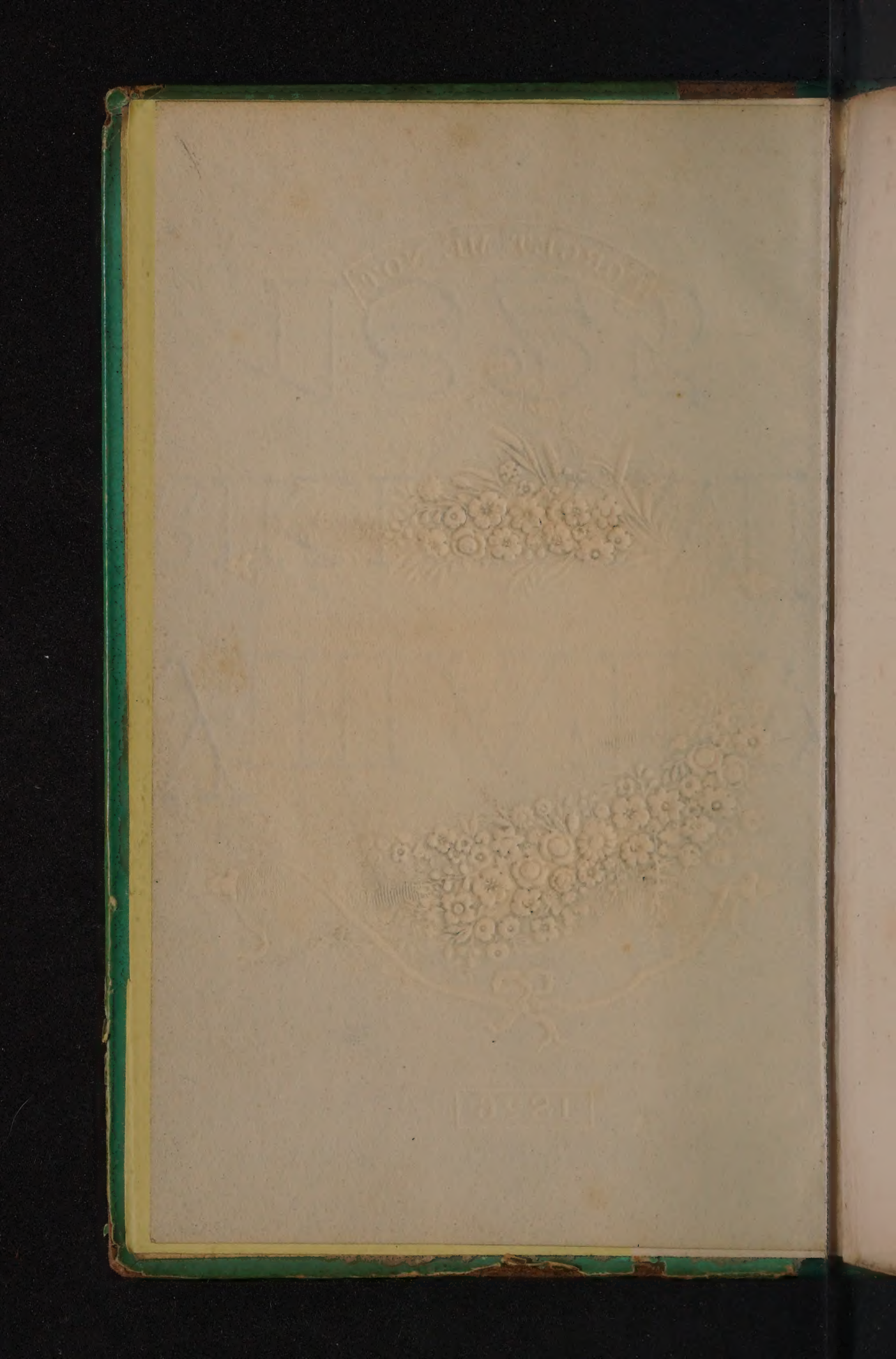

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R. Westall R.A. del.t

E. Finden sculp.t

CONTEMPLATION.

Lith. by E. Ackermann [illegible]

FORGET ME NOT;

A

CHRISTMAS

AND

NEW YEAR'S

PRESENT

for

1826.

London; Published by R. Ackermann.

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PREFACE.

In presenting to the public this our fourth annual tribute, we are not aware of the necessity of much preliminary remark. Any praises of ours would not enhance the merits of the literary compositions which it contains; while the names attached to most of them render such commendations wholly superfluous.

We cannot, however, but congratulate our readers on the success of our efforts to engage the co-operation of writers of eminence and talent in the task which we have undertaken: nor could we, without exposing ourselves to the charge of ingratitude, neglect thus publicly to express our deep obligations to all and each of our kind Contributors, for the valuable assistance which they have afforded to our exer-

tions to deserve a patronage flattering beyond our most sanguine anticipations.

In our last volume we had occasion to apologise for the absence of the conclusion of the Memoir of Ferdinand Franck, in consequence of the destruction of the manuscript. We intimated, at the same time, the probability of being furnished with another copy of it for the present year by the author; but, possessing nothing more than a few general notes from which to work up his subject a second time, he found that when finished, this last portion had extended to a length which rendered it impossible to insert the whole in a single volume, without sacrificing that variety which is deemed essential to the interest of our annual offering. Equally unwilling to disappoint the curiosity and fatigue the patience of the reader by a further division of that article, the Publisher has printed it in a separate form, as the best means of accommodating both those who possess the

early, and those who have only the later volumes of the "FORGET-ME-NOT."

The graphic embellishments, fourteen in number, executed in the highest style of the art, will speak for themselves, and sufficiently attest the solicitude of the Publisher to produce in this work a *bijou* in every respect worthy of the endearing purpose for which it is designed.

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R. Westall R.A. del.t C. Heath sculp.t

THE CHILD'S DREAM.

Pub.d by R. Ackermann London 1825.

Printer

Pub^d by R. Ackermann London 1826.

Printed

A CHILD'S DREAM.

By BERNARD BARTON, Esq.

What know we of the glorious sights which bless an infant's dream?
Or, could we guess them, what more meet to be a poet's theme?
The hope that e'en a glimpse of such my numbers might make known,
To fond Imagination brings a day-dream of its own.

'Tis of a child of five years old, upon whose peaceful sleep
Fair visions of another world with silent footsteps creep;
Soft as the dew on summer flowers, or moonlight on the sea,
The influence of that blissful dream to Fancy seems to be.

The cheek, upon the pillow prest, wears joy's delightful tinge,
The eyes are clos'd, yet joy's bright tear steals through the eyelids' fringe;

The lips are voiceless, yet they wear the sweetest
smile of bliss —
A smile so sweet, it well might chide the fondest
mother's kiss.

Thou happy sleeper, might I tell where now thy
spirit roams,
The lot it shares—how poor would seem the
joys of proudest domes!
Fame, wealth, and grandeur, never yet a pleasure
could impart
So pangless and so pure as those which now
possess thy heart.

For thou art in the land of thought, and far hast
left behind
The fading happiness of earth, for raptures more
refined;
Thine seems a foretaste of the boon appointed
for the blest,
"Where the wicked cease from troubling, and
the weary are at rest."

Thy spirit's yet unfolded bud may seem too
young to share
The full effulgence of the light, which bursts
around thee there;
Thy "vital spark of heavenly flame" may shine
with trembling ray

Amid the sunless, moonless blaze of heaven's
unclouded day.

Yet in thy measure, Fancy deems, thy soul may
now partake
Those glories which the harps and songs of
angels ever wake;
And to thy sight unconsciously are transient
glimpses given,
Whose bright beatitudes fulfil a child's sweet
dream of heaven.

And is it not a lovely scene that greets thy vision
now,—
Where gratitude warms every breast, and joy
lights every brow?
Where tears are wiped from every eye, and sick-
ness comes not near,
And hope, in certainty fulfill'd, has banish'd
every fear?

What seest thou in that realm sublime?—the
spirits of the just
Made perfect through the blood of Him in
whom they placed their trust?
The tuneful seraph host that raise their songs
around the throne,
Giving to God and to the Lamb the praise that
is their own?

Or look'st thou on the tree of life, whose foliage yet may heal
The nations, and the earlier curse of Eden's tree repeal?
Or gazest thou upon that stream, like clearest crystal bright,
Proceeding from Jehovah's throne, and glorious from his light?

Vain though it seem to ask or think, what sight and forms divine
May rise in slumber's tranquil hour on spirits pure as thine;
Not wholly so, if, while he sings, within the minstrel's soul
The influence of such heavenly themes may earth-born cares control.

Sleep, happy dreamer, sleep in peace; and may thy mental powers
By visions such as these be nurs'd for future waking hours;
That so from death's last dreamless sleep thy spirit may ascend,
To know the fulness of all joy in glory without end!

ALICE.

A Dramatic Scene.

By MISS MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

Characters.

MRS. NEVILLE — HENRY — ALICE.

SCENE — A path by the side of a river. Henry in the foreground; Mrs. Neville and Alice under some trees at the side.

Henry. This is the spot so loved, so long unseen!
The very spot! the brimming Loddon here,
Winding through grassy fields, gives back the blue
And dappled sky so brightly, that it seems
Part of another heaven. There is the mill
Thwarting its course — the old and rustic mill,
With its white low-brow'd cot, and wooden bridge,
That seems yet is not dangerous; there the church
With its square tower; and nearer that vast pile
Whose pointed roofs, and porch, and pinnacles,
And carved and massive windows, give a date,
Prouder than the huge oaks which overtop

The clustered chimneys — cold and cheerless
now!
No wreathing smoke bids welcome to the old
Ancestral hall, vacant and desolate,
But beautiful — how beautiful! The shrubs
Grown into trees, and blossoming profuse,
As in those flowery forests where they live,
Seen but of heaven. — Ha! beneath the trees —
'Tis they! It must be they! That slender woman,
Bending her fair and patient cheek o'er work
Scarce whiter than her hands — the widow's cap —
The close grey gown — the undying loveliness —
It is herself! And that young graceful girl,
Nor child, nor woman, who in colourless
And sculptural beauty stands, severely pure,
Pale as a water-lily — that is Alice!
Her eyes — would I could see her eyes! — are
sealed
On that unconscious book. — I'll speak to them.
[*Advancing to Mrs. Neville and Alice.*
Madam, I pray you, pardon me! — This path,
So green and overgrown — doth this path lead
To Cleveland Hall?

Mrs. Neville. It doth — alas! it did.
The hall is silent now and tenantless;
None treads the moss-grown road.

Henry. What, is there none
Within the inhospitable walls, to cheer
The poor man's heart? Not one to ope the gate
To curious strangers, or the humbler wants

Of the sick, way-worn traveller? What, none?
Not even a servant?

Mrs. Neville. None. You lean your head
Against the trees, as sick or weary too.
Oh, rest you here awhile! Find such a seat
As mine, midst these old roots; and if you need
Refreshment ——

Henry. Stir not, madam! my weak words
May ill express strong gratitude. To sit
Here is the perfectest repose; amid
Such shade, such freshness, where the greenness falls
Like dew upon the burning eyes; such smells
Swinging from the lime blossom, and the breath
Of flaunting woodbines; and such coil of bees
Gathering their harvest. It is worth a life
Of that dull common joy which men call bliss,
So to be weary, and to find such rest.

Mrs. Neville. You come from far?

Henry. From Oxford here, to meet
The heir of yon fair hall.

Alice. Ah! he knows him!

Henry (*aside*). How those stars shine upon me!

Alice. You know him!
Mother, he knows Lord Claremont.

Mrs. Neville. Oh, the book
Is closed, which this long morning hath absorbed
Thy every sense — thou hast not seen thy young
And dear companions, when they wooed thee forth

To the gay hay-field; hast not heard my voice—
Not though that voice called Alice.

Alice. Not heard thee!
Mother, not thee!—Oh, fie upon thy charm,
Sweet poesy!—Not hear thy voice!

Henry. What lay
Hath such entrancing power?

[*She gives him the book.*

The Faërie Queene!
Oh, gentle poet of the summer sky,
The fresh air, the green earth! how suited thou
To this wild pastoral scene, and this young hand
Trembling with modesty!

Mrs. Neville. She'll hang all day
Over that tale of Una.

Henry. But this shower
Of snowy rose-leaves—sure it was her mark!—
Dropt from that tenderest page, where Britomart,
Pining for love, heartsick, and desolate,
Is by her old nurse comforted and cheered,
And hushed to sleep like an o'erweary babe.
Euripides himself, in the fam'd scene
Of Phædra—no, nor Shakspeare, when he melts
The very soul with Juliet's tender woe—
Touched not more truly the witch-notes of love,
Than that old simpleness.

Mrs. Neville. Yet Britomart—
Alice, it was a silly maid that loved
A picture.

Alice. Mother, no! Oh, no! She loved

The high idea, the bright imagining
Of her own soul. Gentleness, valour, truth,
And lofty faith, and noble thought—'twas these
She loved; the magic image did but clothe,
But lend a form to the diviner mind
Which her pure fancy moulded.

Henry (*aside*). How she stoops
To kiss her mother's hand! — sweet artifice
Of maiden shame, to hide the crimson glow,
Her ardent speech hath brought upon the cheek
That was all lily! (*aloud.*) Go not! [*Exit Alice.*

Mrs. Neville. She is gone
To join her youthful comrades.

Henry. Ay, she moves
Towards them with a gentle dignity,
As yonder cygnet glides along the stream.
Look! what a picture 'tis to see her pause
Under the brow of that lone summer-house
Which overhangs the water, overhung
With ivy and wild woodbine, backed with firs
So old, and vast, and shadowy, that they lend
A blackness to the deep rank grass; and crowned
With poplars of such growth, such spiral height—
The stately columns of eternal Rome
Matched not the pair of living monuments
That shoot their tapering heads into the sky.
She pauses there, the beautiful!—amidst
That beauty, lifting her fair hand to shade
The light from those blue eyes—she passes now
Beneath the firs — she disappears. Yon scene —

Hath she not left a track of brightness there,
That living sunbeam? — Yon fair scene is made
For happiness. — You sigh.
Mrs. Neville. Oh, once it was!
Once — but that beauty now strikes to my soul
A shivering chillness — oh, it smiles upon me,
As the cold moon upon the colder grave.
Thou know'st Lord Claremont — that fair hall once owned
Another master. Hast thou never heard
The tale of shame and sorrow?
Henry. I have heard
Darkly, mysteriously enough to wake
Deep pity. Wouldst thou — stranger as I am,
I dare not ask ——
Mrs. Neville. Stranger although thou be,
There is a pity in thy voice, thine eyes,
Thy smile, that looks like comfort: thou art born
To listen to sad stories. Didst thou ever
Hear of Sir Edward Mortimer?
Henry. The grandsire
Of this young lord? the master of yon grand
And reverend pile? Often.
Mrs. Neville. He was a man
Of that free spirit, which doth scatter bliss
As winds the summer blossom. In his eye
Dwelt mirth, and kindness in his speech, and love
In his warm heart — love of all human kind.
Something men spake of wildness in his youth;

But when, after long travel, he brought home
A lovely lady and two cherub babes,
Seemed not a wiser or a better man.

Henry. And she?

Mrs. Neville. She was a thing of life, and light,
And beauty. Such a vision as erst filled
The dreamy soul of Guido, when he drew
His bright Aurora. Such a brilliant flush
Of health, and joy, and youth — eternal youth!
Year after year rolled on, and stole no charm,
No smile from that fair woman. Strangers saw her
Propped on her son's supporting arm, or throwing
Her white hand round her daughter's waist, and deemed
She was their younger sister. Oh, how proud
That noble son was of her peerless grace!
With what a sweet and tender flattery
He spake, and with what smiling blushes she
Would listen! 'Twas a house of love. The daughter ——

Henry. Was she not like thy Alice?

Mrs. Neville. Ay, as like
As two white roses. Thou canst scarce have seen
The Lady Claremont? thou art all too young.

Henry. I've seen her portrait, where young purity
Is pictured to the life. She sits upon
A rock, by the sea-shore, her starry eyes
Fixed on the gloomy sky, as if to wait
The raging of the storm

Mrs. Neville. It came! It came!
Poor Mary Mortimer! almost a child,
Lord Claremont saw and loved her; she loved him;
And they were wedded. After a brief year
Of perfect bliss he died, and she returned
To the paternal home, with one fair boy,
To see her father die.

Henry. Alas! alas!

Mrs. Neville. Sigh not for them that died—
sigh not for them —
They were the happy. Years had passed away,
And grief was gone. Another Edward ruled
Within the old hereditary hall —
Another kinder, dearer — all built up
Of dignity and honour. He had wooed
And wedded a young maiden, only rich
In love. The gentle countess and her boy
Dwelt with them, and his mother, with her looks
Of beauty, her glad voice, her step of youth.
Oh, how the days flew then, when I — for I
Am that most wretched wife that was most blest!
Oh, how the days flew by, whilst Alice clung
Around my knee, half jealous when she saw
My William at my breast; or tottered round
Those giant trees; or on the velvet lawn
Rolled in her joy, lisping her half-learnt words
To the dear cousin, whose sweet serious eyes
Pursued her every motion! Kind, and frank,
And noble boy! I seem to see him now,
With his bright face peeping among the boughs

Of yonder sweetbrier, whilst my fairy girl
Sought her dear playmate, and the summer sun,
Declining, streamed a glory round her form;
And I stood watching them almost with tears —
So the deep gladness stirred me — when across
Her lovely childish voice, and the gay laugh
Of the hidden boy, came quick, shrill, piercing cries
Of sudden woe; and, rushing to the house,
I saw that beauteous mother on the floor,
Pale, speechless, prostrate, writhing; whilst her son,
With folded arms and withering eyes, looked on;
And her distracted daughter shrieked in gusts
Of helpless agony. — Why shak'st thou thus?

Henry. Man is not made of stone. Be brief. Even now
I hear her screaming! Oh, be brief!

Mrs. Neville. The boy
Had followed me; and, trembling with the new
Strange sense of misery, seized my husband's hand,
And looked up in his face. Then, then he burst
From dreadful silence to more dreadful speech,
Cursing the mother at his feet, the child
Within his hand, the blessed light of day,
And life, and love! Darkly the tale of woe
Came from him. That fair, panting, crouching thing,
Quivering beneath her shame, she had confessed
Her frailty. Not till after Edward's birth

Did his dead father wed her — he had been
An innocent usurper. At one word,
We lost our name, our wealth, our very home.
Delay had maddened him: before the sun
Was set, we and our children had passed forth
From this fair heritage, poor wanderers
Upon the earth. The gentle heiress staid,
Death-struck with the disgrace that seemed to stain
Even her white purity. In one short month
Her passing-bell had knolled.

Henry. Poor — poor — But she,
The wretchedest, the mother?

Mrs. Neville. Ere she rose
From off the ground where she had plunged her shame,
Her brown hair turned to white. She died not: youth,
And joy, and beauty died; but she lives on
In penitence.

Henry. And he?

Mrs. Neville. Oh, what a slow
And weary death is grief, when it contends
With manhood's healthful prime! we wander'd on
Through many lands. He could not bear the sight
Or sound of aught familiar — his own name
Was as a dagger to him; every smile
Of his unconscious son a deeper stab:
Only my gentle Alice — her he loved —
Her only! till at last his heart grew strong

As his frame weakened, and he longed once more
To see the hall — 'Twas speedy then — He lies
Under yon yew-tree. I have never left —
I cannot leave —— [*Re-enter Alice.*

Alice. Mother! — Doth she not weep?
Ah me! that tears should sadden such an hour! —
Mother! oh, smile upon me: I bring news
Of joy — he comes to-day — this very day;
It is his birth-day. I am come for flowers —
Doth not Lord Claremont love them?

Henry. Yes: but most
The pure white rose.

Alice. Look how it blossoms here
Amid the flaunting brier — the purest rose.
We shall soon fill the basket.

Mrs. Neville. Claremont comes,
The heir, to take his state, to fill the hall
With revelry; and William — my poor boy! —
Thou art Lord Claremont's friend — canst thou forgive
A mother's tenderness?

Henry. Madam, each word,
Each patient tear of thine drew answering drops
From my sad heart. I knew, as Claremont knew,
Imperfectly, the story of his race.
Oh! it has made the grief of his young life,
His splendid orphanage, to bear the weight
Of wealth which should be yours — to feel your woe —
To fear your hatred.

Alice. Hatred! what, to him?
The kindest, noblest, best! Hatred to him!
And from my mother! And 'tis thou, his friend,
That talk'st so! Chide him, mother. But thou
know'st not,
Thou canst not know, how exquisitely one
Claremont and goodness are. We were so poor,
Till Claremont succoured us; a stripling then,
And under a stern guardian's tutelage,
He gave up every costly gaud of youth
For us. Nay, that were little: he sought out
Poor William in his distant school; he wrote
To me with such a graciousness; he sent
Gifts, such as brothers to their sisters send—
Books, music, flowers: this pretty basket—see
How like a bee-hive the bright straw is wrought—
This basket came from him—And thou canst talk
Of hatred!

Henry. Happiest! happiest!

Mrs. Neville. She is right.
The passing pang is o'er: I cannot grieve
To see the noblest of a noble race
Even in my husband's seat.

Alice. Would he were here!
Mother, shall we not know him? I remember,
Do I not, mother, his dark curling hair,
And his mild serious eyes and rosy cheeks;
And how I used to love him?

Mrs. Neville. Wilt thou tell him
All this?

Alice. Why should I not?—and yet sometimes
I have a fluttering at my heart—an awe—
A sinking. Is it fear?—'Twere wrong to fear
Such goodness: yet, in sooth, I tremble, mother;
I know not why. If he were gentle—like—
If he would take my hand, and only say,
Alice!

Henry (*taking her hand*). My cousin Alice! fly me not,
Alice!

Alice. Lord Claremont!

Henry. Nay, thy Henry, sweet one,
It was the first word that thou spakest, Alice;
Do not forget it now.—Forgive me, madam,
That I thus stole upon you! Oh, forgive
My deeper, but unwilling guilt! At length
I can be just. The old ancestral hall,
The wide demesne, are thine. Within an hour
Thy gentle William will be there, to fill
His father's seat—the heir. Oh, thank me not:
I am still rich in my paternal wealth—
A beggar still in love. I have no mother—
Be thou one to me: let thy William call
Me brother.

Mrs. Neville. My dear son!

Alice. And am not I
Thy sister?

Henry. No, mine own sweet Alice, no!

THE CHOICE.

Now take thy choice, thou maiden fair,
  Of the gifts thy lovers bring;
The one has brought thee jewels rare,
  The other flowers of spring.

The maiden watched the rubies glow,
  And wreathed them in her hair;
But heavy they prest upon her brow,
  Like the weight of secret care.

The gems that bound her forehead high,
  Might have lighted a diadem;
Yet pale grew her cheek, and dim her eye —
  Her heart was not with them:

And ever an inward pulse would stir,
  When she saw a spring flower wave;
But never again did they bloom for her,
  Till they bloomed upon her grave!

She was borne to her grave with purple pall,
  And scutcheon, and waving plume;
One followed — the saddest one of all —
  And threw flowers over her tomb.

L. E. L.

BOLTON ABBEY.

> If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
> Go visit it by the pale moon-light:
> For the gay beams of lightsome day
> Gild but to flout the ruins gray.
>
> *Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

The sun had just risen, when Emma, De la Roche, and myself, mounted our horses, and set forward on our expedition to the abbey. It was one of those sultry days common towards the end of summer, and which contribute to render the cooling breezes of autumn, so soon to refresh the air, doubly welcome. Every thing seemed to foretell that the day would be intensely hot: as we rode along through a rich and highly cultivated country, we could observe the cattle collecting themselves to the sides of the pools or river, endeavouring to catch the slight breezes which played upon the face of the waters; while some, venturing into the stream, sought to cool their burning limbs in its waves, but even here they could find no repose: the warmth of the day had brought out all the insect tribes, which, buzzing around, stung them almost to madness. In vain they fled; the watchful foe pursued; nor could any stratagem elude his insatiable thirst for blood, until, worn out with the

race, the poor animals returned, wearied and dispirited, to the place from which they had commenced their career. Every now and then, we could discern small companies of reapers busy with the early harvest; even their work seemed to go listlessly on. In general the wheat remained uncut: while its rich golden waves, spreading in every direction over the face of the country, gave a pleasing variety to the landscape. "It is wonderful," I observed to De la Roche, "that you, who have been accustomed to all the magnificence and luxuriance of a southern climate, can still contemplate with pleasure the comparatively homely scene before us: I should always fear one of the effects of travelling would be, to render me dissatisfied with my own barren country." "Far otherwise," he replied: "the lofty mountain and the foaming cataract strike us at first with pleasure, with admiration, and with awe; the mind soars, as it were, above itself: but the higher its flight the sooner it becomes fatigued, and we gladly turn from scenes of lofty grandeur to the more smiling beauties of the plain. Besides all this, there is a magic in the name of home and country, which he only who has quitted them for a time can fully know. In a foreign land, we wander amidst the charms of nature, lonely, unconnected beings: separated from our kindred and our friends, we have none to sympathise in our feelings; we are, as it were, alone in

the world. But here we are identified in a manner with the scene around us; every peasant that we meet is a countryman and a kind of brother."

In conversation such as this we reached the abbey. It is now enclosed with a high park-wall, on opening a door in which the ruins in all their grandeur burst upon our view. Although the remaining vestiges but faintly shew what it was in the days of its former magnificence, in point of *situation* it can hardly be equalled. Close to the venerable pile, the Wharfe rolls peacefully along, overhung by rocks of a thousand various tints, from the deep rich purple to the more sober saffron; the tops of these cliffs are crowned with overhanging brushwood; from several of their apertures fall cascades, sending their white foam high into the air, and swelling the stream below with their tributary waters. Crossing the river, by means of large stones placed at equal distances from each other, we sauntered along the foot of the rocks, which served as a protection from the powerful rays of the sun, until the river, narrowing at every step, rushes with impetuous fury (forming a kind of whirlpool) between two rocks, known by the name of "The Stride." It was the fatal spot where "the Boy of Egremond," the last of his race, was dashed to pieces, as he attempted to leap the pass. The place is still shunned by the peasantry: oft in the silence of the night as the wind moans heavily by it, they

fancy they distinguish the screams of the childless mother mingling with the blast; fulfilling, as it were, her own reply to the herdsman, which has been handed down by tradition, and is still used as a kind of proverb by the men of Wharfedale.*

The heat at last obliged us to return to the ruin, in the hope that it might afford us a temporary retreat, until sufficiently refreshed to pursue our ramble. We soon reached the spot, where it stood screened by large venerable trees, and entered what had formerly been the nave of the church by one of the numerous breaches which time, or the still more destroying hand of man, had made in the wall. There was a kind of silent awe in the scene, which suited well with

* "In the twelfth century, William Fitz-Duncan laid waste the valleys of Craven with fire and sword, and was afterwards established there by his uncle David, king of Scotland. He was the last of his race; his son, commonly called the Boy of Egremond, being dashed to pieces as he attempted to leap a narrow pass, owing to the hound which he held in his hand holding back. A priory was removed from Embsay to Bolton, that it might be as near as possible to the place where the accident happened: that place is still known by the name of the *Strid*; and the mother's answer to the serf, who informed her of the melancholy event, is to this day often repeated in Wharfe-dale."—WHITAKER'S *History of Craven.*

The exclamation of the mother is thus introduced into a beautiful little poem, by S. Rogers, Esq.—

"'Say, what remains when hope is fled?'
She answered, 'Endless weeping!'
For in the herdsman's eye she read
Who in his shroud lay sleeping."

the tone of my feelings. Can any thing remind us more forcibly of the brevity of human existence, than the sight of a vast edifice, raised with a care and a skill which seemed to promise that it should remain coeval with time itself, now mouldering in the dust; weeds and grass usurping the site of the fair pavement! Where once the window, stained with armorial bearings, "shed a dim religious light," is seen the creeping ivy; and instead of "the loud pealing organ," and swelling voices, hymning the praises of the Deity, are heard at times the screaming of the bittern, and the low complaining of the owl. And where are they, the proud founders of the building? where are the lordly abbots, with their long train of attendant monks?—*all, all,* are vanished! not one trace remains, to point out the spot which contains their ashes! The dust of the chivalrous baron and the mitred churchman is mingled in one indiscriminate mass, or scattered by the winds to the four corners of heaven. A few more revolving years, and they who now move so lightly and so gaily over the green turf, will, like those who sleep below, be swallowed up in the vast ocean of eternity, and be forgotten, as though they had never been!

Thus musing, or at times sauntering listlessly among the ruins, I heeded not the passing time, nor perceived that my companions had wandered far from me. In the morning no cloud had ob-

scured the serene azure of the sky, but for some time one black spot had been visible in the distance; it had for the last half hour been rapidly increasing in size, and every now and then I could distinguish the low mutterings of the distant thunder, accompanied by a few faint flashes of lightning. Aware that the storm would not now pass away, I was on the point of leaving the building, when a peal of thunder shook it to its very foundation; at that moment my companions joined me. We wished to have reached the inn; but the storm was now raging with a violence which drowned the sound of our voices: the peals of thunder, bursting with sudden crashes over our heads, were reverberated by a thousand echoes amongst the rocks and dilapidated buildings; and long ere one sound died away, it was renewed by claps, each of which seemed longer and louder than the last, while the forked and vivid lightning flashed from every window and crevice, rendering the horrors of the scene without distinctly visible. We had entered that part of the abbey where divine service is still performed, and arranged ourselves in silence round the altar. Thus we remained for more than an hour, when the fury of the storm began to abate, but the thunder had been succeeded by floods of rain; and being at some distance from the inn, we were detained prisoners some time longer. We reached it at last; but the shower had been followed by

a kind of drizzling rain, which threatened to be of longer duration, and we were reluctantly obliged to give up all thoughts of returning home that night. Seated round a cheerful fire, talking over the pleasures and dangers of the day, our little party soon recovered its gaiety, nor separated until a late hour.

The window of the apartment which I occupied looked towards the abbey; and as I gazed from it, I could not but feel surprised at the change which a few hours had made in the scene. Nothing could be more profound than the calm which had succeeded the storm. The moon was risen, shedding her silver light on all around, and the outline of the abbey was beautifully defined by her soft rays. I could not sleep, nor resist the wish, at this still and beautiful hour, when all around me were asleep, to revisit the scene of past pleasures. I proceeded about two hundred yards from the house, and then a feeling of the most perfect loneliness made me pause; I could proceed no further. Earth below seemed so peaceful, and the heavens above presented such an image of calm majesty; I alone seemed the only living being in the vast expanse. Evening certainly is the time for holy devotion; but Night, even when most beautiful, brings with her feelings of solemnity and awe. She speaks so forcibly of the end of all things, of our last long sleep! I had, however, *seen* Bolton by the pale moonlight. Beautiful

Bolton! four long years have passed away since the events I have been relating; and how have the little party, which on that day visited those ruins, been dispersed; how much of earth and ocean now separates hearts still as fondly united! But the only one of the three who still remains shall never see thy mouldering walls without a thought to the memory of her lost friends, and a tear to the recollection of their love.

FLORA.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

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THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

NAPLES is remarkable for its picturesque situation, Rome and Florence for their exquisite treasures of art; while Venice alone, which has no delicious scenery, and but few collections to boast, possesses, on the other hand, a peculiar charm which the above-mentioned cities have not — that of the *romantic*. What, indeed, has a better claim to the epithet of romantic, than the celebrated Place of St. Mark, with the adjoining *piazzetta?* Enclosed on three sides by magnificent edifices, this place runs down close to the sea; the spray of which, when it is agitated, reaches the pillars, supporting the one the celebrated lion, and the other the image of St. Theodore. On the left appears the lofty pointed steeple, and near it the church of St. Mark, with its numerous singularly shaped cupolas, which have more of an oriental than christian air. In front of it, on metal pedestals, magnificently decorated, are planted three tall masts, bearing at their tops the arms of Candia, Cyprus, and the Morea; from which, on particular occasions, prodigiously large red and white streamers float down to the ground. On the right, upon the

roof of a palace that forms an archway, is the remarkable clock, with its large detached bell, upon which, at noon and midnight, two metal giants, called *i Mori*, strike twelve prodigious blows with their ponderous hammers. Proceeding down the *Riva de' Schiavoni*, the street of the Slavonians, towards the Doge's palace, supported by innumerable arches curiously wrought, and resting upon as many pillars, what an extraordinary scene presents itself! It is not merely that jugglers and conjurers of all sorts here display their tricks, while the more elegant population of Venice, intermixed with Turks, Greeks, and Dalmatians, in splendid national costumes, pours along towards the *Giardini publici*; no, the eye of the intelligent observer is here met by a very grave but not less romantic point of view, namely, the palace of the state inquisitors, the prisons of three different kinds, (of which the *Piombi*, or lead roofs, and the *Pozzi*, or wells, were the most famous,) and a structure, the name of which strikes painfully on the ear—the *Ponte de' Sospiri*, the Bridge of Sighs, bestriding the dark canal *del Orfano*. Through its silent walls, with their small closely-grated windows, the condemned were conducted from sentence to execution. The entrances are secured on both sides with immense iron bars and padlocks. We need, in fact, neither the mysterious descriptions

of the more ancient writers on Venice, nor the exposure of the most atrocious cruelty and the most arbitrary despotism, furnished by Count Daru in his recent masterly History of that Republic, to form some conception of the horrors of the secret tribunal. The mere sight of the gloomy arches, and of the strong iron gratings, is quite sufficient.

When, in the course of the late political revolutions, these edifices were in part appropriated to other purposes, there was found on the wall an inscription, apparently in a female hand, hastily scrawled, perhaps in the last awful moment.* The writer, who has seen this inscription, subjoins the story connected with it, as preserved by tradition in Venice, without however guaranteeing its authenticity.

Among the flower of the Venetian nobility, who in the year 1524 joined the army sent by the senate, under the command of the Duke of Urbino, to assist its ally, Francis I. of France, in opposing the Austrian power under Charles V., the most conspicuous alike for personal qualities and wealth was Count Christopher Frangipani. Though born in Venice, yet no sooner was he of

* The inscription is as follows: — Ioan . . . f . . . . l . . . . incluso qua. introise . . . fin a terzo zorno. de. Setembro. del. M.D . . . XVIII. io. cristofero. fragipanibus. chonte. de vegia. sen . . . et. modrusa. et. io. apolonia chonsorte. de Sopradito. Signior chonte . . .

an age to form his own opinion of things, than he expressed with great freedom his disapprobation of the mystery which pervaded the political and judicial administration of that state: and if no notice seemed at first to be taken of this, perhaps on account of his youth, it was certainly nothing but the fair hopes which he authorised, that subsequently screened him from severe punishment. With a bold and vigorous mind he united a commanding and handsome person. Victorious in all the chivalrous sports common at that period in Italy, he chiefly delighted to employ his superior powers in the protection of the weak. Hence it is not surprising that he should have been at once the darling of the people and of the fair sex. All these brilliant qualities, nevertheless, excited the envy of many, who attached a malicious interpretation to each of his actions. None, however, cared less for these strictures than the high-spirited Frangipani; he let people talk as they pleased, and did what was right. Arrived at maturer years, he looked about for a wife worthy of himself. Such a one he found in Apollonia, Marchioness of Modrusa. On returning, after the nuptial ceremony, from attending mass in the church of St. Mark, with this lovely female hanging on his arm, through the concourse of people in the piazza, the rare beauty of the new-married couple extorted on all sides expressions of the

warmest admiration. Apollonia received this unbought homage with downcast looks, while the flush of modesty that mantled her cheek seemed to heighten her charms; but Frangipani with the tranquil, unassuming consciousness of desert, which so well becomes the man. Apollonia had hitherto been known as a pattern of all the female virtues: her intimate friends, when speaking of her domestic qualities, and of her reverence and affection for her blind and aged mother, could not describe, in sufficiently glowing colours, the unusual charms that seemed to be diffused over her person, while engaged in these dutiful attentions; so that in fact she looked more like a supernatural being than one of mortal mould. Titian, the celebrated painter, during his residence at Venice as a pupil of the great Bellini, once beheld her thus seated on a low stool at the feet of the venerable sightless matron, while the moon threw its silver light over her touchingly beautiful face, and tempered the fire of her dark eyes. She held the lute in her hand, singing with melodious voice a religious hymn, while the cool sea-breeze, pouring through the open windows, played in her dark hair that waved over her neck and bosom. "O fascinating marchesina!" exclaimed the enraptured painter; "I just need an angel, absorbed in melancholy musing on the beloved but fallen human race: permit me to take you for my model; for here on

earth I shall not find any thing more beautiful!" The youthful Apollonia, her modesty deeply wounded, and glowing with confusion, had well nigh given a severe reproof to the young artist for what appeared to her to be the height of presumption. After she had become, however, the wife of the illustrious Frangipani, she furnished proofs of an intrepidity and heroism that would not have been expected in the bosom of a female. Not only did she accompany the count on horseback in the chace, when he visited his and her patrimonial estates in the Trevisan, but in the sequel, when, as has been mentioned above, he repaired to the camp at the head of a body of Venetian nobles, she went with him, and was even at his side, only rather more lightly armed than himself, in several skirmishes, defending her husband whenever danger approached him with a hand nerved by the strongest conjugal love. Notwithstanding the advantages she derived from a majestic stature and her extraordinary capacity, the count, whose enterprising spirit was restrained by his constant anxiety for her safety, at length prevailed on her to repair with a proper escort to their estates in the rear of the army. Though this resolution cost Apollonia many tears, still she admitted the justice of the apprehensions by which her husband was actuated. Circumstances seemed to indicate the near approach of a general engagement; and Count Frangipani, conspicuous

as he was for intelligence and valour, had become so great a favourite with the chivalrous monarch of France, that he wished to have him by his side, not only in the field but also in the council. To this end he had, by permission of the sublime republic, removed him from its troops into his own camp, and caused a tent to be erected for him not far from his own. Frangipani's time was so wholly occupied by the important events that were preparing, and the numerous consultations held respecting them, that he had not a moment to spare for the endearments of love.

The city of Milan had surrendered to King Francis by capitulation: almost all the other towns in the duchy had fallen into his hands, and he therefore invested Pavia, which alone put itself in a posture of resistance, in the confident hope that he should make himself master of it in a few weeks. The garrison, however, composed of Spanish troops under the brave Leyra, made such a gallant defence, that at the expiration of four months the besiegers had not gained the slightest advantage. This loss of time was the more ruinous, as it enabled the constable of Bourbon, one of the greatest generals of his age, to hasten with a considerable force to the relief of Pavia, and to offer battle to the enemy under its walls. Whether Frangipani's heroism, and the eagerness of the young Venetian nobility for fighting, obscured his otherwise so clear military

views to such a degree, that he too was for accepting battle; or whether, well knowing the little reliance that was to be placed on mercenaries, and those not regularly paid, as was here unfortunately the case, he foresaw the probability that the *Condottieri* would withdraw their forces, and that therefore a glorious death was at any rate to be preferred to a disgraceful retreat,—we know not: so much is certain, that after a considerable party, supported, it is true, by reason and the rules of military science, had obstinately opposed it, the king, to whom retreat without an appeal to the sword seemed too dishonourable, decided on giving battle, and the requisite preparations were made accordingly. This resolution, which, according to Count Frangipani's enemies, the King of France was induced by him to adopt, excited great hostility against him at Venice; but to this he paid at the time no particular attention.

Among the *Condottieri* who had furnished the Venetian Republic with troops, there was one named Camillo Ursino, not less distinguished for courage than for his noble person and polished manners. When it was made known that the battle was accepted, and the unpaid troops demanded their arrears before they again risked their lives, Camillo found means, partly by advances from his private funds, and partly by persuasion, to inspire the rude multitude with such

enthusiasm, that most of them rejoined their colours, and promised to share the fortune of the day. The service thus rendered by Camillo to King Francis was the more important, as the army had been greatly weakened by the unseasonable detachment of sixteen thousand men on an expedition to Naples. The commander was honoured for it with a heavy gold chain.

History has recorded what a bloody day the fifteenth of February, 1525, was for France and Venice. The French rushed with impetuous valour upon the enemy, and forced particular portions of their army to give way; but fortune soon deserted their banners. The perfidy of the Swiss, who forsook their post; and the fury with which the imperial cavalry under the Marchese Pescara charged the French squadrons; while the Venetian mercenaries, posted to cover them, were overthrown in spite of their resistance, and the garrison of Pavia under Antonio de Leyra fell unexpectedly on the enemy's rear; decided the fate of the day. The rout became general, and the conflict changed into the most sanguinary carnage. In vain did Francis the First, surrounded by the French and Italian nobility, who lay bleeding about him, strive by the most daring intrepidity to renew the contest. His horse was already killed under him, and he was fighting on foot, when he too was at length overpowered and taken prisoner, with the king of Navarre.

The French army was almost entirely cut in pieces, and the Venetians lost nearly the whole of their principal nobility, and half of their mercenary troops. Frangipani, though himself wounded, had gone with a deputation to the camp of the haughty conqueror, and on learning that Ursino was to set out as a special messenger for Venice, though he had no opportunity of speaking to him, he sent a note by him for the countess.

Camillo, on landing from the gondola, and crossing the Place of St. Mark to the palace of the Doge, observed to his astonishment the insignia of mourning waving at the door of almost every mansion. He could not have believed the loss of the Venetians to be so great; and on entering the Doge's antechamber, he perceived that the lamentable tidings had arrived before him. Sorrow and dismay were legible in every countenance; and even the Doge himself, Andrea Gritti, a lofty, austere man, on receiving the report, had great difficulty to repress his feelings, and to preserve his dignity in the presence of the young soldier. The Doge intimated to him that in a few days he should return to the army; meanwhile he might rest and recruit himself in the lodging allotted to him. It so happened that he was quartered in the Frangipani palace. He was not personally acquainted with the count, and knew nothing of his domestic circumstances;

he was therefore not a little surprised when, on the opening of the folding doors, he was met by a lady of the most exquisite beauty, heightened by the deep black of a mourning dress, whom her attendant introduced as Countess Apollonia Frangipani. Ursino, not less warm an admirer of the fair sex than a brave soldier, had no sooner recovered from the agreeable alarm, than with the characteristic boldness of his profession he thus accosted the lady: "This gloomy dress, by which the most divine charms reluctantly suffer themselves to be enveloped, becomes you not, fair countess. Your husband lives, and is but slightly wounded. I, Camillo Ursino, captain in the service of the serene Republic, can assure you of this; and that billet bears witness to the truth of what I say."

"You must have a very bad opinion of me," replied Apollonia, "if the first time you have the honour of being in the presence of the wife of Count Frangipani, you can venture to address to her so unseasonable and so bold a piece of flattery. Neither can you consider me as a Venetian, if you are surprised to find me in mourning on an occasion that has cost my country so many and so severe sacrifices. From your accent, however, you are a foreigner: in your country perhaps other sentiments may prevail. My husband, you say, is wounded, and yet he wrote these lines?"

"He did write them, and is but slightly

wounded; certainly more slightly than I am by your eyes."

"You did not see him?"

"I am not acquainted with the happy man, though I was told that an officer who frequently rode past during the engagement with his visor down, and in steel-blue armour, was Count Frangipani. By Heaven! were I in his enviable place, the whole army should know me by Apollonia's breast-knot attached to my helmet."

The countess dropped the veil over her lovely blushing face, and ordered her attendant to conduct the captain to the strangers' apartments, and to provide him with every thing requisite for his accommodation.

Camillo had too nice a sense of honour not to feel Apollonia's rebuke, but he was too much of a sensualist to regard it as any other than a challenge to venture still further. He considered every female as a lawful prize, and as having been endowed with beauty merely to embellish with it the hard life of the soldier. This notion is but too prevalent at the present day, though it is a disgrace to the noble profession of arms. The genuine soldier respects the property of others, and protects female virtue that is committed to his care. The rude mercenary, the vulgar freebooter, himself wholly destitute of moral worth, disbelieves its existence in others, and is on a level with the robber. Like the latter, he will

steal the fruit for which he longs; he will lay snares for innocence, at which he scoffs; and in the unbridled indulgence of appetite he finds the most alluring side of his profession.

Such, too, were the sentiments of Camillo. Notwithstanding Apollonia's blushes, and the most rigid modesty, he felt convinced that she, like all the other women in the world, would be incapable of resistance when her hour was come; and to hasten it seemed to him the triumph of worldly wisdom, and an enterprise worthy of himself.

At dinner the lovely countess appeared so amiable and so attentive to her guest, that her behaviour must have convinced him of his error, had he not been already too deeply involved in it. As it was, however, he mistook Apollonia's hospitality for solicitude to make amends for her former coldness, and he generously resolved not to be too severe. Such a ridiculous infatuation would be almost incredible, did we not in our days see instances enough of it. The conversation soon turned upon the count. Camillo knew no more than that the intimate friendship with which Frangipani was honoured by King Francis the First, the brilliant distinctions which that monarch was constantly conferring on him, and, lastly, the circumstance of the count's having, by the king's express desire, removed his tent from the Venetian camp, and pitched it near that

of his majesty,—had given offence to many illustrious officers, who had perhaps done as much as the count, though none of them ever thought of making much ado about it. Upon the whole, he added, the count had more enemies than friends; and this was owing, perhaps, not less to his conspicuous valour, than to the frankness with which he was accustomed to express himself on every occasion.

At these words, the fair countess heaved a deep sigh, and her large eyes filled with tears. "So then," said she, "envy every where pursues the steps of merit. Here too—would you believe it?—here, in his own country, jealousy and malice are busily striving to undermine my lord's reputation."

"Whoever has seen you," replied Camillo, "can easily conceive that your husband must be exposed to envy."

"Would to God it were excited by such trifles only!" ejaculated Apollonia. "No; his enemies envy him the consideration which he has acquired with the army, and the love manifested for him by his countrymen; nay, they accuse him of having sought the friendship of the King of France, in hopes of obtaining, through his influence, the supreme command of the troops—which no native is by right permitted to hold—and then subverting by force of arms the liberties of the people. Every one who is acquainted with the

count must know whether his generous soul is capable of such ideas."

"So much the less, fair countess," rejoined Camillo, "need you fear those slanderers."

"As if," replied Apollonia, "people were not always disposed to believe the worst, be it ever so improbable! And are you, indeed, such a stranger in Venice, as not to know how the most upright is rendered an object of suspicion to the secret tribunal; how the attention of the three formidable judges, who render no account, whom no one knows, is directed towards him? It is not the open, the public accusations that are most to be feared"——

"But may not this be unfounded?" asked the captain, interrupting the countess.

"Oh! it is but too true?" answered Apollonia—"to the disgrace of the republic, but too well founded. Nay, the most superficial, the most unsubstantiated charge preferred anonymously in writing, on any scrap of paper, and thrown into the jaws of one of those iron lions' heads* that are to be seen in all the public places, and that have subterraneous communications with the secret tribunal, is sufficient to tear the son from the arms of the parent, the husband from the bosom of his wife. In the

* The holes that were covered by those lions' heads are still visible, but the heads themselves are removed, and their object and subterraneous communication suppressed.

depth of repose, under the mantle of night, and often in a wholly inexplicable manner, the unfortunate accused disappear, and fall victims to that horrible spirit of revenge which we here call policy, and which, like Satan himself, carries on its operations in the dark. Oh! how it wrings the heart to think it possible that" ——

"Torment yourself not so needlessly," said Camillo, striving to soothe the countess, whose tears flowed apace. "How can you suffer a circumstance that is so unlikely ever to befall you, to affect you so keenly?"

Apollonia replied, that she had not herself alone in view, — no, she had in view here a happy married pair, there affectionately attached brothers and sisters or friends, nay, all mankind, whose sacred rights were most flagrantly violated by such atrocities. She bade him consider how mutual confidence and the holiest ties might thus be rent asunder; every germ of morality stifled; and society degraded into a horde of poisoners, murderers, and banditti. She directed his view to scenes of heart-rending anguish; when, as she had herself witnessed, mutilated bodies had been found in the streets, in which the sister recognised her brother, the wife her husband. Carried by virtuous enthusiasm to the highest pitch of emotion, she required Camillo to swear, never, while he lived, to resort to the detestable expedient of secret accusation.

"I swear it, by your beauteous eyes!" replied the love-intoxicated young man, seizing her delicate hand, and pressing it to his glowing lips.

After dinner, he was summoned by a senatorial messenger to attend the Doge in the evening, for the purpose of receiving his despatches. He punctually obeyed the order: but some delay took place. While he was pacing the anteroom to and fro, and admiring the master-pieces of art with which it was adorned, a man of gloomy aspect, and from his dress a *nobile*, was introduced, and desired to wait in the same room, till the Doge, who was engaged, had leisure to speak to him. A conversation soon commenced between Camillo and the stranger; and it naturally turned upon the event which then agitated all Europe, and particularly concerned the Venetians—the battle of Pavia. The *nobile*, who, as he said, had also to deplore the loss of two sons, threw, with undisguised resentment, the whole blame of this catastrophe on Count Frangipani, who, contrary to the opinion of the Duke of Urbino and all the experienced captains, and supported only by Bonniveau, the worst of the French generals, had encouraged the king's romantic notions of honour and desire to fight against his own conviction. "But to be sure," continued he, "the traitor well knew what he was about. Before he could rule, it was absolutely necessary that all

his opponents should be prostrated at his feet; and how could this be done more easily and more effectually, and without laying himself open for a moment to direct accusation? The Mocenigos, the Contarinos, the Foscarinis, and all the truly noble families, are enemies to a man like Frangipani, who tramples upon the nobility of his race, and courts the favour of kings, that he may some day, with foreign money, foreign influence, and foreign arms, inflict a death-blow on the liberties of his country."

"I am not acquainted with the count, and therefore cannot make any reply to your accusation," said Camillo, with indifference. "But a lucky chance has assigned me quarters in his palace; and indeed, when one sees the divinely beautiful Apollonia, and hears her descant on her husband's merits"——

"Divinely beautiful Apollonia, indeed!" reiterated the *nobile*, with a sarcastic sneer. "We know this *divine* Apollonia pretty well. In the absence of a third person, she can be human enough."

"What do you say?" hastily exclaimed Camillo, who had listened to the charge against the count, preferred by one who was evidently his enemy, without believing a word of it; but who found the more probability in his malicious insinuation against Apollonia.

"I say," rejoined the Venetian, "that the

prudish countess, in the presence of her servants, and Apollonia unobserved in her chamber, are two totally different persons."

"Heaven and earth!" cried the inflamed Camillo. "Is it then really so? can that proud heart throb for something more ardent than cold duty? can that marble bosom be made to heave higher by the anticipation of joy? could I myself"——

"Raise your voice a little more," said the *nobile*, "and then the Doge himself can give you answers to all your questions, which to me seem very ridiculous in the mouth of a young and handsome soldier."

At that moment the silver bell rang, the lofty doors flew open, and Camillo was ushered into the inner apartment of the Doge, hung with red velvet.

When, after receiving his despatches, he again left it, the *nobile* was gone. Nor did he miss him. How could the ardent Camillo, who, in the presence of the Doge himself, was thinking of scarcely any thing but Apollonia's charms, hanker after the odious innuendoes of one who manifestly hated and envied Frangipani, perhaps on the same account? No; a very different subject engaged his excited imagination, which impelled his inflamed blood with tenfold force through his swollen veins. His penetration then had not been at fault. Apollonia was in-

clined, like all women in like circumstances, to console herself for the absence of her husband, and, with genuine female art, had contrived to disguise with the mask of lofty virtue the transport she felt on account of the opportunity that presented itself, and perhaps the liking that had sprung up for him at the moment. He determined to punish her with a shower of burning kisses for this little deception. That Apollonia was waiting, waiting with anxiety for him, was as clear to his mind, as that the expression of innocence in her looks, and of the purest modesty in dress and demeanour, was nothing but an appearance, which the highest proficiency in the arts of deception enabled her to assume. But how, when, and where he was to pluck the doubly sweet because forbidden fruit, was what he now had to discover. Apollonia herself had told him, that she should not return till late from a visit of condolence to some of her relations. He, on the other hand, was to be by break of day at the Rialto, where his gondola would be waiting for him. To chance, which had so often befriended him, he at length resolved to leave the decision of this matter. At all events, he had gold and steel in readiness, according as he might need the service of either. To beguile the slow pace of time, he traversed Venice in all directions, visited the public places, and, when night had enveloped town and

sea in darkness, he entered a house, the lighted window of which indicated a tavern. He knew not one of the company whom he there found engaged in drinking and play. After some time, whom should he espy in a corner, seated quite alone at a small table, but the *nobile*. Nothing could be more seasonable — he should drink with him, and wine might perhaps make him communicative in regard to Apollonia. He accordingly addressed him, and proposed that they should have a bottle of Cyprus together. The stranger assented: they drank, talked, grew warmer and more familiar. Wine unsealed more and more the lips of the *nobile*, and this man, who before looked so dull, had soon drawn so lively a picture, not only of the Venetian women in general, but also of Apollonia herself, that were but half of what he said true, Camillo had reason to anticipate the most welcome reception. As he kept plying the bottle, the generous liquor opened his heart also, and when the Venetian inquired what Apollonia had said during dinner, he faithfully recapitulated the whole conversation, and dwelt particularly on Apollonia's terror of secret accusations. The *nobile*, observed with a smile, that on this point the fascinating countess had grossly exaggerated; adding, that there was no instance of a person having been apprehended immediately after a secret charge, several warnings

being always previously given;* and it was only in case the party proved incorrigible that punishment ensued.

The clock now struck one, and the *nobile*, who could not be prevailed on to take another drop, quitted the house with firm step, while Camillo, with a head confused by the fumes of wine, reeled through the streets to the Frangipani palace. With tottering feet he ascended the marble steps, glistening in the brightest moonlight; and on entering, the tones of a lute met his ear. He mechanically followed the melodious sound, which led him into a lofty vaulted gallery, and soon stood before an open door, through which the fragrance of flowers, the harmony of sweet sounds, and the silver rays of the moon, poured in a torrent that bewildered the senses. It was Apollonia's chamber. Lofty pillars of white marble supported a rose-coloured silk awning; the drapery, descending in rich folds to the floor, was held back by silver arms twisted into the form of serpents, and shewed the swelling pillows on which the first beauty of her time was wont to repose. At the open bow-window, before which the sea glistened tremulously in the moonbeams, was seated

* What the nature of these warnings was may be inferred from the circumstance, that those to whom they were given fell down insensible, and were obliged to be carried away.—See DARU, tom. v. p. 549.

Apollonia in the lightest *negligée*, with her eyes upraised to heaven. The soft breezes that played through the apartment had blown aside the light covering from her bosom, which heaved in unrestrained loveliness to meet the sportive zephyrs. Her hair flowed freely in long black ringlets over her majestic form. Her delicate fingers drew melancholy tones from the lute that lay upon her arm, while the big tear slowly trickled from her overcharged eye. Oh! had this object been reflected in the soul of a youth fraught with love and delicacy, long would it have shone refulgent there, as in the most glorious temple! On the contrary, it met the view of a half-intoxicated debauchee, whose gross appetite transformed it into the idol of the moment. Unable to contain himself, and determined on proceeding to the last extremity, he rushed precipitately on the countess, who dropped the lute with a shriek of terror. Regardless of her cries for assistance, he clasped her in his arms and covered her with kisses, which she vainly struggled to avoid. "No prudery, adored Apollonia!" said he with unsteady voice; "mine thou shalt and must be, and that this very hour." Strengthened by the genius of insulted innocence, Apollonia disengaged herself from his grasp, and fled by a door leading into a contiguous apartment. Camillo

heard the key instantly turned in the lock; he heard the repeated ringing of the countess, and, foaming with rage, hastened to reach his chamber, before the servants should intercept him. He succeeded in securing his retreat, and, furiously cursing his disappointment, threw himself upon his couch. Scarcely had his rage given place to the heavy sleep of intoxication, when he found himself shaken by no very delicate arm: he awoke. A lofty figure in armour stood beside him, with his visor closed. "Up," cried he, in a hollow tone, "and arm without delay! The Marchese Modrusi, the brother of the countess, awaits you in the marble hall, to make bloody atonement for your misconduct." There was no time for reflection, as an immediate answer was required. Camillo, scarcely awake, began to equip himself in silence for the combat. He repaired to the marble hall, where his antagonist, likewise in armour, was waiting for him with drawn sword. Camillo's guide now raised his visor, and displayed, in the clear moonlight, the face of a venerable old man. "I am," said he, "the Cavaliere Modrusi, Apollonia's uncle. You scarcely number so many years as I do scars of wounds received in glorious battles. This young man opposite to you is my nephew, who lends to my infirmity and the insulted honour of his cousin his arm

against a scoundrel. Now you know the whole." At these words young Modrusi placed himself in a fencing attitude, and though considerably smaller than Camillo, it was nevertheless evident that he was determined to leave with his antagonist a lasting memorial of this meeting. Whether Camillo had not duly equipped himself, or the vapours of his preceding night's debauch dimmed his sight, or conscious guilt unnerved his arm, while he neglected to cover himself, a desperate cut of Modrusi's separated the band of his helmet, which fell to the floor, and Camillo's antagonist seized the opportunity to inflict a gash on the cheek. Camillo mustered all his strength, designing to put an end to the conflict with one tremendous blow: but the elder Modrusi immediately interposed his sword. "Hold, captain!" he cried; "you are wounded, my nephew is satisfied, and you have no right to continue the combat. But, to shame you still more, behold who it is that has wounded you!" At the same moment the young champion loosed his helmet, and, taking it off, displayed to the astonished Camillo the features of Apollonia. "Yes," cried she, with a look of noble indignation, "you are conquered by a woman. Had you not been heated with wine, I should have charged my husband to take a more signal vengeance. For the present, let this slight chastisement from a female hand suffice; and may it

teach you in future to make a better return for the hospitality you receive!" With these words she retired, followed by the marchese.

Imprecating all the spirits of hell to aid his revenge, and loading the countess with the most opprobrious epithets, Camillo, after he had bound up his wound, ran from the palace, with his helmet in his hand, through the lonely streets to the Rialto, with the intention of immediately quitting the detested Venice. His soliloquy was an uninterrupted series of execrations against the lewd courtesan, when, turning sharply round a corner, he felt himself detained. On looking about, it appeared that his long scarf, which hung down behind, had been caught by one of the iron lions' heads, which projected from the wall. "Ha!" cried he, with malignant exultation, "such an opportunity will not speedily occur again." Hastily drawing forth his pocket-book from beneath his armour, he wrote a few words upon a slip of paper, doubled it up, and threw it into the lion's mouth. "At any rate you shall not escape without a proper fright, my coy beauty!"

Thus did a man, who, when not hurried away by his passions, could be brave, generous, nay, tender-hearted, perpetrate a deed, than which a blacker could not have been devised by the most vindictive villain. To disgrace was added guilt, and crime to crime, by one who, had it

been predicted that he should on the self-same day commit so foul an attack on female honour and a twofold murder, would have deemed the thing absurd, nay, utterly impossible. So very closely do virtue and vice dwell in the human breast.

Such reflections probably darted across the mind of Camillo, when, throwing off the mantle in which he had muffled himself, he stepped to the head of the vessel. The golden orb of day was just rising from the dark bosom of the sea, filling the firmament with new glories. As the splendid purple, azure, saffron, and golden tints of morning gradually chased away the dun shades of night,—so the young soldier strove to remove the remembrance of his deed farther and farther into the back-ground of his soul. He was oppressed by the idea of standing thus alone in the region of returning light, which was already hailed by the feathered songsters, and gilded the peaceful habitations—as a guilty son of night, who had not thrust the sword with the rapidity of lightning into the breast of a fierce adversary, but secretly, more secretly than by poison or the poniard, murdered by a word two innocent persons. This idea had well nigh made his hair stand on end, when the assurance of the *nobile*, that a secret accusation was merely attended with reproof and warning, served to pacify him a little. "The tribunal will not

make an exception in this case," said he to himself, grasping the more eagerly at the consolation which these words afforded, the less foundation there seemed to be for it.

The vessel soon reached the land. There Camillo found his horses and met with troops and stores, and being thus again involved in the bustle of a military life, the voice of remorse ceased by degrees to make an impression upon him. He soon arrived at the camp, delivered his despatches to the Duke of Urbino, and was about to rejoin his own men, who had retreated with the great mass of the French army, when a horseman summoned him to attend Count Frangipani, who had occasion to speak to him on business. Camillo imagined that he could clearly foresee what awaited him: yet, to his astonishment, the count not only received him in the most courteous manner, and did full justice to the signal valour which he had displayed in the recent engagement, but added, that the emperor Charles having granted permission to the King of France, to repair with such of his officers as he should himself select to Pizzighittone, the king had appointed to this duty himself and Camillo Ursino, who might therefore make immediate preparations for the journey. The captain was thunderstruck. To Frangipani's kindness, it was very evident, he owed the honour and the advantages that

awaited him: with what front then could he appear in the presence of one so generous, and whom he had so deeply injured!

His troops, dwindled to one-half, had totally dispersed, after their claims had been satisfied by the Duke of Urbino, and we next find our hero, honoured by King Francis, beloved by Frangipani, and esteemed by the Spanish commanders, at Madrid, whither the King of France had been conveyed at his own request, because he hoped much from a personal interview with his conqueror. The more Frangipani attached himself to Camillo, whose ardent spirit seemed to delight him, the more the astonishment of the young man at the count's conduct was converted into admiration of him. Such noble pride, such constancy of attachment, such determined perseverance in that which was once for all acknowledged to be just and right, he had never yet found combined in any individual. It is the fair side of youth, that, quickly discerning excellence, it feels itself powerfully attracted by it, and cheerfully and wholly resigns itself to its influence. Such too was the case with Camillo; he conceived the warmest affection for the generous man, who so kindly met every advance of his young friend. But the higher Camillo found himself raised by so many honourable distinctions, the more he felt it out of his power to reveal to him the dreadful secret,

which frequently hovered upon his lips. He kept hoping that Apollonia's letters would report the circumstance, and thus afford him occasion to disburden his conscience; but, with celestial kindness and the most extraordinary resignation, the countess never took the least notice of the affair: nay, when her husband expressed how happy he was in the society of his young and distinguished friend, Apollonia in her answer congratulated him on having won over so promising a young man, by his example, to virtue and honour. The count shewed the two letters to Camillo, who, in his solitary moments, could not help confessing to himself, that he appeared between this noble pair like Satan between two angels.

It happened about this time, that the Republic of Venice was ready to conclude an alliance with Pope Clement the Seventh, Genoa, Florence, and Francis Sforza the Second, of Milan, against the Emperor Charles the Fifth. What fitter person could the senate have chosen to negotiate with so many potentates, than the illustrious and celebrated Count Frangipani? Accordingly he received instructions to return to Venice, in order, as it was expressly stated, to be employed in this mission. It was requisite, of course, that this step should be kept secret. None was therefore made acquainted with it but King Francis and Camillo, who, falling in an agony

at the feet of the count, implored him to reveal the cause that summoned him back to Venice. Far as was Frangipani from comprehending the cause of the emotion of his young friend, he nevertheless cheerfully complied with his request, and having pacified him, set out the following night. King Francis the First, burning with desire to revenge on his conqueror the disgrace he had suffered, had by secret messengers sent orders to France for the most extensive armaments; and that his sentiments might be clearly understood, he despatched Camillo to his mother, Queen Louisa, whom he had appointed regent of the kingdom, and strongly recommended him to her notice; so that this officer, who soon shewed that he was capable of rendering good service in his profession, was promoted to be colonel of one of the new-raised regiments, which may perhaps be considered as the ground-work of the standing army of France. Here he daily looked for the arrival of Count Frangipani, but in vain. In answer to the inquiries which he caused to be made at Venice respecting him, he was informed that the countess resided on her estate in the Trevisan, and that her husband was ambassador at Genoa or Rome. Seized with a gloomy presentiment, he wrote to both cities, and addressed a letter to the countess herself. He received no reply. His anxiety was now increased to the highest pitch; and as

the second Italian war had just commenced, he easily obtained permission to precede the troops he was to command, and to make inquiry at Venice for the count, for whom he was charged with a letter from the king himself. He hastened through the Trevisan to the residence of the countess, which he had so often heard named. There he was told that she had accompanied her husband on his embassy. Oppressed by the most dismal forebodings, he pursued his route to Venice, and hurried to the Frangipani palace. At its gate, he learned the intelligence which extended him, as if thunderstruck, upon the marble pavement. Apollonia and her husband had disappeared, and the senate — so the porter informed him with tears in his eyes — had summoned the nearest relatives to take possession of the Frangipani property, unless the count made his appearance within the space of a year. "But," added the old man in a tremulous and hollow tone, "the year will pass away, and they will neither of them be seen again."

Whoever had beheld the unfortunate Camillo when he awoke from a deep swoon in the porter's lodge, would have felt sincere compassion for him. He was no longer the same man. His haggard eyes were deeply sunk in their sockets, and his deathly pale brow was covered with perspiration. His dark hair stood erect; his

lips quivered; his knees shook; conscious guilt was depicted in all his features. Towards evening he repaired, with a full purse in his bosom, to the palace of the supreme tribunal. The habitation of the gaoler was soon found. His heart was moved, not by the gold, which he proudly rejected, but by the deplorable state of Camillo, to whom he disclosed what he was desirous of knowing. He had himself conducted Apollonia and her husband, after their examination, to their fate across the *Bridge of Sighs*. "Then"—he made gestures to signify strangulation; and Camillo was obliged to lay hold of the iron gate to keep himself from falling. In the prison where they had been confined together, they had left some words written on the wall. Camillo begged as the highest favour to be permitted to see this writing, and his request was granted. The writing was Apollonia's, which Camillo knew but too well, only traced by a trembling hand. Silently weeping, he fell upon his knees, apparently offering up a short prayer: he then quitted the terrific building, and hastened back to the Frangipani palace, where he gave the porter all his money, with the injunction to cause masses to be said annually on the 3d of September for his master and mistress. He then hurried away, and was never heard of afterwards.

C. B. von Miltitz.

THE DEBUTANTE.

By MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

She stood in all that bashful tenderness
Which marks a maiden's entrance to the world—
O'er her fair forehead wav'd each raven tress,
And down her neck in soft luxuriance curl'd,
Shading its whiteness—while her full dark eye
(Half hidden by its silken lash from sight)
Beam'd with expression—yet one might descry
A pensive feeling mix'd with her young heart's
delight!

Soft was her cheek, and beautiful—the hue
Of the young rose-bud lightly rested there;
While many a wandering vein of deepest blue
Stray'd o'er her brow of purest marble—where
No trace of stormy passions yet was seen—
No with'ring marks, stamp'd by the hand of care;
Nought that the loveliest form might ill beseem
Of blight or blemish dwelt upon a shrine so fair!

Such was the form that, vision-like, came o'er
The desert pathway of the scenes I trod;
And many a ling'ring year must pass, before
(If e'er again) we trace life's thorny road

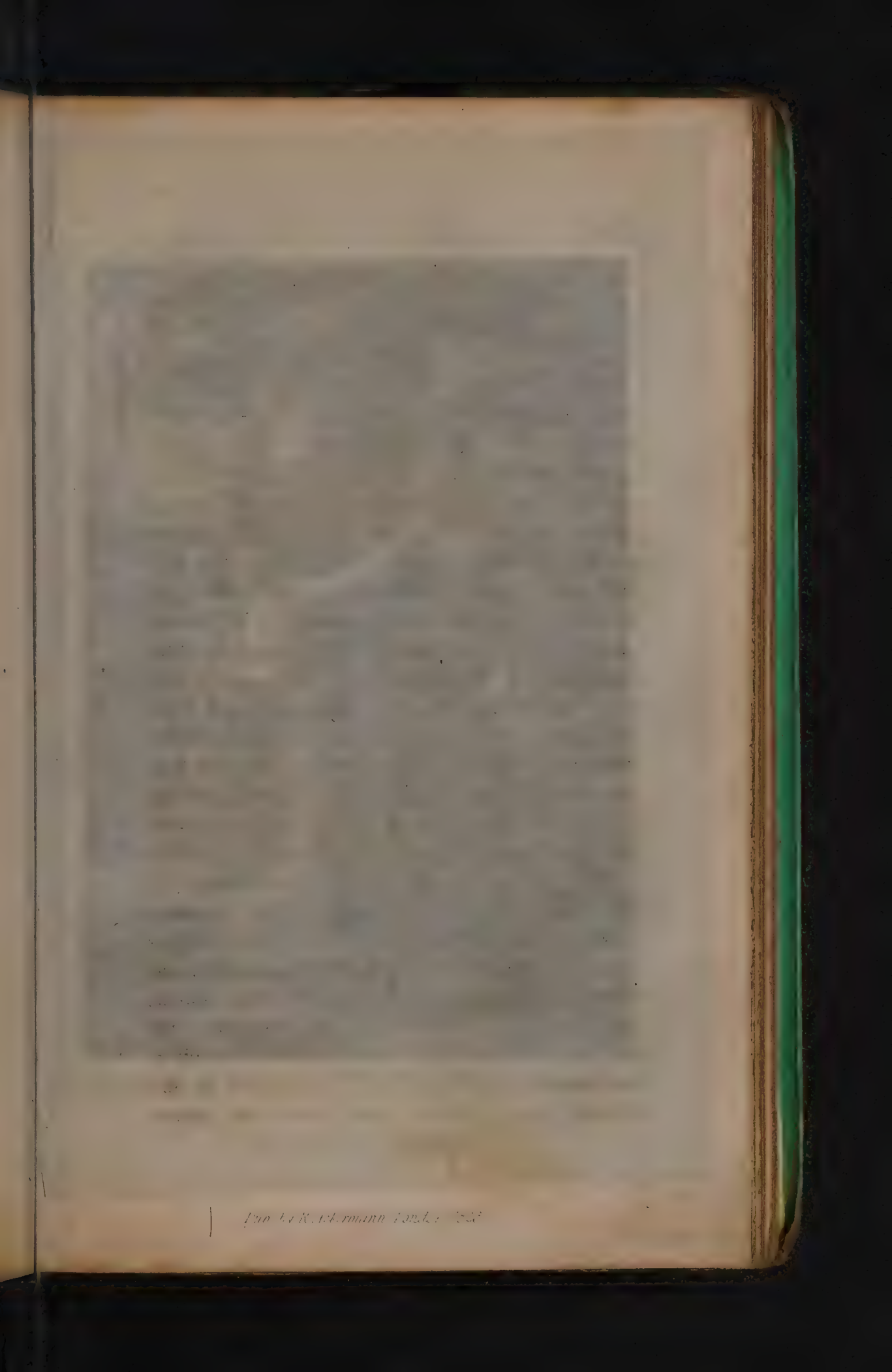
An hour together — time will then have chang'd
The bloom and freshness of that fair young brow;
And, more than all, that guileless mind estrang'd
From the pure saint-like thoughts that make it
lovely now!

How many a form, that meets us in the gloom
Of this dark world, and cheers the passing hour,
Must fade away, and lose its sunny bloom
Ere we again behold it! — like the flower
Whose buds at morning woo the pilgrim's eyes,
And fill the air with sweetness — till the shower
Or midday sun hath touched it — then it lies,
A drooping, fading thing, beneath the twilight
skies!

And such a fate is WOMAN'S. What so fair,
So pure and lovely, as HER morning prime —
Ere the heart's blight, or cankering touch of care,
Hath done the work of the destroyer, TIME,
And stoln away her freshness — ere the hour
Has come, that comes to all things — when
Decay
(The universal foe) asserts his power,
And sweeps with ruthless stroke youth, beauty
— all away!

WOMAN'S LOVE.

It was a fine day in the month of October 181-, when Alfred Montgomery, then on a visit to his uncle, an eminent merchant residing in the city of York, set out to stroll as far as Bishopthorpe, the seat of the venerable and respected archbishop of the province. His route lay through fields which had been lately covered with standing corn, and had now assumed the hue of autumn. On his left waved the majestic elms that decorate the magnificent walk which runs by the river Ouse for nearly two miles, and is the finest terrace-walk in the kingdom; their leaves shone in the rays of the autumnal sun like burnished gold; behind him rose the towers of that majestic temple, York Minster, perhaps the most elaborate Gothic structure in England; whilst in front, the palace of Bishopthorpe, rearing its head above the plantations in which it appeared to be enveloped, closed the scene. Alfred had a heart not insensible to the beauties of nature, and he seemed to gaze on the surrounding objects with feelings of admiration and delight. He had just taken out his pencil to make a sketch of the venerable cathedral as it appeared in the distance, rising like a giant above the pigmy



H. Corbould del.t G. Corbould sculp.t

[illegible] LOVE.

Pub. by R. Ackermann [illegible]

edifices by which it is surrounded, when a wild shriek burst upon his ear. It came from the high road which skirted the fields; and in an instant he leaped the hedge, and looked round to discover what it was that had alarmed him. A little way down the road, he saw two ruffians employed in rifling a female, who was extended on the ground; and, though armed only with a stick, he rushed to her rescue. The villains fled at his approach; for the guilty are generally cowards. Alfred then turned his attention to the fainting form of the female whom they had quitted. She was seemingly not more than eighteen; and though terror had blanched her cheek, yet it was evident that she possessed considerable personal attractions. Alfred raised her in his arms, and fortunately the terrified girl soon gave signs of returning animation; for my hero would have been at a loss how to proceed, if her insensibility had continued. Opening her eyes, she cast them on the ingenuous countenance of her young deliverer:—"Am I safe?" she murmured, in soft accents. "You have now nothing to fear; yet, as soon as you are able, we had better leave this spot, lest the villains who have escaped should return." "Oh, let us go now!" she exclaimed, raising herself from his arms; "I am quite recovered; I can walk home now." "You will allow me to attend you; I cannot think of trusting you alone," said Alfred; a proposition which

was readily assented to by his fair companion; and they proceeded towards the cottage of her aunt, which she informed him was situated at only a short distance.

Arrived at the cottage of Mrs. Mildmay, Alfred was overwhelmed with the thanks of that lady for the service which he had rendered her niece; and he received them with a manly ingenuousness which strongly recommended him to the notice of both. His connexions were not unknown to Mrs. Mildmay, and during his stay in York he frequently repeated his visits; and when he departed for the metropolis, he carried with him the assurance that the heart of the lovely Amelia Mildmay was wholly his.

Alfred had some difficulty in tearing himself from the spot in which all his hopes and wishes centred; but the commands of his father were imperative. Sir James Montgomery was the head of an ancient house, and he looked to his son as one who was destined to perpetuate its honours. Alfred well knew that his father would never consent to his union with the orphan and portionless daughter of a country surgeon — for such Amelia Mildmay was — however amiable or however accomplished; and he obeyed his summons with a foreboding dread of much evil that was to come, but with a firm determination to withstand all efforts to induce him to break the vows he had pledged to Amelia. But Alfred

knew not his own heart; he depended too much on the strength and stability of his affections, and they deceived him.

Sir James had heard from his brother-in-law, Mr. Lawrence, with whom Alfred had been staying at York, that his son had formed an attachment to a young lady who had nothing to recommend her but beauty, amiable dispositions, and extensive accomplishments; which latter were bestowed upon her by a doating father, who, when in prosperity, with a lucrative profession, and the fair prospect of leaving the image of his regretted wife an ample if not an affluent provision, spared no expense in procuring her the most eminent masters; and Amelia did honour to their care. Adversity, however, soon blighted all the hopes of Mr. Mildmay, and he died a martyr to despair, leaving his child to the protection of the wife of his deceased brother, who had for six years supplied the place of her parents with an affection which Amelia dutifully repaid. Thus, though Miss Mildmay would have graced a ducal coronet, yet the want of high birth—that of fortune would have been no object—prevented Sir James Montgomery, who looked upon the *penchant* of the young people as a mere childish passion, from receiving her as his daughter.

Arrived at his father's splendid mansion in Grosvenor-square, Alfred found a large party as-

sembled to enjoy the festive gaieties of a "winter in London." At first he entered into the scenes of splendid dissipation in which he was immersed with reluctance, and his heart reverted to the banks of the Ouse and the lovely Amelia; but soon—such is the influence of bright eyes and fine forms—he joined in them with a degree of pleasure which was unaccountable to himself, but which a judge of poor human nature would have found no difficulty in tracing to the right cause. The fact was, Alfred, though gifted with many excellent qualities, inherited no small share of his father's family pride. The seeds of vanity also were thickly sown in his composition, and strangely marred his otherwise amiable disposition. The heir of Sir James Montgomery's title and fortune, he was of course an object of desire to all the disengaged young ladies, whose mammas or other relatives were on terms of intimacy with the family; and many were the snares laid to entrap his affections. Some of these were so palpable, that they failed through their own grossness; but others were more delicately managed: and whilst the vanity of the young man was flattered on the one hand, his interest was excited on the other. For the honour of that sex, which Heaven, in pity to man, sent

"——— to cheer
The fitful struggles of our passage here,"

I must add, that these females, who were so

anxiously striving to win the youthful heir, were few in number; and that even of those, not one, I verily believe, would have endeavoured to captivate his affections, if they had known that a lovely fair one, to whom he had plighted his vows, was pining in secret for him.

In a few months Alfred almost ceased to remember that such a being as Amelia Mildmay existed. His days were devoted to the society of a number of dashing young fellows, who contrived to kill time at the clubs and other places of fashionable resort; his nights to the opera, the theatres, or Almack's, to splendid routs, fascinating balls, or scientific *conversazioni*. At every turn he was awaited by the blandishments of flattery; on all sides he was the object of the most assiduous attentions from the rich, and the young, and the beautiful. Is it wonderful, then, that his heart became entangled? Is it wonderful that the quiet, unobtrusive qualities of Amelia were forgotten amidst the glare, and pretensions, and fascinations of a London fashionable life? I offer no apology for his infidelity; I state facts, and lament that truth compels me to record the defection of Alfred Montgomery from his vows.

But how passed this time with Amelia? At first, with hope for her companion, she looked forward to future happiness as certain, and dwelt with delight upon the prospect of wedded bliss. But conscience interfered to damp these pleasing anticipations. She had concealed from her aunt,

at Alfred's request, the fact of a mutual engagement having taken place between them, and her heart bitterly smote her with having practised duplicity in regard to this revered relative. She soon, however, set her conscience at rest, by telling Mrs. Mildmay the whole little history of her guileless bosom; and a gentle chiding was the only reprimand which that kind and affectionate woman could bring herself to bestow on the lovely girl, who looked up to her for forgiveness and protection. Her self-approbation thus restored, Amelia anticipated with eager anxiety the receipt of a letter from town. It came, and was worded in language as ardent as her own feelings —as pure as her own imaginings. Under the sanction of her aunt, she replied to this first love-epistle she had ever received; and such an effect had the few artless lines she penned upon Montgomery, that he absented himself from a gay party, made on purpose for him, in order to answer it. The next letter he received he thought less interesting; but replied immediately. After the third, he suffered a longer period to elapse; a still longer after the fourth: and to her fifth epistle it was such an interval before any answer was received, that Amelia's heart was filled with foreboding fears: and when it arrived, it was so cold, so distant, so reserved; it breathed so much of the language of prudence, and so little of that of love, that all those fears were confirmed. Still, not even to her aunt would she whisper a sus-

picion of Alfred's truth, though the conviction that he no longer loved—at least not as she did, with a pure, devoted, undivided attachment—preyed upon her spirits, robbed her cheeks of their bloom and her eyes of their lustre; and the once gay and animated Amelia was now only the shadow of her former self.

Whilst this amiable girl was thus lamenting the faithlessness of her absent lover, that lover was entangled in the snares which ambition and inclination entwined to captivate him. The Honourable Louisa Montague was the daughter of the gallant admiral of that name, and the two families of Montgomery and Montague were upon the most intimate terms with each other. Louisa loved; and she was besides ambitious of gaining one for whom so many females were contending. She assiduously paid court to Alfred, but in so delicate a manner that she never betrayed her doing so. She appealed to him on every disputed point; she chose her books by his direction; sang those songs and played those pieces of music which he approved: occasionally a beautiful bouquet, arranged by her hand, was presented to the youth; a purse was netted for him, and a thousand other bewitching little *agrémens* displayed, which women know so well how to call into action, and which are so seductive in their effects upon those whom they are intended to charm. Alfred by degrees found

Miss Montague's society almost necessary to his existence; he was her escort in the park, her attendant at the opera, her partner at the ball: and one morning, having called upon her to inquire after her health, as she had not been at Montgomery-house at all the preceding day—honour and Amelia being both forgotten—he made her an offer of his hand and fortune, and was accepted.

No sooner, however, had that magic word, which crowns the hopes of a true lover, passed the lips of the fair Louisa, than the thoughts of Amelia recurred to Alfred's breast. "He started like a guilty thing," his colour changed, and he sunk into a chair that happened to be close beside him. To the anxious inquiries of Louisa he returned the most incoherent answers, and at length rushed from her presence, in a state of mind which would have demanded pity, had it not been brought on by his own forgetfulness of what was due to the confiding girl who had bestowed her heart on him. He flew to solitude, but reflection maddened him; and he then resorted to society—but nothing could quiet the agitation of his mind. Had he confessed to Louisa the exact state of his heart, all might have still been well; for she was a noble-minded girl, though her amiable qualities were partially obscured by her ambition. But his pride would not allow him to acknowledge that he had acted

with duplicity, that he had professed to love her, when his heart was devoted to another; and he finally resolved to abide by the event of the morning, and to forget, if possible, Bishopthorpe and Amelia Mildmay.

Both the families received the intelligence of Alfred's offer to Louisa Montague with joy; and immediate preparations were made for the marriage. Alfred wrote one hurried note to Amelia, to intimate that she must prepare her mind to hear of a change; and then he gave himself up to the fascinations of his betrothed. Eager to get rid of the agonising thoughts which would intrude, and hoping he should feel more easy when it had become his duty to love and honour Louisa as his wife, he was anxious for the day which should unite them. Before that day arrived, he had totally forgotten Amelia; and when he led Louisa to the altar, not one thought of her disturbed his bosom. Such is man! and such, too frequently, is man's love! It rages with violence for a time; but absence cools the flame, and too often totally extinguishes it, even when the object possesses every qualification which can reflect honour on his choice.

The newspapers informed Amelia of the marriage of Alfred, and the next day she disappeared from the cottage of her aunt, whose most anxious inquiries could obtain no tidings of her. It would be vain to describe her anguish;—she loved

Amelia as her child; and when two days had elapsed, and no intelligence was received of the fugitive, she was laid on the bed of sickness, caused by anxiety for the fate, and exertion to discover the retreat, of her beloved niece.

Alfred and his wife departed, as soon as the marriage ceremony was performed, for a seat belonging to Sir James Montgomery, situated in the most beautiful part of Devonshire. There, blest in each other's society, the days flew swiftly away, and time seemed to have added new pinions to his wings; so short seemed the hours as they passed. But this was happiness too exquisite to be of long duration. On the tenth day of their residence at Chilton-house, Louisa was walking on the lawn in front of the building, equipped for riding, and waiting for Alfred, who was to accompany her to take a view of some picturesque objects in the neighbourhood. Suddenly her attention was excited by a female, who, with agitated step and a wild and distracted mien, approached, and surveyed her with a piercing eye, in which the fire of insanity was clearly to be distinguished. She spoke not, but gazed anxiously and steadfastly on Louisa, who shrunk from the close inspection, and yet seemed rooted to the spot, as if deprived of the power to move. Suddenly the figure approached nearer, and passing her hand across the fair brow of Mrs. Montgomery, she put aside the ringlets which over-

shadowed it, and exclaimed, after the pause of perhaps a minute, "Are you his wife?—but no!" the fair maniac (for such she was) continued, "he is mine; his faith was plighted to me—you can have nothing to do with my Alfred!"

What an agonising moment was this for Louisa! She saw before her one who had been deceived by the man to whom she had plighted her vows, and whose reason had fallen a sacrifice to his base and unnatural desertion. What a thought for a doting wife—for a proud one too, who would never have accepted a divided heart, or been contented with a share only of her husband's affection!—But perhaps there might be some mistake; she would try.

"What Alfred do you mean, my poor woman?" she asked, in a tone of sympathy.

"Why, my own Alfred—Alfred Montgomery—him for whom I twined this wreath;—but the flowers are faded now—so, methinks, is his love, for it is a long while since I have heard from him!" She took a wreath of flowers from her bosom as she spoke, and, pressing it to her lips, presented it to Mrs. Montgomery. "See," she cried, "these are the flowers he used to love! I plucked them from my own bower—that bower which Alfred decorated.—But I cannot give it to you: no, I must keep it for Alfred.—Alfred!" she exclaimed in a loud and piercing voice, "where art thou, Alfred?"—then adding

in a lower and plaintive tone, "They told me he was married, but I would not believe it. I wandered through wind and through rain, through brake and through brier, till I reached his home: there they told me too that he was married. Still I would not believe it: I followed him here, for is he not mine? what right then have you here?"

Amelia — for it was indeed that lost, unhappy girl — now seized Louisa wildly by the hand: she uttered a piercing shriek; and the well-known voice reaching the ear of her husband, he was instantly by her side, eager to see what had occurred to alarm her. But what a sight met his eyes! He beheld his newly-married wife supported by her maid, who had also heard her shriek, pale and inanimate, the picture of death; whilst at her feet lay the lovely being whom he had made wretched. How she came there he was at a loss to conjecture, and, not knowing what had passed between her and his wife, he was equally at a loss how to act. Before he could recall his scattered ideas, and resolve on what was to be done, Amelia raised herself from the ground, and catching his eye she sprang up, and clinging to him exclaimed, "He is here! he is mine! — Oh, Alfred! they told me you were married; that you had ceased to love me: but I would not believe that you could slight the heart which beats only for you! — Feel!" and

she took his hand, and placed it on her bosom, "how it flutters, poor thing!—it will soon be still. Alfred, I am dying!"—and her voice suddenly assumed a rational and composed tone—"I know not what I have said, what I have done; I have wandered I know not where or how: but—but——." She struggled to articulate something more, but nature was exhausted; she heaved one sigh—dropped her head upon his bosom—and expired.

Whilst this scene was passing, the servant had conveyed Louisa into the house, whither Alfred followed with his lifeless burden, almost as unconscious as the form he bore. He laid the corpse on a sofa in the parlour—he threw himself by the side of it, and called upon his Amelia once more to live for love and him. Then the recollection of his wife flashing across his mind, he rose, and throwing himself into a chair, covered his face with his handkerchief, and sobbed convulsively. This paroxysm over, he became rather calmer, and sought Louisa, who had retired to her chamber. To her he gave a full explanation of his acquaintance with Amelia, and pleaded so effectually for forgiveness, that it was soon granted. But a sting was planted in his heart, which time could never remove. In the midst of all that fortune could bestow, and blessed with happiness seemingly beyond the lot of humanity, the remembrance of Amelia

always intruded in the hour of retirement; it was the canker-worm which robbed his nights of repose, his days of happiness; and he lived a memorable instance of splendid misery. His wife's lot was more happy, for to her he was an attentive and affectionate husband; and at his death, which took place about a year after his marriage, her grief was sincere and heartfelt. She had numerous offers of marriage, but rejected them all, faithful to the memory of him who, as her first, she was determined should be her only love.

It remains, however, to be explained how Amelia reached Devonshire. She knew Alfred's residence in town from the address of his letters; and from the servants at Montgomery-house it was ascertained that a female, who answered her description, had been inquiring after him a few days after the bridal party left town. On being told that he was gone to Chilton with his bride, she made no reply, but rushed out of the hall. It appeared that a stage-coach had set her down at an inn near the seat of Montgomery; but whether she had travelled in that manner all the way from London, or whether part of the journey had been performed on foot, was never known—most probably, from the state of her dress, the latter was the case. At the expense of Alfred, her corpse was removed to Bishopthorpe, and interred in the church-yard of that village.

Her aunt did not long survive her, and they lie in one grave.

This is a melancholy tale, but the incidents are facts which came within my own knowledge. I have seen the grave of this hapless girl, and dropped the tear of pity for her fate.

WILLIAM COOKE STAFFORD.

YORK, *Jan.* 1825.

SONG.

By H. BRANDRETH, Esq.

I LOOKED on the waters — all calmly they lay,
And a light bark full proudly was bounding away;
Love sat at the helm, the sails courted the wind,
While heedlessly Pleasure and Beauty reclined.

I looked on the waters — the billows rose high,
Love quitted the helm, Pleasure fled with a sigh;
The gale came on stronger, the vessel went down,
And Beauty was left there to struggle and drown.

And thus 'tis, I said, in the voyage of life:
Love sits at the helm, all with Pleasure is rife;
But let only Misfortune's dark billows rise high,
And Beauty's deserted, to live or to die.

[illegible] del.t C. Heath sculp.t

THE REGRETTED GHOST.

Pub by R. Ackermann London 1826

Printed [illegible]

THE REGRETTED GHOST.

By MRS. HOFLAND.

In the winter of 1568-9, Blanche Devereux was unexpectedly called from her grandfather's seat in Brecknockshire, to enliven and console her elder sister, who was then suffering from illness, and who resided in the Tower of London with their aunt, the Baroness Ferrars de Chartley.

Until this period, and for a few years afterwards, this fortress was also a palace; but Elizabeth, the reigning sovereign, never used it as such; and at the period in question it was inhabited only by a few persons of quality, to whom it afforded a convenient home on account of their confined circumstances, or to whom it was an agreeable residence, the pleasantness of which effaced their sense of its gloomy associations. But by many others its frowning portals and massy towers could not be entered without emotions of awe almost amounting to horror; for, during the last twenty years, so numerous had been the prisoners of distinction confined there, so often had noble and even royal blood been shed by the executioner, that every thing

bore a portentous aspect, likely to affect the spirits of the higher class of its inhabitants, and to awaken the superstitious fears of the lower.

The young Blanche, scarcely sixteen, wild and gay as the kids on her native mountains, (which she now left for the first time) thought little of the frowning battlements, for she had been accustomed to the cloud-capped beetling rocks of her own country; but she was terribly annoyed by the sense of being inclosed by impassable barriers. She had hitherto roved in the domain of her aged relative as freely as the birds and the butterflies; and her elastic form, sparkling eye, and buoyant heart, all demanded a wider range than was now offered by long, dark rooms, narrow passages, and sentineled entrances. Happily, however, Blanche had not only gaiety and curiosity, but tenderness and affection. In her love for her sister, and her power of solacing the tedium of confinement, she soon lost every feeling of personal annoyance; her sensibility was exercised, and her imagination awakened to the best purposes of existence.

These sisters, Adelaide and Blanche, were orphans, and co-heiresses to their mother's extensive property; and their relations on both sides were their guardians. They had been brought up together in infancy by their grandfather, Sir John Devereux; but when the elder

attained her eighteenth year, it was judged a proper duty to send her to London, for the advantage of being introduced to the queen and her court by her aunt, the dowager Lady Ferrars. It was a grievous thing to part the sisters, for none ever loved more fondly. Adelaide was four years the elder, and had therefore felt the trial longer, if not more acutely; though before this time the loss of Blanche had been supplied, in one sense, to her heart. Their meeting, however, restored and strengthened every early chord of affection; and she grew better so quickly, that her nurse predicted "she would soon leave her chamber, and probably be able to walk to the end of the gallery and see the Duke of Norfolk go to execution, if her majesty would be so good as to fix the day."

"To execution!" said Blanche, as the roses left her cheeks—"surely he will not be killed? why should he, poor gentleman?"

"Because," returned old Barbara, "he is condemned. In my time things were very different—people were not used to be kept wait, wait, wait, not knowing when their heads were to be chopped off—no, no, many a good time I have been up early to see persons executed in the morning, who were sentenced over night."

"But what has this poor duke done?"

"Why fallen in love, to be sure—(there are few things that do more mischief than love, I

take it)—with the beautiful queen of Scots, (who, by the bye, many people say, is the lawful queen, because this queen's mother was beheaded, as I saw with my own eyes, which I suppose was a sign she was no better than she should be,) and so somehow that has made him a rebel, and die he must."

"Poor man! I am extremely sorry for him."

"Most young ladies are so, I dare say; for a more proper person of a man, or a sweeter, or a braver, did I never behold; and a fine heart-breaking scene it will be to see him lay down his head on the block, for certain. Not that I should cry for him as I did for my lady Jane Grey, and her handsome young husband: but still"—

The garrulous attendant, being called to prepare some medicine, left the sisters, and Blanche was diverted from her sympathies for the noble prisoner, by observing that Adelaide was exceedingly agitated—that her lovely face, so recently pale, was covered with blushes—and that she evidently sought to say something which it was difficult to reveal even to her.

At this time Lady Ferrars entered to bid them adieu for the day, as it was her duty to attend on the queen at Crosby Hall. Blanche, whose curiosity and sensibility were excited, made various inquiries respecting the duke of her aunt, who answered them all with an air of

great mystery and an earnest assurance, "that it was her duty, as one too young to understand such subjects, never to enter upon them;" even forbidding her to take her usual walk in the courts, lest she should inadvertently look towards the apartments of the prisoner. She added—"We, alas! can do *him* no good, by expressing that compassion we feel, but we may do ourselves harm. I would not have your cousin Robert* here at this time for the world; for, boy as he is, some warm expression, dictated by his impulse, might injure him and the duke also, *whose fate* (she added in a subdued tone) will *now* be soon *decided*."

The lady departed, for her servant, mounted on a fine Flanders horse, with a huge pillion covered with crimson velvet fringed with gold, had been long waiting for her. Blanche would have attended her to the outer chamber, but the anxiety now more strongly expressed in the countenance of Adelaide prevented her; the moment the door was closed she ran to the couch, and flinging her arms round the neck of the invalid, inquired "if she could do any thing that could contribute to her ease and comfort?"

"Yes, my beloved Blanche, you certainly can. —Young as you are, I dare confide in you;

* Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, the favourite of queen Elizabeth, in the latter part of her reign.

but the service to which I allude is one that requires not only prudence but courage."

"If you will afford occasion for the exercise of the former, I can answer for the latter, Adelaide.—I have the heart of a lion; I have climbed up to the very highest point of the Van, where the little people* live, and drunk water at their own spring without hearing any of them groan. I can do any thing, dear Adelaide, or you—even corfe candles† will not alarm me."

"You will not meet any evils of this nature, my love. The objects of terror to myself, when I undertook the task I must now trust to you, were sentinels and spies; the danger, a severe cold, which, to tell you the truth, was the cause of my illness."

"I will wrap myself carefully up in my black cloak."

"But you must do that consistently with the dress of a royal page, which you will find in the bottom of that press. Take it out before Barbara's return, and between now and midnight, at which time precisely you must set out to carry my letter, I shall be able to give you exact directions."

Blanche conveyed the dress to her chamber, and in the course of the following evening

* In South Wales the fairies are called the little people.

† Lights which announce death, and universally believed in

learned in what manner she was to proceed with secrecy, through open courts or subterraneous passages, to a small door in the postern, where some person, whose presence would be announced by three low taps, would be waiting to receive the letter through a certain chink. It was the great business of Adelaide, whose mental agitation almost conquered her indisposition, to keep up cheerful conversation; but this was unwittingly thwarted by Barbara, who told of deep groans heard at the foot of the stairs, where the royal infants* had been buried; and even drew their attention to certain sounds near the chamber they inhabited, which, she maintained, were the death-sobs of the duke of Clarence, who, as they knew, met his death in the adjoining closet in a butt of malmsey. The very whistling of the wind brought to her ears the hysteric laugh of the unfortunate Anne Boleyn, and she deemed every distant step that of some unquiet spirit repenting past guilt, or seeking vengeance for past injuries.

At length even Barbara slept—the mighty fabric and its numerous inhabitants were all apparently locked in repose; and Blanche, eager yet tremulous, excited by warm affection, and somewhat, probably, by the novelty of the enterprise, yet alive to all that might alarm her age

* Edward V. and his brother Richard, duke of York.

and her sex, prepared herself for the expedition. She felt almost angry that she should be obliged to make so much preparation for so short a journey, yet she said repeatedly to herself, "Within half an hour I shall be again in my own chamber," as if she wished that the deed were done.

Mystery has frequently a charm for young minds, but silence is appalling.—As Blanche descended with noiseless step and nearly hidden light, she would have been most thankful if she could have carolled away her own sense of the gloom which surrounded her, and the fearful thoughts which obtruded themselves. As she passed the armoury, the gloomy lights reflected from the single beam emitted by her own dark lantern, and the ghastly forms of untenanted suits of armour, affected her considerably; and when, after that, she walked over the burying-ground, and knew that she was approaching the spot where the innocent blood of lady Jane Grey had been shed, her emotion increased. Yet she was now to enter a low door, descend into a long passage, and shut out all aid from the external world—she had to enter a place to which she was an utter stranger, and from which it would perhaps be found impracticable to return—what should she do?

"Poor Adelaide depends upon me; besides, she has done this herself, and is undoubtedly

rendering some person a service by this letter.—Why should I hesitate? the eye of God is upon me wherever I go; I will trust in him."

Blanche turned the key of the padlock which obtained her admittance, and found an exceedingly narrow staircase, down which she descended with the more celerity, from believing herself to be at least safe from the eye of man, which was the only cause of alarm in the mind of her sister, whose faith she now endeavoured to embrace. When the steps terminated, the air blew cold and fresh, and a distant door creaked upon its hinges, but so slightly, that the sound might arise from accident.—After a short pause she proceeded.

The passage, after a time, branched off, and, agreeably to her directions, she took the one which led circuitously to the entrance denominated the Traitors' Gate. Blanche continued her route, losing, as she proceeded, all fears save of discovery, and listening only for creaking hinges and pacing sentinels. Happily all remained silent; the current of air ceased, and on taking a turn to the left, which opened on a wider passage, which, though long, she expected would bring her to the steps she must ascend for the completion of her mission, she felt a degree of re-assurance and comfort.

How great, then, was her surprise and horror, when, on venturing to give herself a little more

light, and stopping for that purpose, she distinctly saw a bright beam advancing from a great distance towards her! At first she hoped that some reflection from her own light might occasion an appearance so alarming; and she took the cap from her head to cover the aperture by which the ray thus reflected had escaped; but alas! she now saw distinctly not only that there was a light, but that it was borne by a figure, tall though indistinct, advancing rapidly. To fly was impossible, nor was it less so to gaze on the terrific apparition, which approached with a kind of sweeping motion but noiseless tread, as if it were rather borne forward by the wind than supported by the earth. The form was majestic, and conveyed the idea of a man in its character of grace and strength; but it was completely swathed in white floating habiliments, which not only wrapped the lower part, but enveloped the head also. In the left hand it carried a lamp; the right grasped an unsheathed dagger, which glistened in the ray, and assisted in revealing the awful figure to the fascinated eyes of Blanche.

Unable to move from the universal trembling of her limbs, the only thought of the poor girl in this moment of horror arose from the hope, that this supernatural being would pass by her in his destined course, without adding to the infliction under which she suffered by his

presence; but at the moment when he arrived within a few paces, such was her increased agitation and the audible beating of her heart, that the apparition heard her breathing suddenly stopped, and held his lamp in such a direction, that the light fell full upon her pale but lovely face, from which her cap was already removed.

Instantly throwing back the drapery that enveloped his head, the ghost at once discovered the face of a young and handsome man, and putting out his armed hand, he with two fingers grasped the arm of poor Blanche as well as he was able, in the most kind and re-assuring manner, saying, in a low but sweet voice, "My poor boy, do not be frightened; who can have been so cruel as to have sent thee hither?"

Instantly relieved from the belief of supernatural agency, Blanche was now covered with blushes, and forgetful of her disguise, felt only the impropriety of her situation; gasping for breath, she was incapable of articulating a single word, and, overcome by recent fears and present agitation, she burst into tears.

"Nay, cheer thee, my pretty child, and do thy lady's bidding. I meant not to distress thee by my question—be silent as to what thou hast seen, and if I live to behold these tresses again, thou shalt not want a friend."

As these words were spoken, the apparition playfully touched the clustering ringlets of Blanche, and then, as if considering that his

absence would be the best restorative to the terrified page, passed forward. So great was the transition which had taken place in the mind of the maiden, though still silent, that she now felt as if he were rather a guardian angel than an object of terror; and she determined not to lose a moment in executing her mission, that she might have the benefit of his lamp, and the power of appealing to him for aid, should she be again terrified.

Under this idea she passed swiftly forward, but her shoes, like those of the supposed ghost, being covered with felt, she was also noiseless. She had gone only a few yards, with her lantern still covered, when she was sensible of an aperture in the wall she was passing, and a voice said whisperingly, as if speaking to some one very near, "Do not fire till he ascends the steps; his lamp will then guide you."

Blanche instantly recollected that she had seen a flight of narrow stairs resembling the more distant ones by which she had descended, and the conviction flashed on her mind, that these hidden assassins were lying in wait for the cavalier who personated the ghost. She flew back to him, seized his arm just as he had reached the foot of the stairs, and saying only, "*Be silent*," took his lamp out of his hand.

In another moment she had placed it upon the fifth step, and descended; but before she had time to speak, a ball from a pistol aimed by a

sure hand had whizzed over her head, and shattered the lamp. "Noble boy, thou hast saved my life!" cried the ghost, as for a moment he caught her in his arms and pressed her to his heart.

"What shall I do?" cried Blanche in new distress. "Only allow me thy lantern to ascend, and I shall then be safe; thy own dark cloak will preserve thee, or I would not leave thee—no! not for the world."

So saying, the cavalier dropped his outer wrappings in the passage, took the lantern from her unresisting hand, and darted up the narrow and precipitous stairs, and probably secured his egress by some outlet unknown to her: in another moment the lantern was lowered to her feet by his scarf; she caught it, and ran eagerly forward in the direction which unavoidably led her once more close past the concealed assassins.

All was silent, and she reached the outer door just as three hurried taps were given, as if by a hand alarmed or weary of repeating them: she lost not a moment in projecting her letter through the chink, and saw another instantly returned, which she caught eagerly and placed in her bosom. As she retreated, the splashing of water and the sound of an oar met her ear; and alarmed by every thing which in the slightest degree disturbed the death-like silence

of this murderous passage, she fled back with even more celerity than she had advanced, yet could not forbear to pause a single moment at the foot of that staircase by which the noble-looking apparition had vanished, and listen for sounds indicative of his proximity or safety. All was perfectly quiet, but to her surprise and alarm the white drapery and the shattered lamp were removed; it was plain that the murderers had already been to seek their prey through some door or passage unseen by her, and from the celerity of her own movements, she could not doubt that they were close at hand.

Winged by new and justifiable fears, Blanche now fled with the speed of an arrow, venturing to increase her light for that purpose; nor did she stay her steps till she had ascended the stairs, and placed the heavy door betwixt herself and the bullet which she every instant expected to pursue her. She had the satisfaction to find the entrance in the precise state she had left it; when it was locked, she collected her faculties and pursued her former track, perfectly cured of all fear of the illustrious dead, and regained her room without injury, just before the first hour of morning had struck.

How much had passed in that single hour of absence! how impatient was she to reveal her adventure to Adelaide, who not only received her letter with the warmest gratitude, but

listened to her story with the deepest interest! After various questions as to the person and manners of the ghost, she pronounced it her decided opinion, "that it could be no other than the duke of Norfolk himself, who had under this disguise made an unsuccessful attempt to escape;" for she was aware that the narrow stairs described by Blanche led to the apartments occupied by his Grace as a prisoner.

"Poor man! would that he had gone," cried Blanche, "or that I could have aided him!—but, sister, to whom did I carry the letter?"

"To one," said Adelaide, blushing, "who is dear to me as a betrothed lover, the young Sir Henry Brudenell."

"Is he a friend of the duke's?" said Blanche with eagerness, pressing the hand of her sister, as if to spare her the confusion arising from this tender confession, but at the same time proving intense interest in the noble captive.

"No, his personal acquaintance with the duke is slight, for he is several years younger; but he is, I may assert safely, a brave, high-spirited youth, too likely to enter into his cause with enthusiasm; therefore his uncle, the Lord Montague, who, like our good aunt, is very cautious, from having like her lived in perilous times, thought it right to lay a positive interdict on his visits here during the time the noble prisoner continues captive. I have endeavoured to make Henry submissive to this mandate, to

which his love and his temper alike rendered him refractory, and trust he will now be prevailed upon to refrain from again exposing himself to private injury and public peril."

The sisters were interrupted by the arrival of the baroness, but their thoughts were soon turned from descriptions "of the queen's attire, Lord Leicester's appointments, the grand entertainments of the ambassador from France, and the acting of Shakspeare at the Globe in a play of his own writing," by the news of Barbara, who insisted "that it was whispered all over the Tower, that a warrant for the execution of the duke of Norfolk had actually arrived."

Blanche passed another sleepless night, and rose only to find her fears confirmed; and such was the effect which the event produced upon her, that her aunt supposed she had caught the disorder of her sister, and that the hysterical floods of tears, which bespoke terror, compassion, and an interest beyond a name for one whom she had never seen, must be connected with latent fever. Since it was in vain to argue with one so evidently disordered in mind, the good lady adopted the wisest course the case admitted. Imputing the agitation of her young niece to her country education, her consequent superstition, and terror at the execution, she procured leave to quit her apartments immediately, and placing the sisters together in a litter, she pro-

ceeded to the house of a friend in Barbican, and soon after to retired lodgings in St. Martin's in the Fields.

In this situation Adelaide speedily recovered her health, for here her young lover and his noble family visited her, and contributed not less to her recovery than the pure air and the pleasant groves which surrounded her. But the blow was struck which appeared to sever the young heart of Blanche from society; and the more of happiness she beheld, even in the possession of those with whom she fondly sympathised, the more did she shrink from partaking their emotions. So lately the gayest of the gay—a wild fluttering bird, singing from every spray—and filling every scene with her own sweetness and hilarity—she now became grave almost to melancholy; and, in her pensive countenance and measured step, exhibited a decorum of manners which astonished even the most stately dames who surrounded the virgin queen.

Time passed—Adelaide was married—the sisters were presented at court, and the beauty and gentle demeanour of the lovely Blanche admired by many. Various suitors became candidates for her hand. All were refused. For three years the young Blanche dwelt in the very zenith of gaiety, and inhaled the air of flattery unmoved; when, on the removal of her brother-in-law to his country seat, in order to

celebrate the christening of his heir, she accompanied the family thither.

The dowager viscountess Cobham, who always resided in the country since the death of her lord, and was the near neighbour of the Brudenells, had promised to become a sponsor on this occasion. She was a woman of high character, great power and wealth, and even yet said to possess much personal beauty. The family of Sir Henry were assembled for the purpose of celebrating the sacrament in question, when her attendants drew up before the house; and expectation was generally awakened on the subject of her appearance. She entered most splendidly apparelled, but covered with a long veil, which the gentlemen, who were united with her in the awful ceremony, hastened with all deference to remove.

At this moment Blanche started, and an involuntary exclamation passed her lips.

"Fair lady, you start as if you saw a ghost," said one of the visitants to her jestingly.

At these words lady Cobham fixed her eyes with a look of wild but steady scrutiny on the poor girl, who, though the colour had actually forsaken not only her cheeks but her lips, now blushed deeply. In the tall, stately form of lady Cobham, her brilliant eye, and more especially the contour of her face, she saw so strong a resemblance to the ghost of the vaulted

passage, that she immediately thought it possible that, aided by art, she might have been the very person whom her heart, in despite of her reason, had so long mourned as dead—the man whom she had heard spoken of as one endued with every virtue, and who had left on her mind the impression of every grace.

Whatever might be the confusion and varied expression of poor Blanche's countenance, it was equalled in that of the viscountess, who in a few words complained "that she was unwell, and overdone by her ride," and seizing the arm of Blanche, she retired with her.

"Young lady," said she, the moment they were alone, "you must pardon my question—did you ever see an apparition resembling me?"

"Undoubtedly I did, in the vaults of the Tower."

"And you!—what did you do?"

"It spoke, and I became relieved from my terror, and was afterwards so happy as to save the life of the person in question."

"Ay! the lamp received the shot intended for *his* heart—I know, I know it all—O God! I thank thee."

The lady stopped, overpowered with her recollections, and although a thousand questions rose to the lips of Blanche, she was unable to utter one. "Could this be the sister of the duke, and had she so far conquered her sorrow

for his hard fate, as to rejoice in any thing connected with the memory of it?"

"I trust," said the lady at length, "you will have no objection to behold *him* whom you so befriended again?"

"How is that possible, madam?"

"Because he is now returned from the continent, and means to sup with us here this evening, little indeed hoping for the pleasure which awaits him. I need not say that you must meet as strangers, nor can he explain at this moment why he hazarded to so little purpose his valuable life on that eventful night. He is my only son, and has to my ear *alone* confided the history of that remarkable night, and the miraculous escape which he owed to your courage and presence of mind."

"How strange! I believed that I had seen the duke of Norfolk—therefore his death affected me deeply."

As Blanche spoke, "the pure and eloquent blood" again rushed to her face, and she felt as if she had said too much; the remembrance of that romantic devotion, that determined celibacy, which, although unavowed, had so long influenced her conduct, and thrown an air of pensive melancholy over her countenance and her actions, added to her confusion. The viscountess read her thoughts, but had too much delicacy to shew her power, and immediately replied,

"No! it was my amiable son, his young and ardent friend, the lord Cobham, who has since then so far distinguished himself in the Netherlands, (whither he immediately went after the failure of his plan for the duke's release,) that if it were discovered we have little doubt of obtaining pardon—But my son's secret was not penetrated, and from you we have, I am sure, not much to fear, my sweet girl—you will not betray the ghost?"

"Oh no, nor must I be myself betrayed. I entreat you, madam, do not inform your son that——"

"Listen to me," said the viscountess. "A little reflection convinced my son, that the apparent page of twelve years old must be a girl of sixteen or seventeen, since no child so young could have exhibited the talents and quicksightedness you displayed. The more he recollected of the beauty, the terrors, and the voice of the page, the more did his heart dwell with admiration and tenderness on the unknown object; and although sorrow for the death of his friend and the necessity of absence alike called on him to join his regiment without an hour's delay, such was his curiosity, and, I might add, his passion, that, but for my suggestion, he would at all risks have endeavoured to discover you amongst the ladies of the court."

"*Your* suggestion?" said Blanche, raising her blue eyes reproachfully.

"Yes! I shewed, that no motive could possibly have induced so young and timid a creature to venture upon such an expedition, save *love!*"

"Undoubtedly not!—I went most reluctantly, but it was to console my dear sister, who was then sick, and sent me to exchange letters with her present worthy husband."

"Thank you, my dear, candid girl, you have in these words restored me to health; we will now return to the company, for I am equal to my duty."

Happy was it for Blanche that this denouement had taken place, for the first person who approached lady Cobham was her anxious son, who had arrived during her absence, and whose astonishment and delight, on beholding his mother's arm fondly resting on the neck of the well-remembered page, may be better imagined than described. Surrounded by so many witnesses, scarcely could the eyes of either reply to inquiries; but a time came for explanation, and it will not surprise any of my readers to learn, that the ghost soon proved himself anxious to fulfil his promise, and become "a friend for life" to the page who had preserved him so singularly, and who was remembered so fondly.

That the coy and retired Blanche should

yield to the handsome and distinguished lord Cobham, excited little surprise in the court, and no displeasure from the queen, who was desirous of drawing the dowager from her solitude; but many persons were astonished at the change soon apparent in the manner of the bride. The innocent gaiety of heart so natural to youth now returned to the fair Blanche, and rendered her as charming in manner as she was lovely in person; yet was it always so far tempered by the shock which her spirits had received, and the habit of reflection which it had induced, as to render her wise, pious, gentle in temper, and steady in every virtuous pursuit, becoming her station as a woman of rank, and her situation as a wife and mother.

The incident which originally introduced this happy pair to each other remained a secret during the reign of the maiden queen, but it gave a zest to the recollections of early life in many an hour of retirement; and when the curling tresses of the beauteous Blanche reposed in silvery white beneath her cap and pinners, her fond husband, with all the chivalric constancy which belonged to his times and his character, would still call them "the silver bands that bound his heart," and inquire if he were still "so blest as to be her beloved, her Regretted Ghost?"

ROMANCE.

From the Spanish of Gongora.

By J. H. WIFFEN, Esq.

At Orán, a noble Spaniard,
  In the service of the Bey,
Dearly loved a Moorish maiden,
  Tall as handsome, fair as gay,
Graceful as well-born, much loving
  As much loved, sincere as sweet—
He one eve was in her chamber,
  When to arms the tambour beat.
Full three hundred sly Zenetes
  Were the cause of this, betrayed
To the city by the moon-beams,
  Which on their bright targets played:
This gave signal of their coming
  To the silent sentinel
On his watch-tower, and in hurry
  Loud he rang his tocsin bell.
In the arms of his fair lady
  This the lover heard, combined
With the sound of drums and trumpets,
  Surging upward on the wind.
Honour calls him—love detains him—
  Shall he linger?—yea or nay?
'Twere ingratitude to leave her,
  But 'tis cowardice to stay!

As he snatched his trusty sabre,
  Fondly on his neck she hung,
And lamenting, weeping, sighing,
  Thus broke forth with faltering tongue:
"Yes, my lord, depart, and leave me
  With moist tears my couch to strew,
Which will be a field of battle
  To my feelings without you.
Quick! your cloak! and go! the captains
  Chide your sloth—Enough, I read
I to you am grown distasteful,
  They of you have mickle need.
Leave your mail—my lamentations
  Move you not, you spurn my charms;
You have steeled your heart with rigour,
  And have little need of arms!"
Seeing how this fond talk detained him,
  Thrice he kissed her cheek, and said,
"Sweet as is thine anger, dearest!
  'Tis alone disgrace I dread.
If I stay, I wed dishonour,
  Thy white arms should leave me free;
Though my person goes to battle,
  My fond spirit rests with thee.
Farewell, then, enchanting maiden!
  Farewell, too, ye happy halls!
In thy name I go and conquer;
  Fare thee well, the trumpet calls!"

STANZAS.

By the Rev. W. B. Clarke.

There is a language none can speak,
  A voice no ear hath heard,
To which all human sounds are weak,
  And feeble wisdom's word —
A voice — a language undesigned —
To teach an inconsiderate mind!

A rock, a tower, a ruined wall,
  Which witnessed in past time
The scenes of pleasure, may recall
  The mysteries sublime
Of conscious spirits, in the pride
Of mutual fondness glorified.

Who that hath walked with one he loved
  Among the valleys green,
Who on the sunny hills hath roved —
  But many a spot hath seen,
Which, visited in days of pain,
Recalls the hours of joy again?

The "thoughts that lie too deep for tears"
  May, by some wondrous power,
Be called up in life's future years
  By gazing on a flower,

Whose mute expression well can reach
The soul — more eloquent than speech.

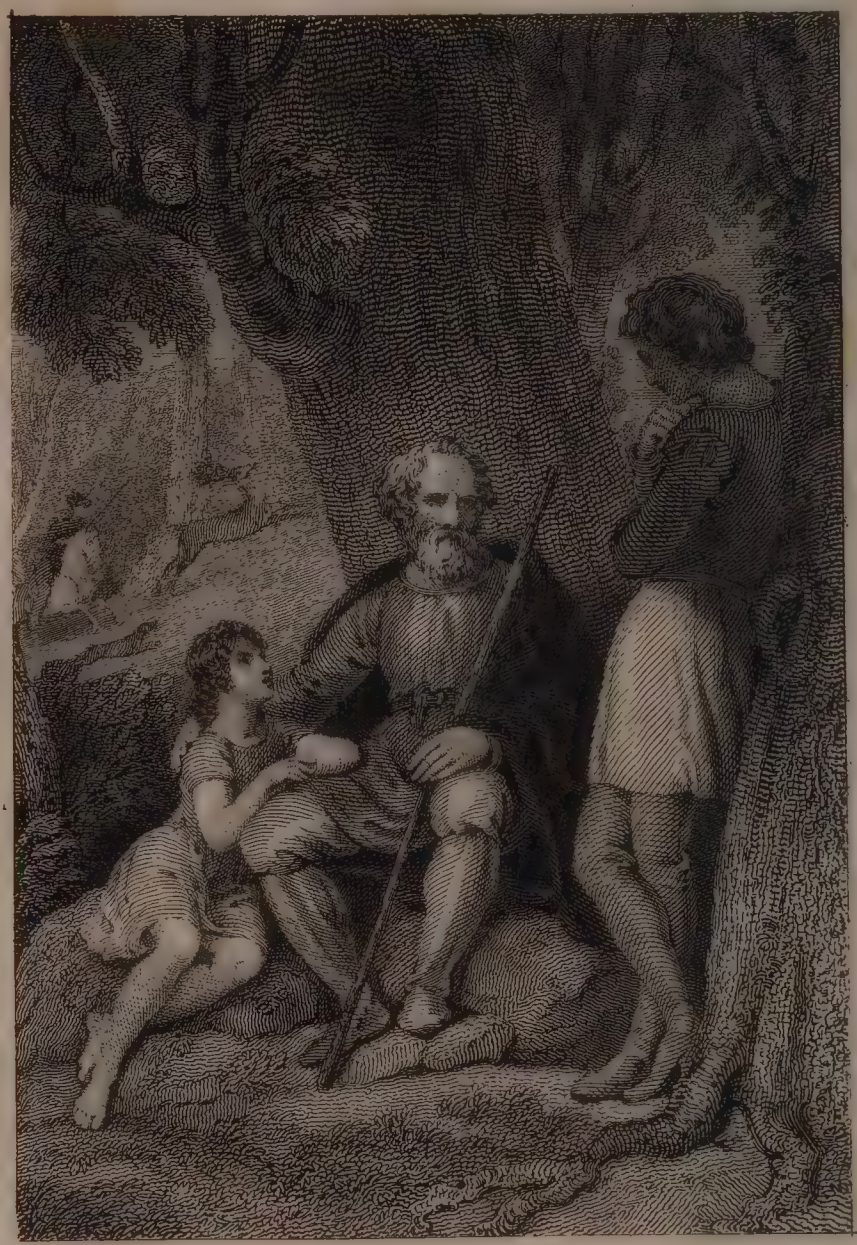
Ye teachers of poetic art!
  Ye masters of the lyre!
Say, can ye reach so soon the heart
  With all your tones of fire,
As the still voice of Time, which pleads
From yon rude ruin robed in weeds?

Or look upon this garden fair
  Of verdant hill and vale;
Or gaze with rapturous gladness where
  Yon clouds, like navies, sail
With light around them, o'er a sea
Of azure softness scatteringly!

The world — it is a wondrous book,
  Wherein are written plain
Such characters, that those who look
  Can ne'er forget again;
More powerful than the sorcerer's scroll —
The hieroglyphics of the soul!

The laurel speaks of war and song;
  The rose betokens love;
The lily, 'mid the gaudier throng
  That blossom in the grove,
Of virtue tells, amidst the gay
More pure, more beautiful than they.

No bird that flies but with its voice
  Of praise to man appeals;
The insect calls us to rejoice
  In pleasure which it feels;
And all that lives in air or earth
May kindle love, and wake to mirth.



R. Corbould del. G. Corbould sculp.

DAYS OF OLD.

DAYS OF OLD.

By T. HARRAL, Esq.*

——— Whilst slow the curfew tolls,
Years and dim centuries seem to unfold
Their shroud, as at the summons.

Bowles.

It was on the morning of the 2d of August, A.D. 1100, now *seven hundred and twenty-five years ago*, that an aged man was seen to walk slowly and feebly from a cottage on the western verge of the newly-formed forest in Hampshire. The sun's first rays were glittering on the Avon; his warmth had not yet exhaled the night-dew from the grass; the surrounding foliage retained the deep verdure of summer; and the birds, "sweet nature's happy choristers," enjoying the glory of their element, were warbling forth their hymns of joy and praise as blithely as in spring. The air was fresh and mild; and it seemed to play around the temples and amongst the few and thinly scattered white hairs of the time-bowed patriarch with reviving influence. His tottering steps were supported by a staff in his right hand, and by a

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fair blooming boy, on whose shoulder his left hand rested. Many a wistful look did he cast around in sad and mournful silence. It was evident that some long-cherished painful feeling laboured in his breast. Inadvertently he raised his face towards the north, where, in the far-off distance, rose the massive towers of an ancient castle, frowning severe and gloomy defiance on the subjugated country. A slight convulsion shook his frame; seemingly in anger he averted his head, and endeavoured to pass more quickly on.

Why did the old man start, why did his cheek redden, on beholding the proud dwelling of the great? His blue eye, his florid complexion, the general contour of his features, unequivocally indicated a Saxon descent. Ask not, then, why the indignant blood rushed to his heart, as the towers of Hunlavintone, now inhabited by Pauncevolt the Norman, burst upon his view.

"Seat of my fathers!" exclaimed the aged Bertfred, as he once more turned his face in anguish towards the castle, "why hast thou not fallen — why hast thou not crushed the destroyer, whose unhallowed revels have so often polluted thy halls? There *was* a time when those halls were the abode of valour; when they were blessed by the prayers of the poor and the affection of the rich; when every guest was a hero, and truth, justice, and honour presided at the hospitable

board. Yet, mark my words, boy," continued he, addressing his youthful page in the fervour of inspiration, "the Almighty Creator hath said — *He who cannot lie hath said* — 'I will visit the sins of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation!'"

Bertfred and the youth had not proceeded far when they met Godric, a feudatory resident on one of the neighbouring estates.

"A fine morning for a walk," said Godric, courteously saluting his aged friend. "Yes, or for a ride; but my enjoyments are, alas! nearly over in this world. It is not with me now as it was fifty or even forty years ago, when I could leap a dike or hunt a boar"—— "Ay," rejoined Godric, cutting short his speech, "or wield a sword with the best of them. I have heard many a tale of your prowess on the fatal field of Hastings, though you have generally been disposed to pass over the melancholy subject in silence."

"Ah! that was a day of blood, the wrongs of which have not yet been avenged by Heaven. But vengeance, though it may slumber awhile, will not sleep for ever. — Oh, had you seen our noble king, the brave, the gallant Harold! — But that was before your time; you were then only a child."

"True: but my father fought for him — bled for him — died for him."

"Yes: bravely did he fight; fiercely did he repel the dark invader, who had dared to pollute the sacred soil of his dear native land. Ah, Godric! had we *all* fought as your worthy father fought that day, Harold, the rightful heir of England's throne, would have triumphed; the proud Norman would have been driven back into the ocean, and his bloody sceptre would never have been swayed over a free-born Saxon race."

At this moment the distant sound of bugles, the full cry of dogs, and the obstreperous shouts of huntsmen, were heard upon the gale. "There, there go some of the oppressors of the earth!" said Godric; "some of the base minions of the crown, for whose sport and pastimes our fair cities have been laid waste, our fields and our vineyards converted into a vast wilderness — the lair of beasts less brutal than their pursuers!"

"Well, let them pass," replied Bertfred; "their triumph is only for a season. The lives of men are held but lightly now: kill your brother, and you may atone for the crime by a paltry fine; but if you take the life of a deer, of a boar, or even of a hare, (creatures which God gave for the common support of man,) the ferocious foreign tyrant will remorselessly deprive you of your sight. It was not thus that Alfred framed or administered his laws. Was it for this that Harold—the good, the pious Harold—offered up

his vows before he gave battle to the Norman invader? Surely, surely, there must be a day of retribution!"

"It will be six-and-thirty years ago next October," resumed Bertfred, after a brief pause; "yes, it was on a Saturday, the 14th day of October, that Harold perished — I have good cause to remember it, Godric."

"Yes: your son"——

"On his march he stopped at that stately temple, which he had founded for the worship of his God, in the wooded plains of Waltham; and there, attended by his nobles and his chiefs — I was honoured as one of the first of his train — he heard a solemn mass performed for the success of his arms. — Voices of the dead! methinks I hear you now. — Censers smoked with incense; the sacred anthem swelled in many a deep and awful strain upon the ear; the white-robed men of God, in prayers of fervent energy, implored the Father of all mercies to protect their king, and to crown his enterprise with glory. Alas! their pious orisons availed not."

The sound of the bugles, the cry of the dogs, and the shouts of the huntsmen in the chase, again assailed the ears of Bertfred and of Godric. The sound was nearer; but they allowed it not to interrupt their conversation.

"I need not dwell upon the battle," continued Bertfred: "your father and I fought by the side

of our king: it was his lot to fall — to die a soldier's death; and mine — detested boon! — to be disposed of by the spoiler of the land. We were in the thickest of the fight; we had twice repelled the furious and almost despairing duke. All that was great and sublime seemed to animate every bosom, and to invigorate every arm in the English host; the cry of victory was already raised — when, like the returning waves of the ocean, a countless multitude poured in upon us; the royal standard disappeared; your good father was no more; and Harold — I see his last looks, I hear his last words — 'Tell my brothers,' said he, 'to fight to the death; 'tis England's crown, 'tis England's glory that they fight for!' Alas! those brothers, the royal-hearted Gurth and Leofwin, had already sealed their valour with their blood. Another moment — the deadly iron had entered his brain — I saw his half-glazed eye — he clutched my hand in the convulsive agony of death — in an instant his spirit had fled! All was then"——

"But, your son?"

"Alas, poor Ælfric! he too perished; and the only hope, the last branch that now remains of the once noble and flourishing house of Bertfred is this hapless child, the offspring of his widowed sister. He fell in all the pride of youth and beauty — in all the rich lustre of rising manhood. But it was the will of the Almighty; to *His* will

we must all submit; and even to this day it cheers my old heart to know that he fell for his king."

Bertfred wiped away the tear that stole down his cheek, and then affectionately kissed the fair forehead of the youth, who bore the name of his long-lamented son.

"Ælfric," he resumed, "had the distinguishing honour of bearing the king's banner; a magnificent ensign, upon which was richly emblazoned the effigies of a warrior in combat; the border beset with gold and jewels and precious stones. The staff of that banner the dear boy had grasped firmly in death. After the battle, the invader sent it, in impious mockery, to the holy father of the church, at Rome, as a token of his victory over the last king of the Saxons. Oh, had the fortune of the day been reversed; had Harold, the beloved of his people, triumphed; the nation would not have been condemned to the bitter slavery of a foreign yoke, the poor man would not have been robbed or murdered with impunity, the rich demesne of Hunlavintone would not have been conferred upon an alien, the ruthless follower of an ambitious chief, nor would its lordly owner, the descendant of an ancient and noble race, have been doomed, in savage mercy, to wear out the worthless remainder of his days, bowed down by misery, in yon wretched hovel!"

Again the bugles sounded; again the joyous cry of the dogs was heard in their approach;

again the applauding shouts of the huntsmen made the wide forest ring. A stag emerged from the depths of an embowering wood — the pack was in full pursuit — a hundred voices exclaimed, in notes of adulatory rapture, "The king's! the king's!" as an arrow was seen to pierce his flank. The wounded stag rushed on — the royal train as swiftly followed —

> Many a lord with his lady bright,
> Forming a gay and gallant sight —

and, in another moment, turning an angle of the chase, the dazzling groups had vanished.

"Heartless, thoughtless wretch!" indignantly cried Godric; "has he so soon forgotten that his brother Richard was slain by a deer in this very forest?"

Suddenly the approach of horses was heard — confused sounds mingled in the air — low murmurs, sobs, and cries of grief, and female lamentations, by turns prevailed. The first distinct articulate sounds that could be collected were, "He's dead! he's dead! — the king, the king is dead!" Hurriedly, and in rude disorder, the company — lords, ladies, huntsmen, knights, esquires — rode past the spot where Bertfred, Godric, and the young Ælfric were standing, mute with surprise, astonishment, and expectation. An arrow, shot by Sir Walter Tyrrel, and accidentally turned in its course, had pierced the breast of the king.

His followers were hastily bearing him towards some near cottage for relief: but, alas! no human aid could avail — the spirit of William Rufus had left its earthly tenement for ever!

The flush — not of joy, but of a more deep and anxious feeling — passed over the face of Bertfred as he heard the evil tidings of the throng. His voice assumed unwonted firmness, when he exclaimed, "Did I not tell thee, boy, that vengeance would not sleep for ever — that the ghost of the slaughtered Harold should be appeased?— William — Richard — Rufus! *Thrice* art thou avenged! The will of Heaven be done! I shall now depart in peace."

SONNET.

By J. BOWRING, Esq.

Though I have cause for tears, I will not weep;
She would have dried those tears — but she is
dead;
She sleeps the sweet sleep which the holy sleep,
And with the weary rests her weary head.
If she were here, her gentle lips had said,
"Patience, too hasty murmurer! — to complain
Is as ungrateful, as unwise — as vain:"
And I her counsels blest had cherished.
And shall I *now* forget them, when they come
Sanctified from the grave, and have the power
Of an oracular warning? From this hour,
I'll chase away all tears, all sighs, all gloom,
And think of thee, as of a lovely star
That unapproachable sends its light afar.

THE ISLAND OF ATLANTIS.

By the Rev. G. CROLY.

Oh thou Atlantic, dark and deep,
  Thou wilderness of waves,
Where all the tribes of earth might sleep
  In their uncrowded graves!

The sunbeams on thy bosom wake,
  Yet never light thy gloom;
The tempests burst, yet never shake
  Thy depths, thou mighty tomb!

Thou thing of mystery, stern and drear,
  Thy secrets who hath told?—
The warrior and his sword are there,
  The merchant and his gold.

There lie their myriads in thy pall
  Secure from steel and storm;
And he, the feaster on them all,
  The cankerworm.

Yet on this wave the mountain's brow
  Once glowed in morning beam;
And, like an arrow from the bow,
  Out sprang the stream;

And on its bank the olive grove,
  And the peach's luxury,
And the damask rose—the nightbird's love—
  Perfumed the sky.

Where art thou, proud ATLANTIS, now?
  Where are thy bright and brave?
Priest, people, warriors' living flow?
  Look on that wave!

Crime deepened on the recreant land,
  Long guilty, long forgiven;
There power upreared the bloody hand,
  There scoff'd at Heaven.

The word went forth—the word of woe—
  The judgment-thunders pealed;
The fiery earthquake blazed below;
  Its doom was sealed.

Now on its halls of ivory
  Lie giant weed and ocean slime,
Burying from man's and angel's eye
  The land of crime.

THE FAIRIES' GROT.

NATURE has her expression, like individuals. The aspect of a wild and gloomy scene seems fitted to awaken remorse from its slumber, while a smiling region, and the pure air of the mountains, tend to produce tranquil and happy impressions. Such mysterious relations, subsisting between the creation and the creature, form a unison and harmony which reveal and proclaim the divine Author.

Switzerland unquestionably is richer than any other portion of Europe in sublime scenery; and the brisk and lively air breathed from its skies adds to the enjoyment of the wanderer over this picturesque country: for in a warm climate, like that of Italy, the mind becomes enervated, and the feelings partake of the softening temperature of the atmosphere.

Near the little town of Orbe, in the canton de Vaud, is the Fairies' Grot, so named from some remote and obscure popular tradition. The real magic of this grotto is its situation:—the Orbe, a furious torrent, runs at the bottom of the valley, above which the grot seems suspended. No habitation is visible, although a fresh and luxuriant vegetation blooms all around; but the valley is of difficult access, nor is it an easy task

to arrive at the grotto: its ancient trees are thus protected from the destructive hand of man, and remain from age to age like the genealogy of the valley, nor is it without respect that they can be contemplated. There is no describing a spot so wildly romantic as to baffle imagination, but the thoughts which the sight of it awakens leave behind them an indelible remembrance. Few travellers visit the Fairies' Grot, and I probably should never have seen it, had not a duty and a sacred promise led me thither. This grotto was the scene of a very tragic event; and though years have since rolled by, my sensations, on finding myself there once more, were of the most poignant and lively nature. On the rocks which formed the grotto was every where graven the date, the 18th of August. I was accompanied by a youth whom I had educated. Adolphus, struck as though by instinct, was considerably affected. The day of our visit to this spot happened also to be the 18th of August, and my young friend on this same day completed his twenty-first year: he could hardly think that the sight alone of this wild place, and this strange concurrence of circumstances, could sufficiently explain my excessive agitation. The appointed hour drew nigh. "Adolphus," said I, "a mystery which has cost you many a sigh has enveloped your youth. It is time that it should cease the last wish of your father must

now be accomplished. Listen to the tale of his misfortunes." I pointed out a spot where I desired he should seat himself. "There," said I, "did I see your father fall, mortally wounded by the hand of the murderer of your mother;—that same hand which engraved on these rocks the so often repeated date." Adolphus shuddered; his countenance assumed an expression of revenge: he was eagerly interrupting me, but I, replying to his thought, cried, "Peace be to the tomb! the victims and the murderer have disappeared!—my son, let us pray for them all." These words soothed the young man, and after the silent abstraction of a few moments, I thus commenced my recital:

Count Leczinski, your father, had been in the Russian service; he possessed considerable estates in the environs of Cracow, and having suffered from the consequences of a dangerous wound, he retired to his domains at a period when he was no longer young. Being the last remaining branch of an illustrious house, his friends pressed him to marry, but a misanthropic turn of mind inclined him to shun society. In his earlier days, I suspect, he had loved; he never spoke to me of that, and I have only been led to this conjecture by vague circumstances. My father had been the constant attendant of the count; he was his surgeon—a profession which I likewise followed; and to your father, my

generous benefactor, I owe every thing. I accompanied him in his retirement, and although the great disproportion of our ages seemed an obstacle to confidential friendship, yet his unvarying goodness, and the interest he took in me, awakened on my part the most sincere and tender attachment. Business called the count to Munich; thither we went, and there he became acquainted with a young and very interesting person, the daughter of his lawyer. She was but sixteen years of age; the expression of melancholy which softened her features touched the count even more than her beauty. The lawyer was not slow to perceive the impression his daughter had made, and, without once consulting her, employed his whole address to accomplish a union so flattering to his ambition. The count, withheld by an habitual timidity and self-distrust, dared not explain himself further than with the lawyer; thus, then, was the marriage decided, and it speedily took place. Your mother made no resistance; the count understood her obedience as consent, and was satisfied. He carried his wife into Poland, and on his return to his own estate resumed his wonted occupations and his solitary habits—the young countess being left wholly to herself. A year afterwards you were born: the 18th of August, 1791, was a festival for all the numerous vassals of the count; and even he seemed to parti-

cipate in the public joy. I have often thought that he married merely as a duty, and that, continually a victim to the remembrance of a first passion, he had never been able to bestow on his countess, in spite of her attractions, more than the tribute of esteem and friendship; besides, he had become a husband at sixty years of age, and felt out of his place by the side of his young wife. Under these circumstances, we lived quite secluded from the world. Meanwhile the health of your mother became alarmingly precarious, and change of air was prescribed for her. You were too young to encounter the journey; the count left you to my care, and departed with the countess for Paris. They went immediately to the house of the baroness de P., a very distant relation of the count's,—a woman who lived much in society. For the young countess, born in an humble sphere, and accustomed from the time of her marriage to great retirement, the contrast was striking. The count, who found this change of habits insupportable, confided his wife to the care of the baroness. Amongst those who frequented the house of this lady, a young Swiss, named Henri de C., was particularly distinguished; he was presented to the count, whom he found means to please, and to whom he was always a welcome visitor. The young man appeared inattentive to the countess, whom he

met continually either with her husband or with the baroness. Henri was endowed with all that enables man to please; nevertheless, the expression of his countenance seemed occasionally to betray sentiments such as one would scarcely venture to suspect:—accustomed to surrender himself to his passions, he spared no means for their gratification. He saw your mother, and loved, or at least fancied he loved her; and the more difficulty he anticipated in the pursuit, the greater was the stimulus to his purpose. The baroness became his confidante; that unprincipled woman saw merely in Henri's passion one of those casual and common circumstances, which only derived some interest in her eyes, from its being likely to awaken her dull cousin (as she called the count) from his apathy, and she lent herself without scruple to the projects of her ally. The seduction of the countess, however, was not to be easily effected: strict in her duties, to tempt her to a failure in them was impossible; and though her sentiments for the count were limited to esteem, she could never be induced to forget that she belonged to him by a sacred tie, and that he was the father of her child. Henri would not be repulsed; he gradually accustomed her to a language quite new to her ear; her very innocence weakened her distrust; she felt disturbed without knowing why:—the cunning seducer gave her the habit,

the necessity of being beloved, without alarming her suspicions by an abrupt declaration. He created, as it were, around her an atmosphere of love. Alas! how could she escape? Henri de C. was born with happy dispositions, but, abandoned from infancy to immoral influences, he became vicious, and the energy of his character, instead of being employed in noble designs, was perverted to the furtherance of evil ones.

The countess, so different from the women whom he saw habitually, made a deep impression on him;—perhaps had he met her some years earlier, while she was yet free, she might have reclaimed him to virtue. Situated as he now found her, she was destined to add to the number of his crimes and of his victims.

Count Leczinski was obliged to return to Cracow, to maintain a law-suit which threatened to cost him a portion of his property. Compelled to travel rapidly, he left his wife, whose health was not yet re-established, in Paris, expecting to return to her at the end of a few weeks. The absence of the husband in no degree weakened the virtue of the wife. Henri redoubled his attentions, he dared even to speak, but he was repulsed—nevertheless he was beloved. He perceived that he never should succeed in his purpose; but his love was become madness. The count seldom wrote, for, over-

whelmed with business, he had but little leisure to dedicate to correspondence with his countess. Anxiety at length brought on him a tedious illness, of which it was my office to apprise your mother; at the same time the count ordered me positively to prohibit her coming to him, so fearful was he of her encountering the fatigue of a long journey. This illness furthered Henri's plans:—all letters addressed to the countess were first submitted to him, by a domestic whom he had corrupted. A second letter very soon arrived, as if from me, the hand-writing, the post-mark, all so perfectly counterfeited, that it was impossible the countess should conceive any suspicion of their authenticity. Thus did she learn the supposed death of your father;—her letters were intercepted and suppressed, and others fabricated, and sent in their place. Six months passed away, during which the count continued ill, and Henri conducted himself with such apparent delicacy as at length to triumph over the scruples of the countess; and before the year of her mourning had expired, she consented to a secret marriage. A heavy melancholy oppressed her spirits on the eve of the day fixed for the ceremony. Henri urged her to explain the cause of her sadness; he was adored by her, and he could not solicit in vain. She had seen him smile at things which in her eyes were sacred, and she had scarcely courage to

confess to him a superstition in which she believed as implicitly as in her love.

"Thou wilt have it so," said she, "and I must speak. I have always harboured a notion that I should die young, and that sorrow would conduct me to the tomb. Until I loved thee I never knew happiness, and yet, now that I am so near becoming thine for ever, this gloomy presage returns upon me. I feel as though I were destined to die at a distance from thee. Oh, Henri! thou canst, if thou wilt, tranquillise my heart, and restore its confidence. We hold in Germany a belief, which softens the idea of death:—if two beings who love each other engage solemnly not to quit the world without appearing for the last time to one another, however wide may be the distance that separates them, then the survivor can never become inconstant. Henri, receive my vow! let me enjoy the certainty of being always beloved by thee! my promise, if not ratified by thy consent, would be vain and of no effect." Henri, shocked, and agitated by conscience, might perhaps at that moment have been surprised into an avowal of the whole plot, but she did not leave him time for explanation. Seeing his emotion, she seized a bible, and putting it into his hand—"Swear," said she, "that thou acceptest the vow I make, not to quit this life without communicating to thee the event: I will

not appear to thee, but my last sigh shall be thine, and thou shalt hear it. Then all will be over as to this world, and I shall be gone to love thee in another." Henri, not knowing what he did, but subdued and hurried along by her irresistible enthusiasm, pronounced the vow required; then, incapable of contending farther with his tumultuous feelings, he retired, leaving his victim on her knees praying for him, nor did he see her again till the following day, at the hour appointed for the ceremony of their marriage. A false priest officiated—the crime was consummated. The baroness continued in total ignorance of the means which Henri had employed. He exacted of her, who believed herself his wife, the strictest secrecy—he neglected the correspondence which hitherto, under the name of the countess, he had maintained with me; consequently the count's inquietude became extreme; and, no longer able to suffer the uneasiness of suspense, he resolved on departing for Paris. His valet-de-chambre only accompanied him, as I continued to take charge of you. On arriving at the hotel of the baroness, he quitted his carriage, and, wrapt in his travelling cloak, entered the hotel without being recognised. He went straight to the apartment of his wife, who was alone. On perceiving him she uttered a piercing shriek, and fell senseless on the floor: for twenty-four hours every

assiduity was uselessly lavished upon her. The sudden apparition of the count, whom all believed dead, caused a powerful sensation in the household of the baroness: as for himself, occupied solely with his wife, whom he never quitted, he paid but little attention to what was passing around him. At length the countess exhibited symptoms of revival: she shuddered on beholding the count near her; he would have retired, but she withheld him. "Do not," she entreated, "refuse to hear me; my remaining moments are numbered, let us not lose them!" She faithfully related to him all that had passed. Without any attempt to dissemble her love, she attributed her misfortune to some cruel fatality; the idea of suspecting, of accusing Henri, never once presented itself to her; and until the count had fully unveiled the machinations of her seducer, she persevered in acknowledging her love.

This last stroke she was unable to resist—the horrible truth destroyed at once all her illusions—the name of Henri never again passed her lips; but her love and her life were one—to pluck the former from her heart was death. The count, at her earnest supplication, never quitted her, but neither of them could speak; nevertheless, a few moments before she breathed her last sigh, she entreated his blessing, and recommended you to his paternal care. The

count pronounced his blessing; she listened to his words of peace; a light smile passed over her lips; she expired. The count gazed on her remains for a moment, then rushing from the door—"Vengeance!" cried he, and disappeared. It was on the 18th of August, at six o'clock in the evening, that your mother died.

Henri, on learning the return of the count, fled. Goaded by remorse, tormented by jealousy, he never paused until he reached the frontiers of Switzerland. At Jougne he was attacked by a violent fever, and during some days was entirely abandoned by his reason: he scarcely awaited his recovery to continue his route to Orbe, where he had passed some years of his infancy. One thought, one only sentiment possessed him; and yet, notwithstanding the boiling impetuosity of his disposition, he dared not inquire what had become of the countess. He did not refresh the recollection of any of his old acquaintance, and was not recognised by them, since he had quitted Orbe at the age of fourteen, and was now twenty-eight. He passed his days and the greater part of his nights in this grotto, and the superstitious neighbours, intimidated by his ferocious air, ventured not to approach it; thus his solitude remained undisturbed. Six weeks elapsed unmarked by any change, when one day—it was the 18th of August—he felt himself more than ever a prey to his

torments, and his agitation became insupportable. On the evening of that same day, a few minutes before six o'clock, he felt as if chained to the spot where you now sit. He trembled, scarcely dared to look round him, and held his breath, as though fearful to disturb the awful silence. Perhaps a presentiment, a mysterious revelation, compelled him to listen—at length he heard a sigh—a sigh which made him shudder. He started from his fixed position, and rushed forward a few steps as if in pursuit of some object, but sudden recollection returned, and he cried aloud, "Death! death!" Rendered furious by his remorse, he wandered through the cavern, repeating incessantly the word "Death! death!" During the two days that this state of frensy continued, he was in possession of his consciousness, for it was from himself that I had these details. At length the people with whom he lodged, uneasy at his continued absence, and aware that this was his habitual haunt, followed him hither, and found him stretched on the earth exhausted by his emotions. He spoke not, and allowed himself to be led away unresistingly; but the next day he returned, and assisted by some peasants, built himself a cottage near the grotto, which he furnished with a bed, table, and chair; and each morning they brought him his daily supply of provisions. At first he was the subject of a thousand conjectures, but was soon forgotten. Forgotten! no:—divine retribution, the

torments of conscience, were not sufficient expiation—human vengeance impended over him.

The count was not exempt from self-reproach. He was conscious that he had neglected his wife, and had married her without consulting her inclinations; but the projects over which he now brooded drew him, as it were, out of himself, and diverted him from his deep sorrow. The search he caused to be made after Henri was long fruitless, but at length one of his emissaries believed he had discovered traces of its unhappy object, and communicated the tidings of his success. Not a moment did the count delay his departure for Switzerland. He arrived at Orbe, where he pursued his inquiries; and though the replies he received were vague and indefinite, yet the period of the arrival of the man who inhabited the grotto so far agreed with the date of the tragic event in which he was so deeply implicated, that he resolved at least to see him. Led by a guide, therefore, he reached the rock on which Henri had erected his cottage: he saw him, and, in spite of the change of his features, recognised him immediately. Concealing what he felt, he quitted the spot, having fixed on the following day for the execution of his project. That next day was the 18th of August, the fatal anniversary. Furnished with pistols, the count set out for the grotto—his valet was ordered to

remain at a certain distance from it, and forbidden to approach nearer, unless he should not appear again in the space of a short time, which he specified. It was then striking six. Henri, immovable, in that same place where he had received the mysterious intelligence of the death of his victim, (for he was convinced she was no more) plunged in a gloomy reverie, heard not the steps of the count, who, on approaching him, cried, "Villain, defend thyself!" offering him at the same time a pistol. Henri shuddered—for the first time, for so long a period, another voice than his own echoed amid those rocks. He beheld the count, and at the same instant the phantom of the countess seemed to rise from the earth, and place herself between them. "Pardon!" cried he; "pardon!" while in the posture of a suppliant he implored that vision of his delirious imagination. The count felt compelled to regard him for a moment with something like pity; but soon recollecting himself—"Coward," said he, "defend thyself!" Henri did not seem to understand him; and the count, wrought into fury, insulted and excited him by the most injurious epithets. Henri's passions were at last roused; he seized the pistol and fired it; the ball entered the right arm of the count—Henri remained unhurt. He approached your father, who staggered, and with difficulty supported himself, but who in a terrible voice

bade him "begone." At that moment the valet arrived; he supported his master, who, before he departed, said, "If I live, next year, in this same place, on this same day, at this same hour, expect me!" and having uttered those words he disappeared.

The count's wound was dangerous. He staid at Geneva, where every care was taken of him; still he did not recover: at length he wrote to me, requiring my attendance immediately. I left you in the charge of his bailiff, and departed. Ignorant of all that had passed since the count quitted Poland, I was now first informed by himself of his misfortunes, and of the resolution he had taken to perish by the hand of Henri, or to deprive him of life. Vainly did I endeavour to calm him, and dissuade him from the horrible design—I found him implacable. At the time fixed, we departed for Orbe. The count had a presentiment that he should fall, and therefore made all necessary arrangements. He appointed me your tutor, and enjoined, that on my return to Poland I should cause you to travel under a fictitious name, and forbear to reveal to you the story of your parents until you should have attained your twenty-first year; he ordered me also to lead you to this grotto, and at six o'clock, in the spot where we now are, to recite to you these facts: but I have not yet completed my melancholy task. We went to

the grotto; Henri was there, and very long did he refuse to fight, until the outrages of the count compelled him to it. I saw him fire; he took no aim at your father, and, but for a movement of the latter, the ball never could have hit him: —but the decree of fate must be accomplished —the ball passed through his heart—he fell dead. Henri looked on him for a moment, then, with a burst of horrid laughter, more frightful than death itself, he fled. I saw him climb from rock to rock; he disappeared from my sight. Some days after, the neighbours found his body, which the torrents had swept down into the Orbe. The count had left a declaration, on my presenting which to the magistrates, they granted me permission to remove his body. I had it embalmed, and, on my return to Poland, buried it in the tomb of your ancestors, as well as that of the countess, according to the orders he had given me. Adolphus, may so many misfortunes warn you to resist the tyranny of the passions! You are free—may the remembrance of this day be useful to you!

A long silence followed these words; my young friend seemed absorbed in his reflections —I durst not interrupt them. At length he rose, and casting a last look around him—"Peace to the tomb!" said he. He turned from the grotto, and I followed him. A. D. T.

A TALE OF ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT.

By Mr. JAMES BIRD.*

Bright o'er the castle beamed the morn,
And loudly rang the warder's horn,
When 'neath the gate, in bright array,
A herald stood at dawn of day;
And knights with spur and plume were there,
Dark waving in the morning air:
And soon the gallant lord had prest
To festive board each willing guest.
He deemed that valiant train might bring
Some welcome tidings from his king,
Who late returned with dauntless band
From warfare in the Holy Land.
Now o'er the hall the echoing peal
  Of laughing mirth, with notes of joy
And jest and tales that young hearts feel,
  Were heard in Castle Pomeroy.
Full many a day the courteous knight
Prepared his guests some new delight;
But still the herald had not told
The message from his master bold.
At length he called, "To horse!" and all
The gallant knights obeyed his call;

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Then spoke the host — "Reveal, I pray,
The tidings from the king, and say
In truth, bold herald, ere we part,
What wills he of the *Lion Heart.*"
Then flashed the treacherous herald's eye,
And scorn was in his brief reply:
"He deems, Sir Knight — I wish thee joy! —
He deems thee *traitor*, POMEROY!
And I arrest thee here!" The blade
Of POMEROY like lightning sped
Deep to the herald's heart, and laid
The caitiff in a moment dead! —
Then swift the knight prepared to fly —
"Haste, trusty squire; the bloody die
Of death is cast — away! away!
Bring out my fleet and bonny gray.
On! — to ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT! — flee, flee!
ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT my grave shall be!"

Oh, for a Muse that could recount
The glories of ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT,
Which rears its granite head so high,
Which scorns the sea, and mocks the sky!
Around its base, for ages past,
Old Ocean hath his billows cast;
Through day and night, with ceaseless shock,
The fretting wave hath worn the rock,
And wears it still, and grants no rest,
Like avarice at a miser's breast.

Proud, on its highest peak sublime,
Frown trophies of all-conquering Time;
There crumbling stone and mouldering wall
Proclaim the lordly abbey's fall;
And other signs, as frail as they,
Tell of high glories past away.

Upon this mount, in days gone by,
Dwelt Anna with the hazel eye;
And in that eye there lived a light
So sweetly soft — so softly bright;
And o'er her cheek young beauty threw
Her blushing tints of rosy hue;
And, oh! her smile of love and joy
Had won the heart of Pomeroy.
And now the lonely maiden stands
High on St. Michael's topmost crest,
With beating heart and clasped hands,
And eyes that rove o'er ocean's breast:
For now she hopes to view the bark,
To her alone the saving ark,
From which could speed the longing dove,
To make her breast its home of love.
Hark! now she hears the dashing oar,
And now her lover gains the shore.
He comes — but o'er his cheek is spread
The hue that marks the pallid dead.
Fair Anna watched that cheek, and fear
Came o'er her soul, and bodings drear.

"Oh, POMEROY! most welcome now!
But why that care upon thy brow?
Thy cheek is changed, thy lips are pale,
And tremble with some fearful tale.
It was not thus we met when last
Thy barbotte o'er the waters past;
It was not thus thy fond eye beamed
In happier hour — perchance I dreamed —
And thou — thy vows of love forgot —
Thou, whom I trusted — lovest me not!"
"Anna, 'tis o'er! my blade hath wrought
A hapless deed, which now must sever
My hope from thee — Oh! fatal thought! —
Love! we must part — and part for ever!"
The maiden's cheek waxed pale and cold,
When all the knight's sad tale was told.
"Fly, POMEROY! delay will bring
The deadly vengeance of the king."
"No, Anna! no; I will not flee;
I would not, could not fly from thee;
Nor will I live to die with shame,
And branded with a traitor's name.
Oh! if thou e'er didst love me, spare
My soul that shame — my arm is bare —
There lies my dagger — pierce the vein!
Nay, tremble not; I dread not pain!"
"Oh! urge no more: it cannot be —
Fain would I, dearest, die with thee,
But cannot, will not work thee ill."
"Then, Anna, then *my* hand shall kill!

Remember, thou my name wilt stain
With base self-murderer!" — Anna's brain
All wildly burned — to frensy wrought,
With trembling hand and reckless thought
She snatched the dagger, dumb with grief,
And, like the quivering aspen leaf,
Her white arm shook, as from the blue
And swelling vein the life-blood flew!
"Thank thee, dear Anna! kindly thou
Hast proved how well thou lovest me now!
'Tis done; I soon must pass away,
Though yet my soul would lingering stay
Near thee. I grow more faint — my eyes
Are dim — and dimmer — mingling dyes
Swim in my sight. See! there! — the hill
Goes round — and round — and round me still!
I die, dear love! farewell! farewell!"
She heard him not, but lifeless fell
Upon that breast wherein her heart
Had built its shrine of earthly joy.
Oh! nought in life or death could part
Fair Anna from her POMEROY!

NOTE.

ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT, in the county of Cornwall, is one of those rare and commanding objects which arrest and fix the attention the moment they are seen. Its peculiar situation, and the sublime character which it assumes, from appearing to rise immediately from the waves, singularly interest the imagination of the observer. At high water it appears a completely insulated congregation of rocks, towering

to a considerable height, gradually decreasing in size, till, assisted by the tower of the chapel on the summit, it exhibits the form of a complete pyramid. At low water it may be approached from the shores over a kind of causeway, which is submerged by every rising tide, and the mount again rendered a perfect island. The mount consists of a hard granite, in which transparent quartz is the preponderating substance. Edward the Confessor founded upon this mount a priory of Benedictine monks, and the whole summit is now occupied by the remains of the monastic buildings.—See *The Beauties of England and Wales.*

The earliest transaction of a military nature recorded to have taken place at this mount was in the reign of Richard the First. Hoveden relates that it was seized by *Henry de la Pomeroy,* who fortified it, probably to support the cause of John, Richard's brother, who was Earl of Cornwall. It is related that *Pomeroy,* fearing the king's vengeance, committed suicide. The circumstances, however, are related somewhat differently by *Carew,* on the authority of some of *De la Pomeroy's* descendants. "They affirm," says this author, "that a sergeant-at-arms of the king came to their ancestor at his castle of Berry Pomeroy, received kind entertaynement for certaine days together, and at his departure was gratified with a liberal reward; in counterchange whereof, he then, and no sooner, revealing his long-concealed errand, flatly arrested his hoaste to make his immediate appearance before the king, for answering a capital crime; which unexpected and ill-carryed message the gent. tooke in such despite, as with his dagger he stabbed the messenger to the heart; and then, well knowing in so superlative an offence all hope of pardon foreclosed, he abandons his home, gets to ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT, bequeathed a large portion of his land to the religious people there for redeeming his sinne, and lastly *causeth himself to be let bloud unto death,* for leaving the remainder to his heire."

It is scarcely necessary to add, that the foregoing *Tale of St. Michael's Mount* is founded upon this extract from *Carew.*

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

> For he, long time,
> Far from his home and from his native hills,
> Had dwelt in bondage; and the mountain breeze,
> Which he had with the breath of infancy
> Inhaled, such impulse to his heart restored,
> As if the seasons had rolled back, and life
> Enjoy'd a second spring."
>
> SOUTHEY.

OF all the pleasures we experience in this vale of tears, few can surpass that which arises from a return to one's long-left native village, after a sad and troublous absence, amidst the din and bustle of the world. Yet there is not unfrequently a feeling of pensive sadness mingled with this gratification, as we regard the gradual and unsparing ravages which the relentless hand of time is insidiously making amongst those endeared individuals who watched over our infancy with all the care and kindness of perfect love, added to the renewed pang of parting from the few who may yet remain.

I have been a wanderer all my life, even from my very childhood until now, and have experienced more than once the ecstatic delight of meeting, after many years of prolonged separation, with those whose fate was interwoven with mine, as much by the tie of strong and mutual affection, as by the more formal bands of kindred

and consanguinity. I have experienced also something of the sadness of outliving many of my best and earliest friends, and of seeing those who were left to me sadly and sorely changed. I was born and nurtured in a spot so remote from what may be termed the superfluous refinements of life, that those among whom my boyish years were spent retain, even to this day, a great portion of the simplicity, and *all* the hearty hospitality, of a secluded and pastoral people. Unlike the inhabitants of large and populous towns, where there can be but little of common interest or common regard, the inhabitants of the secluded place of my nativity were almost all *friends* as well as neighbours. Our little community was but one large family, the members of which were knit together by reciprocal ties of servitude, kindred, and attachment. They participated in each other's happiness; they sympathised in each other's grief; and a marriage was a source of joy, and death a source of sorrow to all.

The first time I returned home I was but a boy, and then all was mirth and joyousness; the fatted calf was killed, and I was supremely happy: for the few changes which time had wrought were neither obvious nor important—at least, I could not perceive them. At the second visit—and this was nearly ten years after the first—I found that time had been more

relentless: many whom I had left in their prime had become visibly older; the scanty locks of the men were whiter, and the features of the women were shadowed out into a more sedate and calm complacency. This was the grave side of the picture; but it had its smiling aspect also; for those whom I had left gambolling in all the happy mirth of conscious childhood were now blooming in the gaiety and gracefulness of jocund youth.

Nearly twenty years again elapsed, before I had another opportunity of revisiting my native valley; and then sad indeed were the alterations which had occurred in my absence! Such as I had left well-stricken in years had long been slumbering in the grave; some of the younger branches had also withered, and those that remained had sunk into the "sear and yellow leaf," and were different—oh, how different!—from the gay and joyous beings I had seen before. I saw no fair and well-known faces; I heard not the greeting of friendly lips: for a new generation had sprung up, and I was now a stranger in mine own land. I went into the churchyard, and the spot where I stood was full of summer beauty. I looked upon the white grave-stones, and read the names of many whom I had known in happiness and health. I thought of the sabbath mornings, when I had stood by the gate, and seen the path to the house

of God populous with the beautiful and the young; when I had beheld the seats all thronged, and fair eyes glancing modestly to and fro, with that interchange of silent and holy greeting which passes among friends before the service begins. I thought, too, on those whose name I bore, and with whom I had shared kindred and blood; and it was all I now could do: for I saw their sepulchres growing green beside me. I could not but grieve at these unsparing changes; the frost of nearly threescore years had left enough of feeling in my bosom to render me painfully sensible of them; and even now I sometimes sigh as I remember — for well I *can* remember —

> "how flush'd my cheek,
> How beat my heart, when from a neighbouring hill
> The well-known landscape broke upon my view!
> The lofty firs still waving o'er the green
> Where I so oft enjoy'd my boyish sport;
> The cottage peering through the woodland maze,
> Where long an aged and only parent dwelt,
> To bid me welcome."

But I must crave thy pardon, worthy reader, for detaining thee so long from the pith and marrow of my tale. Perchance thou art, like myself, a wanderer from thy native land, — and that land may be like mine own, far, far away, amidst green hills and smiling valleys. If so, thou wilt readily pardon these doting rhapsodies; and if not, thou wilt please to place them to the account

of the prating garrulity of a fond and foolish old man, who cannot commence his story without such a preface. And now to my history.

Most persons who have visited North Wales, have, I presume, sojourned awhile at the little town of Holmgrove, the rude capital of the wild county of Merioneth; a town, by the way, which has most effectually resisted any very important innovation upon its ancient rudeness and simplicity. Most trifling, in truth, have been the improvements at Holmgrove. It is true, nevertheless, that one small house on the northern side of the principal street has been superseded by a building of larger dimensions, embellished with the representation of an angel, clad in robes of white and scarlet, and dignified, moreover, with a portico, supported on pillars of cast iron. It is also true, that a new town-hall has been recently erected by the river side, and that a peal of eight bells has been added to the square tower of the old church. But that which is destined to confer more particular immortality upon the place, is the establishment of stage-coach, which performs its hebdomadal evolutions, during the summer months, in little more than *fifteen hours* from Shrewsbury to Barmouth, being a distance, gentle reader, of *sixty-four miles!* These, it must be confessed, are, at all events, strong symptoms of that improving spirit which has gone forth amongst us, conquering and to conquer,

and which my learned friend, Dr. Hercules Pendragon, unhesitatingly attributes to what he calls the regenerating result of the French Revolution.

It was towards the close of a beautiful day in July 18—, that a gentleman, tolerably good-looking, but with extremely dark features, arrived at Holmgrove by the coach already referred to. He alighted at the Golden Lion, and entered the inn with a friend who had been anxiously waiting his arrival. They spoke little till they entered the house, but when quietly seated in the "blue parlour," the gentleman greeted the traveller with "*Duw Anwyl*, Ellis! — but you *are* strangely altered!" "Do you think so, Owen?" replied the other, in a melancholy tone: "but it matters not; I am quite forgotten *here* by every one, I suppose, or remembered only as the wild boy who broke his father's heart." His lips quivered, and a tear strolled down his sunburnt cheek, as he continued grasping his friend's hand convulsively while he spoke. "This is a bitter welcome, James, after so long an absence." "Now, where, in the name of goodness, heard you this silly tale, Ellis?" asked the other. "Is it not known to all your father's friends that you left the country at his express desire, that you might be out of the reach of the consuming idleness of this little town? and is it not known that you were doing well with your uncle in London? Your father himself—and I was with him when

he died—blessed his absent son, and thanked God for reforming him." "Yes, yes; I know he did," replied Meredith; "but I find here, as in every other place, that an evil report, although false, is far more readily cherished than a good one, though true." "Nonsense, Ellis *bach!* of whom learnt ye this *evil report*, as you call it?" "Why, from the tallest of the two young men who sat with me on the coach." "Pooh! young Davies!—and do you believe *him?* I wonder he did not tell you Cader Idris had been to Barmouth and back again since you left! He is one of the greatest dreamers I ever knew." "That may be, Owen; but I thought there was an appearance of great candour and good-nature in his face and manner." "Ay, ay," said the other, "he is good-natured and good-looking enough, but a most notorious dreamer."

Now this was not altogether true. Such a report as was mentioned by young Davies, although false, did certainly exist, and James Owen well knew it, although he was anxious to spare the feelings of his friend, whose altered conduct, and perhaps what was infinitely more persuasive, whose good fortune, he was pretty certain, would readily secure the good-will and esteem of his countrymen. Desirous, therefore, of changing the conversation, Owen asked—"And what think you of the old place, Ellis?" "I see no alteration in the houses, the moun-

tains, the woods, and the green fields," said he; "but the faces are almost all strange to me — I miss those old friends whom I used to meet at my father's; but I cannot expect to find *all* as I left them twenty years ago. Death, doubtless, has been busy here. Old Williams, I understand, is dead." "He is; and your old flirt, his daughter, after a good deal of misfortune, is now doing well." "So I hear. Is she still single?" Ellis Meredith asked this question in a tone that was intended to convey nothing more than a common and careless interest in the lady's welfare; but there was a tremour in his voice, and a colour on his cheek, which betrayed to his friend that there were other and warmer feelings which prompted the inquiry. He replied accordingly: "She is, and doubtless intends to continue so. She has, to my certain knowledge, refused three most eligible offers; and unless *you* can prevail upon her, nobody else can, I am convinced." "*I*, James," said the other, smilingly, "am I a proper person to pour nonsense and flattery into a woman's ear?" "Ay, truly, are you — a *very* proper person. Have not you a good fortune, a good-looking face, and a good house? and what want you more than a good and loving wife? and who will suit you better than Ellen Williams? If all tales be true, I see plainly that Bryntirion will not be long without a mistress. Come, tell me can-

didly, Ellis, do not you still love Ellen *a little?*" "*A little*, James? say rather, any thing but a little. It is now nearly sixteen years since I have seen her; but in all that time has she been present to my memory, and cheered me onward through all my toil.

> 'In all my absence her sweet love
> Has been to me one pure delight,
> A dawning star-beam from above,
> A cheering ray of gladdening light!'

It may seem strange to you, that so long an absence has not cooled my youthful passion — for you know I loved Ellen before I left the country — but it has on the contrary strengthened it, and the vows which we pledged at parting have never for a moment been forgotten by me. Whenever my thoughts wandered to the green hills and valleys of my native land, *she* was always present; and even when oppressed with fatigue, and weighed down by sorrow, one thought of her — such as I left her in her youth — would cheer my drooping spirits, and rouse me to ecstacy. I have associated with wealthier and it may be more accomplished women, but there was not one whom I could love; for I had previously given my heart to Ellen Williams. My only anxiety is to know if she still loves the truant Ellis." "Go then, and ask her, while I proceed to Bryntirion to see if all is ready for your reception there. But stay, you don't know

Ellen's house; it is that small, quiet-looking cottage among the trees by the hill-side yonder: so be off, my dear Ellis, and may you speed well in your wooing!"

It is any thing but an easy task to describe the emotions which agitated the wanderer's bosom as he paced, in the dusk of the evening, to the abode of her whose image was too deeply impressed upon his memory ever to be effaced. His friend had told him that she was still unmarried, and this was certainly a source of gladness to him: still he had his fears. His long absence might have caused the gradual decay of any love which Ellen might once have had for him; and besides, woman's love is sometimes fickle; and Ellis felt conscious that if Ellen *had* ceased to love him, he himself was accessary to the dereliction, as he had taken no pains to promote and cherish her affection. He walked on, therefore, with hurried steps, and a mind busily employed in retracing many a happy scene of former days, and many an interesting event which neither time nor the bustle of the world had been able to erase from his recollection.

While Ellis was proceeding thus anxious and agitated, the object of his fond solicitude was sitting in her little parlour, enjoying the only brief interval of peace and quietude which she could appropriate to herself throughout the day;

for the duties of her school kept her fully occupied till the evening. Her pretensions were not lofty, neither were they presumptuous; but she was well qualified for instructing the young of both sexes in those initiatory studies which prepare them for the more formidable attainments of riper years, and she assumed no more. She acquitted herself, therefore, in her humble vocation, to the entire satisfaction of every one, and secured the esteem and respect of all, as much by her persevering industry as by the invariable propriety of her whole conduct. The unrepining firmness with which she met the desolate and almost penniless condition into which her father's death had plunged her, and the energy with which she extricated herself from her misfortunes, evinced that no common spirit influenced the actions of Ellen Williams; and the kind attentions which she subsequently paid to a poor and unfortunate kinswoman proved that the purest benevolence was a prominent ingredient in her character. She had opened her door to this destitute relation, at a time when she scarcely knew wherewith to provide bread for the morrow's repast; but she had been well rewarded by her cousin's service, who had now become extremely useful as a housekeeper. Of her absent lover she would often think; and his long and unbroken silence gave rise to a melancholy fore-

boding that she should never see him more. Still, however, was hope,

> "that draws towards itself
> The flame with which it kindles,"

awake in her bosom; for she felt conscious that nothing but death could deprive her of his love.

Now, it so happened, that the very evening we have been speaking of was the anniversary of Ellis Meredith's birth-day, which Ellen always noticed as it came and went year after year. She did not, it is true, make any ostentatious display of her feelings, but she cherished them within the innermost sanctuary of her own innocent heart, and communed on that day more than on any other with the melancholy reflections of her own despairing bosom. The customary avocations with her little pupils prevented her from constantly dwelling upon the subject nearest her heart; but no sooner had she parted from her scholars than a melancholy oppressed her spirits, which she naturally enough connected with the memory of him whom she scarcely ever expected to behold again. She was sitting with her head leaning on her hand, and her thoughts fixed on days and scenes long gone by — when the dark shadow of Ellis Meredith, as he walked up the little garden in front of the house, caught her attention. There was something so unusual in a visit from a stranger at her lone cottage, and at so late an hour, that she felt a momentary alarm

as she heard the footsteps approaching nearer and nearer. Her cousin had gone out, and she was quite alone. Presently there came a gentle and hurried knock at the door, and she heard the servant girl hasten to attend the summons. She listened in breathless suspense to the deep voice which inquired if Miss Williams was at home; and before she could well collect herself, the tall and manly form of Ellis entered the room.

It was not quite dark, but still there was not sufficient light remaining to enable Ellen to see distinctly the features of her visitor; and there was something in the deep tones of his voice that interested her exceedingly. His sudden entrance had quite disconcerted her; but recovering in some degree her composure, she said, "You were inquiring for Miss Williams, sir; *I* am that person." The stranger paused, and then said, in a tone of deep feeling, "Ellen, dear Ellen, have you *quite* forgotten me?"—In a moment the lovers were in each other's arms, and in the secret delight of that embrace buried days and months and years of despondency and sorrow.

It was very late that evening before Ellis Meredith left Ellen's cottage. He had a long and eventful story to relate; for he had to tell of his sufferings and toils and perils in a foreign country, which he concluded by soliciting the felicity of sharing with her the well-earned recompense of

his labours. It was, in fact, near midnight before he actually summoned resolution to tear himself away; and as he kissed the tear of trembling joy from the cheek of his beloved, the consolation which he whispered called a blush into that cheek, as she sighed her consent to an event which she had long ceased to anticipate and almost to hope.

Need I relate the sequel? Ellen and Ellis were married, and became not merely esteemed but beloved by all around them. Every body rejoiced at her good fortune, and all admired the true benevolence and unassuming urbanity which characterised her altered condition. Long may they both live in health and happiness!—for they are among the best and oldest friends of

PEREGRINE.

EVENING PRAYER AT A GIRLS' SCHOOL.

By Mrs. HEMANS.

Now in thy youth, beseech of Him
  Who giveth, upbraiding not,
That his light in thy heart become not dim,
  And his love be unforgot;
And thy God, in the darkest of days, will be
Greenness, and beauty, and strength, to thee.
  Bernard Barton.

Hush! 'tis a holy hour!—the quiet room
  Seems like a temple, while yon soft lamp sheds
A faint and starry radiance, through the gloom
  And the sweet stillness, down on bright young
    heads,
With all their clustering locks, untouch'd by care,
And bow'd—as flowers are bow'd with night—
    in prayer.

Gaze on, 'tis lovely!—childhood's lip and cheek,
  Mantling beneath its earnest brow of thought!
Gaze, yet what seest thou in those fair and meek
  And fragile things, as but for sunshine
    wrought?
—Thou seest what grief must nurture for the sky,
What death must fashion for eternity!

H. Singleton del.t Chas. Heath sculp.t

EVENING PRAYERS.

O joyous creatures! that will sink to rest
  Lightly, when those pure orisons are done,
As birds with slumber's honey-dew oppress'd,
  Midst the dim folded leaves, at set of sun;
Lift up your hearts! tho' yet no sorrow lies
Dark in the summer-heaven of those clear eyes.

Though fresh within your breasts th' untroubled springs
  Of hope make melody where'er ye tread,
And o'er your sleep bright shadows, from the wings
  Of spirits visiting but youth, be spread;
Yet in those flute-like voices, mingling low,
Is woman's tenderness—how soon her woe!

Her lot is on you!—silent tears to weep,
  And patient smiles to wear through suffering's hour,
And sumless riches, from affection's deep,
  To pour on broken reeds—a wasted shower!
And to make idols, and to find them clay,
And to bewail that worship—therefore pray!

Her lot is on you!—to be found untir'd,
  Watching the stars out by the bed of pain,
With a pale cheek, and yet a brow inspir'd,
  And a true heart of hope, though hope be vain!
Meekly to bear with wrong, to cheer decay,
And, oh! to love through all things—therefore pray!

And take the thought of this calm vesper-time,
  With its low murmuring sounds and silvery
    light,
On through the dark days fading from their prime,
  As a sweet dew to keep your souls from blight!
Earth will forsake—Oh! happy to have given
Th' unbroken heart's first fragrance unto Heaven!

ELLA.

Nor fairer to the breath of morn
Wakes the pure rose or lowly thorn,
Nor lovelier to the gales of heaven
Is violet's balmy fragrance given,
Than opened Ella's youthful prime,
Exotic in too cold a clime;
Her spirit was so finely wrought,
With such intensity of thought,
That this dull world seem'd to her eye
A thing of cold inanity.

A light breeze rippled o'er the sea,
The boat was dancing joyously,
And on the air a pendant flew
In wreathing folds of azure blue;
Upon the shore, with tear-fill'd eye,
Pale Ella saw the vessel nigh,
And, while she closer press'd my arm,
(As held by some o'erpowering charm,)
Her parched lip no utt'rance gave,
Her tongue was silent as the grave,
Until we parted — "Be thy lot
Whate'er it may, forget me not!" —
Was all she sigh'd. Oft on the main
Her last words flash'd across my brain.

And I have cross'd the boundless ocean,
Where storms arise in wild commotion,
And where the mountain billows driven
Wage war against the stars of heaven;
Yet still escaped the lightning's flash,
And brav'd in vain the sea-storm's crash,
To see the fairest form of earth
Inanimate in second birth,
The loveliest thing of mortal clay,
E'en beautiful in long decay.
Yes — I have seen each raven tress
Hang o'er her lifeless loveliness,
And mark'd the pale and faded cheek,
The lips that all but language speak,
That even now, to soothe my lot,
Seem to repeat, "Forget me not!"

No, never, whilst the busy brain
Can memory or thought retain,
May I forget thee; but my prayer
For thee shall Seraph upward bear,
And the last sigh to close my lot,
Shall be, "That I forget thee not!"

MONTAGUE SEYMOUR.

Liverpool.

THE SYRIAN PRINCESS.

A Fragment of an unpublished Tragedy.

By the Rev. R. POLWHELE.

Characters.

Serinda, *Queen of Malayala, and Widow of* Beliarte, *the King.*
The Brahman, *her Counsellor.*
Theodora, *the Christian Syrian Princess.*

* * * * * * *

The Brahman. Say whence then all this reverence for the gods
Of India? Whence this zeal for rites and customs
Sacred to thy religion and thy country?
What! dost thou fly in terror from the flame—
Thou, who art deemed a heroine? Or, if fear
Repel thee not, wilt thou disdain the honours
That crown the faithful widow who ascends
The funeral pile—provoking Hindoo tongues
To brand thee with impiety? Remember,
'Twas by thy order, from the foaming cauldron
That death was poured into the ear of her
Who from her husband's pyre had fled—alas!
The young and beauteous widow scream'd for mercy,
Till agonised to madness she expired!

Serinda. Nay, nay, my counsellor; — thou
art well aware,
To fit me for the holy immolation,
I must retreat from all the passing scene
At once into the silence of seclusion.
But hath not active virtue worth superior
To a tame sacrifice? — a fervent spirit
To an expiring soul? — To tear the princess
From that insidious Nazarite — to recover
The tottering throne from the base grasp of
Christians —
Thus living, better is it far to live
Than to abandon duty, and to die.
Yet do I bend to thee; resigning all
To thy sagacious guidance, and assur'd
That soon as with the husband's ashes mingle
The relics of Serinda, thou wilt offer
The princess Theodora to dread Indra,
Meet victim! — Hark, already from below,
Already hiss the fiercest of the desert,
Prompt at my beck and Indra's, to destroy
The fair apostate. Yet if one short meeting,
Ere to my tomb-like chamber I retire,
Thy wisdom wink at, I will set before her,
Free for her choice, to dazzle or dismay,
A sceptre or a sepulchre.

The Brahman. Then go;
And know that "soon as with the husband's
ashes
Shall mingle his Serinda's," I will "offer

The princess Theodora to dread Indra;"
If she reject thy terms of pardon, clinging
To her fond love—if she reject prince Saib.

Serinda. This ring, with magic powers endued, be thine—
Thine for Serinda's sake! It will detect
The irresolute, and call up in loud thunders
A troop of genii to bear off the faithless,
To where Varoona rides the crocodile,
Lashing the darksome cave, or sabred Vayoo
His whirlwind mounts amid the fainting stars
Of Heaven!—Farewell, hoar sage!

[*Exit the Brahman.*

Serinda (*alone in an open balcony*). Swift on the march
Is warlike Saib. From the mourner's cell
Shall I be soon released. But streaming round
See sudden torches fire the court below!—
And there, to the bright moonbeams opening, glitters
Yon orient throne!—and hark!—the Syrian comes,
Though linkt, how light!—

(*Enter Theodora, the Christian Syrian Princess, brought in by the guards. In prospect from the portico—on one side an area, where by torch-light, an elephant and fiery serpents are let out—on the other side, at a distance, a pavilion glittering with gold, diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, to the full moon.*)

Hail, princess! hah, the flame
Hurts the soft azure of thine eyes, that melt
In dewy tenderness! forgive the rigour
That bade thee from thy cool repose come forth
Into an irksome glare! but if those lids,
That used it seems to emulate the morn,
It pains thee not to unclose, look down and mark
A spectacle to rivet thy attention
To the sublime of nature! See, fair maid!
Wild from his woods that elephant! how fiercely
He rears his mighty trunk! his small keen eyes
Dart fire! ay, he discerns thee; are they glances
Amorous or angry? "I would clasp thee, virgin!"
Or, is it possible their rude expression
Tells—"I would trample thee?" From that dark corner
There may be some to win thy better love.
Lo, kindling to the flambeaux, they uncoil
Their undulating lengths, how sleek, how smooth!
Is there no charm in their blue scaly burnish?
Dost thou not fancy in their forkled tongues
Delirious pleasure?—in their bite a sting,
The very sting of rapture?—Such be thine—
Unless to Saib, who will soon ascend
The vacant throne, thou join thy willing hand!
Then shall delights far other trance thee! then
Shall genii waft thy spirit into bliss
Celestial!—Turn thee round:—in soft relief
Yon rich pavilion radiates to the moon;
At distance it appears all pearl: its steps
Are emeralds, and its pillars massy gold.

Those steps of emerald shalt thou tread—that
couch
Shalt press, if Saib—But, proud Christian, vain
Thy looks proclaim my pleadings! hence! be-
gone!

(*The Queen turns round, as Theodora lingers and makes an effort to speak.*)

What! dost thou hover o'er the attractive scene,
Dazzled—

Theodora. No—no, weak woman as I am!
Is it thy fancy that Golconda's diamonds
Could lure me from my faith? that e'en thy
terrors,
With all the howling forest at thy heels,
Could shake my steady purpose? No, Serinda;
Though I may shriek, my soul shall never falter.
Writhing in torture, I may plead for mercy—
But not to thee! He who sustains the orphan,
Who heals the broken-hearted, He will hear
And turn the moan of anguish to a sigh
Of pleasure!

Serinda. Be it so; the experiment
Shall strait be tried. 'Twere cruel to put off
The promise of such exquisite enjoyment.
Guards! seize her! throw her down! What!
stand ye rooted,
Spell-bound as by a sorceress? throw her down!
Cowards!—'tis her own election—

THE LADY OF THE TOWER.

In a remote part of the southern extremity of Ireland, not far from the sea-shore, lately resided a lady, who bore the name which we have prefixed to this narrative, and whose habits, manners, and history, so far as they have been developed, throw over real life all the colours of romance. She was of tall stature, and appeared to be about forty-five years of age. Her countenance, originally soft and impressive, had assumed, from constant exposure to the weather, a hue of deep brown; and the agitation of alternate emotions, relapsing from gaiety into melancholy, had wrinkled her brow into deep furrows, and given to her features an occasional severity of expression, which, while it diminished the effect of lingering traces of early beauty, enabled her to unite with self-protection that feeling of dread which attached to her actions the character of supernatural agency, and gained her a striking though not singular ascendency over the superstitious inhabitants who dwelt round her abode.

It is now seven years since this lady suddenly appeared in that neighbourhood. She arrived on foot, in the plain garb of the female peasantry

of the country, but wearing pendant upon her neck an embossed foreign gold chain of antique workmanship, to which was attached a cross of the same metal, exactly resembling those worn by superior persons in the convents of Catholic countries on the continent. Concealed upon her person she also carried a quantity of Spanish gold coin, and some letters, which, from subsequent circumstances, were conjectured to contain a power of commercial credit: for after she had at intervals forwarded them, whither it was not ascertained,—as she availed herself of some mode of transmission unknown to the rude people among whom she had fixed her abode,—she was always furnished with adequate means for subsistence and charity.

It is impossible to describe a more secluded and romantic spot than that selected by this lady for her sojourn—it has all the solitude which a poet's imagination could paint, without the abstract gloominess of an utter separation from the world; and it furnishes pastoral employment, which always gives a relish for the simpler beauties of nature: whilst the surrounding scenery, in moments of excitement, administers to the sublimity of enthusiasm, and also furnishes, from the splendid fragments of its scattered and diversified ruins, abundant objects for the devotional and historical reflections of a cultivated mind. Her abode was a

shepherd's hut, formed of the rude materials which compose the cabins of the Irish peasantry, the walls of dried mud, the roof a thatch of sticks, straw, and bushes, yielding in summer a wild luxuriance of neglected blossoms, which it would perplex the botanist to classify and describe. The face of the surrounding country is rude, though partially relieved by patches of pasturage, and the extended horizon bounded by a long chain of lofty and abrupt mountains, the iron base of which repels the waves of the Atlantic Ocean, and which give a sublime termination to the distant view. The immediate vicinity of the shepherd's cottage has also its attractions for the contemplative mind: a few scattered huts contain the population, living upon the neighbouring pasturage, and some of these dwellings of the poor are formed against the large sepulchral flag-stones which, according to the vulgar tradition, were once the tomb of a giantess famed for surprising exploits, but which are conjectured to be in reality the remains of heathen temples of the Druids, though they are better known in this particular spot, in later years, as the protecting barriers of the deep and winding caverns, which were places of refuge and concealment for outlaws in the convulsed periods of Irish history; and subsequently the abodes and depositories of the smugglers, who were wont to infest this part of the coast in pursuing their

illicit traffic. As if to typify the progress of civilisation and the accompanying advancement of the arts, which are its handmaids, there was reared close to these druidical monuments a Franciscan friary or abbey, now in ruins, but still bearing some rich remains of its former magnificence. The walls of the steeple, the choir, with some of the cloisters, and a small chapel, supposed for morning prayer, still remain. The Gothic pillars, spacious windows, and noble arches, give a solemn air to this venerable pile, while the long, sounding aisles, intermingled with broken tombs, twilight vaults, and caverns piled with human bones, aided by the gloom of high and detached walls, held together by the overgrown verdure of centuries, which has interwoven itself into the very material, sadden all the scene, and illustrate Pope's beautiful lines: —

> "In these deep solitudes and awful cells,
> Where heav'nly pensive Contemplation dwells,
> And ever-musing Melancholy reigns."

As if a spot not comprising more than twenty acres of land was destined to possess the successive fragments of man's labour and mental improvement, for nearly as many centuries,— close to this ruined abbey stands one of the ancient round towers, nearly one hundred feet high, of such dubious construction as to baffle

even the fertility of antiquarian conjecture: four of these structures only are known in Ireland, two in Scotland, in England none. The perfect appearance of this tower is beautiful; it is built of freestone, and the smallness of its symmetry, being no more than about twenty feet in circumference at the base, narrowing in its dimensions to the top, gives it the air of a look-out pillar, or watch-tower, to the majestic Gothic ruin which it adjoins. Some, however, consider these edifices to have been bell-towers, there being towards the top four opposite windows, calculated to let out the sound; and there are said to have been formerly found in them cross-pieces of oak, from which to suspend a bell. Whatever may be their origin, their present slender and tapering form and fine state of preservation render them beautiful objects of curiosity, and more particularly when coupled with the more elaborate though ruinous architecture of the neighbouring edifice.

Wrapped in the seclusion and contemplation of such a scene, the Lady of the Tower passed her recent years, and her employment illustrated the wayward delusion of her mind, whilst her gentleness, except in moments of excitement which occurred at distant intervals, displayed the natural placidity of her temper.

Her manners were those of a well-bred woman, fashioned upon rather a foreign model:

she had the cheerfulness without the ease peculiar to the higher classes of our own country, though it is not impossible that her constrained and formal air sprang as much from mental aberration as from the education of her earlier life. Her employment consisted in wandering within that range of the adjacent country, and constantly amusing herself in the rural employments of the females and children, who have here the general care of the small flocks reared by the peasantry of the neighbourhood. She was kind and liberal to the crowded families in the wretched hovels around her, having always a supply of medicines for the sick, which she administered when required with anxiety and care. To the children she assiduously imparted the elements of education, stimulating them by occasional presents of school-books, and mixing with them in their juvenile pastimes. It was upon one of these occasions, that the writer first saw this lady:—she was seated upon one of the druidical fragments described, surrounded by about forty children, many of them of tender years, to whom she was giving instruction from one of the common catechisms of the country. The tender and innocent expression of infantine piety, however the result of discipline and the habitual observance of form, is always interesting; but the sentiment which it must ordinarily inspire was

here heightened by an appearance of health and cleanliness, which seems indigenous to the spot, and presents a strong contrast to the squalid and uncleanly aspect of the naked juvenile part of the population, whom the traveller sees basking in the sun on the road-side, before he approaches this more favoured hamlet.

In contemplating this cheerful and contented little group, the eye naturally fell on the only adult who appeared in the circle. She adhered to the dress of the peasantry, but with a greater attention to particularity and neatness. Her voice had a peculiar solemnity of inflection, though entirely divested of severity; and the affectionate attention with which her admonitions appeared to be received, proved the maternal care which she had bestowed upon the little objects of her humane solicitude, and their reciprocal attachment. Who could have witnessed this edifying spectacle, presenting, as it did, such a contrast with the condition of humble society elsewhere in the same county, without inquiring into its cause? The answer to the interrogatory was simple—to the *Lady of the Tower* it was ascribed; and she was invested with all the superhuman attributes, which the superstitious imaginations of the ignorant could invent, to account for acts of disinterested benevolence, and explain the eccentric wanderings of an amiable but distempered mind.

This lady's mode of living partook of the simplicity and economy of the peasantry of the place. She rose early, and ascended the tower (a custom which gave her its name), from the summit of which, with her face towards the sun, she addressed an humble but fervent prayer. She then slowly descended, absorbed in silent meditation, and entered the nave of the ruined abbey, from one of the dilapidated chapels of which she invoked the Divine mercy and protection, with impassioned feeling. During the performance of these duties, she was quite regardless of surrounding objects, and if addressed, turned away from the importunity with evident dissatisfaction. The knowledge of this feeling mostly spared her any interruption; and such was the reverence in which she was held, that even the children suspended their playful gambols, at her approach, while she was absorbed in her devotions. At times she ascended the precipitous cliffs, which command a view of the ocean, and in seasons of storm she partook of the troubled action of the elements, and appeared at such moments of excitement under the influence of a wild and irregular enthusiasm, often heightened into a frensy, which illustrated the distemper of her mind. On these occasions, she bore, hanging from her neck, a rude imitation of the Spanish guitar, constructed by herself from materials obtained at the place of her

residence, and from its strings she struck a plaintive sound to accompany the wild vocal strains, in which, in a foreign tongue, she seemed to address the ocean, at the moment when it most furiously buffeted the base of the rock on which she stood. Though her voice was usually lost amid the roaring of the tempest, yet she never ceased to exert it in this manner, with painful and ineffectual violence. The belief of the peasantry was, that she had been shipwrecked in a Spanish vessel, when a child, and had for years supported herself, before her appearance among them, in the caverns which the sea indents along the line of this bold coast; and they were full of as idle traditions about her food, in this amphibious sojourn, having been supplied by supernatural means. They also collected omens from her acts, which were interpreted as portentous not only of the weather but of the success of their domestic pursuits.

Invested, as she became, with all these ominous attributes, it was unlikely that the poor people would or indeed could, collect any authentic particulars of her real history, whilst the fertility of their invention (a characteristic property of the Irish peasantry) enabled them at all times to furnish a solution of her feelings and actions, from the traditions of which they had an inexhaustible stock. About two years ago, she suddenly disappeared, and, whether

her wayward fancy had led her to seek another abode, or, in her wanderings among the rocks, which became more frequent during a severe winter, she had perished by slipping from an overhanging precipice, and found a grave in the bosom of that ocean upon whose heavings she had poured the most plaintive and impassioned strains, remains uncertain—for all that can be gathered on the spot is, that she never returned from an evening walk towards the sea, but that at midnight her form was seen alighting upon the summit of the tower, where she was accustomed to pray, and thence to ascend upwards with an angelic buoyancy, which pointed to the bliss reserved for the penitent and the virtuous.

The information which the writer failed to acquire from the inhabitants of the hamlet, respecting this interesting object of so much just respect and superstitious veneration, he afterwards partially obtained, from a reference to which he was led by a perusal of the few manuscripts left by this lady in the cottage where she resided.

Upon inquiry in Dublin of the commercial gentleman through whom she received her supplies, and afterwards in London, through a reference which he afforded—all that could be learned was this:—that an annuity of £160 a year was regularly remitted from the firm of

Messrs. Lynch, of Bourdeaux, to be placed to the use of a lady, who had, during the early part of the French campaign in Portugal, been induced to quit the asylum of a convent, whither she had been sent from some part of Ireland for the purpose of education, by a young officer of Massena's army, then occupying a considerable part of the peninsula—that in the retreat of the French, she had accompanied the object of her attachment, exposed to all the vicissitudes and perils of a rapid campaign, and refused to be separated from his society in the field, until the young soldier fell by almost the last cannon-shot fired at Marshal Soult's army, in the battle of Thoulouse.

His friends, who were of some rank, pitied her helpless and widowed condition, now aggravated—some might think relieved—by mental aberration, arising from excess of grief. In a moment of convalescence she left the neighbourhood of Bourdeaux for Ireland, to see her mother, from whom for years she had not heard; and on her arrival she learned, for the first time, the death of her parent, the last member of her family. Stung with grief and disappointment, she had firmness and recollection enough to make the necessary arrangements for her future subsistence, or rather, for her means of serving others, out of the income assigned to her in France by the family upon whom her protection

had devolved, and then to ramble into the wild and romantic place we have described as being her last abode; where the acts of her closing life shed a new and virtuous interest over her history, and drew a veil of pity across that epoch of her earlier career, which had broken off all connexion with her own family, and exposed her to the sufferings and vicissitudes of premature declining years.

Among the imperishable curiosities of the hamlet where she last resided, the peasantry, with grateful affection, mark the granite seat on which she reposed: and the children, at stated periods, assemble round it, to pay an humble but not less sincere homage to the spot from which they were accustomed to receive instruction, and to deck with wild flowers the rude and broken tablets, both in the abbey and the tower, which seemed to possess such interest for their mysterious instructress, the remembrance of whom will long survive among the simple objects of her benefits.

A Traveller.

THE VILLAGE MATRON'S EVENING SONG.

By Mrs. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

Morn — noon — are past; the lights of even
Shoot streaming up from bower and hill;
The stars have ta'en their watch in heaven,
And all the wearied earth is still.
Why com'st thou not, oh lingering rover?
Why com'st thou not to love and me?
The day's perplexing cares are over,
And e'en the toiling slave is free.

Our board is spread — the lamp is shining,
And summer's coolest fruits are there;
But this lone weary heart repining,
Until thou com'st the scene to share.
Hasten thy steps, oh lingering rover!
And bring thy smiles to love and me.
The day's dull heartless toils are over,
And e'en the labouring hind is free.

Leave Fortune's mart, where toil and sorrow
Oft shade thy brow and cloud thy brain;
Soon will return the cheerless morrow,
And call thy heart to care again.
These hours, at least, oh lingering rover!
Demand thy smiles for home and me.
Come! — the day's wearying toils are over,
And night — night sets the labourer free.

TO THE PASSION-FLOWER.

By BERNARD BARTON, Esq.

If Superstition's baneful art
  First gave thy mystic name,
Reason, I trust, would steel my heart
  Against its groundless claim.

But if, in Fancy's pensive hour,
  By grateful feelings stirr'd,
Her fond imaginative power
  That name at first conferr'd—

Though lightly Truth her flights may prize,
  By wild vagary driven,
For once their blameless exercise
  May surely be forgiven.

We roam the seas—give new-found isles
  Some king's or conqueror's name;
We rear on earth triumphal piles,
  As meeds of earthly fame:

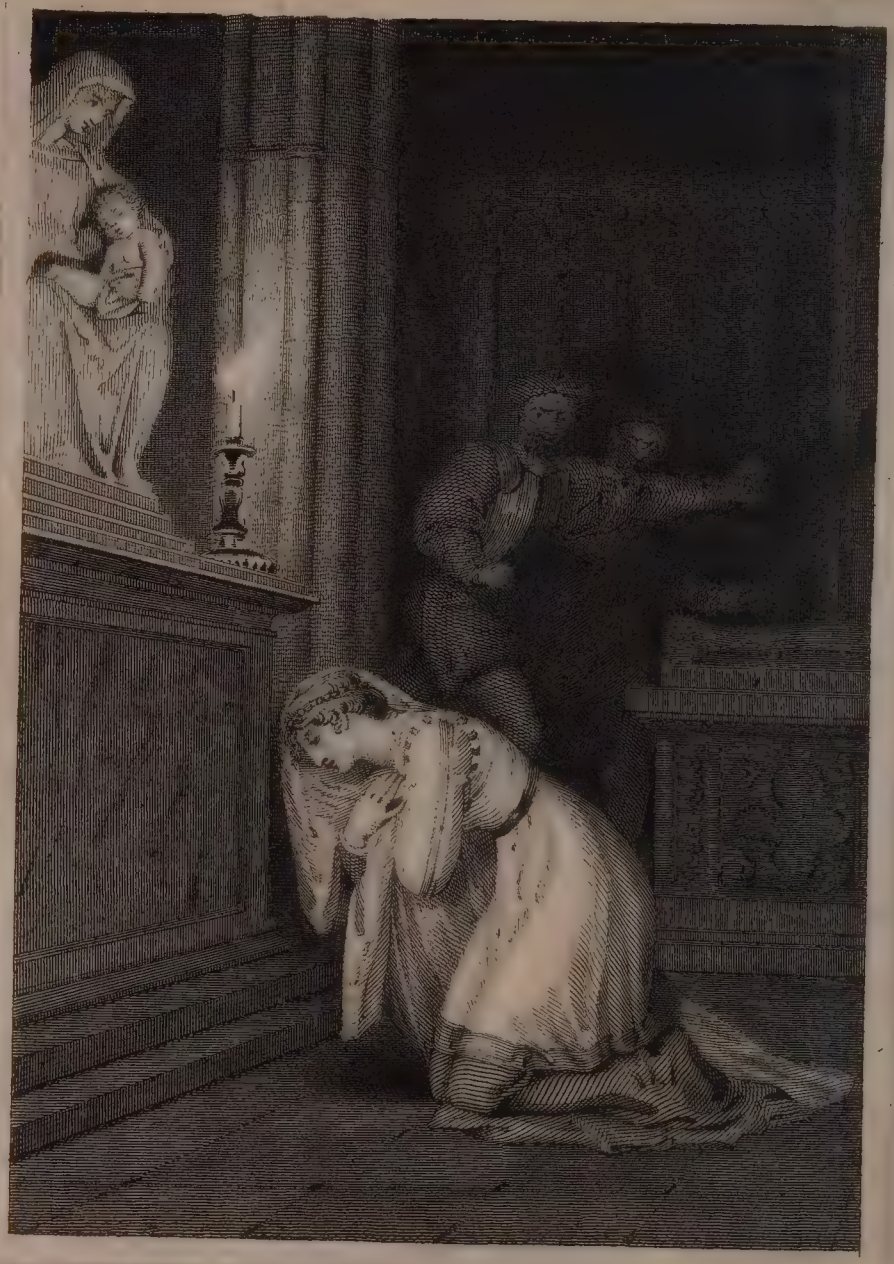
We soar to heaven—and to outlive
  Our life's contracted span,
Unto the glorious stars we give
  The names of mortal man.

Then may not *one* poor flow'ret's bloom
  The holier memory share
Of Him who, to avert our doom,
  Vouchsaf'd our sins to bear?

God dwelleth not in temples rear'd
  By work of human hands;
Yet shrines august, by men rever'd,
  Are found in Christian lands.

And may not e'en a simple flower
  Proclaim His glorious praise,
Whose FIAT *only* had the power
  Its form from earth to raise?

Then freely let thy blossom ope
  Its beauties—to recall
A scene which bids the humble hope
  In HIM who died for all!



R. Westall R.A. del.t

G. Corbould sculp.t

SIR EVERHARD.

Publ. by R. Ackermann London 1826.

Pub by R. Ackermann, London 1826.

SIR EVERHARD.

A Tale of Chivalry.

By W. C. STAFFORD, Esq.

"After all, the olden time does possess claims upon our notice and our affections, which we should be dead to the best feelings of our nature were we to discard," said Albert St. Priest to his fair sister Julia, as he rose from perusing a volume of legendary lore, containing many traditional anecdotes of their family in the days of which he was speaking. "Who can read," he continued, "the 'Song of War,' the 'Lay of Love,' or the 'Fairy Tale,' in which the deeds of our ancestors are detailed, and their manners described—in which the bravery and loyalty of the knights, and the beauty and virtue of the ladies, are depicted in such glowing colours—without lamenting, with the eloquent Burke, that 'the age of chivalry is gone?' Oh! how I wish it were not, that I too might break a lance in honour of my lady-love, like our gallant ancestor Sir Everhard; or, like the loyal and brave Sir Dunelm, defy the enemy of my king in his own castle, and make him confess his treason, and expiate it with his life!"

"Mercy, brother!" said the lively Julia; "I shall not be surprised some of these days to see you, armed cap-à-piè, ride forth, like the renowned hero of Cervantes' novel, and contend with windmills, and other 'gorgons and chimeras dire,' for lack of any thing serious to engage your puissant valour in its behalf. However, I should have had no objection to living in those days of chivalry myself; for who knows"—and the lovely girl gave a sidelong glance at a mirror, which decorated one side of the apartment, as she spoke—"but I might have had barons and knights sighing in my train; that I might have presided at a tournament, and awarded the prize of valour to the victor in the mimic war!"

"At any rate," replied her brother, "the olden time could boast of few with superior claims to contest the palm for beauty and for virtue; and——"

"Oh, stop, pray, before you quite shock my modesty. You know it is highly unfashionable to praise a sister, and still more so to *flatter* her; and it is equally ill-natured to *quiz* so near a relative, as I suspect you are now doing by me: so sit down, and tell me the adventures of that Sir Everhard you were speaking of."

"First protesting that I neither intended to flatter nor quiz you, I proceed to obey your commands."

So saying, Albert reseated himself at his desk,

and read, from the volume to which I have be fore alluded, the following legendary tale.

The family of the St. Priests came in with the Conqueror, by whom they were invested with large possessions in the fertile county of Norfolk; and in time they also acquired considerable property in the city of Norwich, the metropolis of that county. Sir Everhard was the lineal descendant from Sir Robert St. Priest, the first of the family who came to England. He inherited his ancestor's fame as a warrior, and had accompanied King Edward III. in his wars with France. At the battles of Cressy and Poictiers he had fought by the side of the brave Prince of Wales; and at home had "won golden opinions" from all sorts of men, by the affability and grace of his demeanour, and the active benevolence with which he administered to the wants, and attended to the grievances, of his tenantry. For though a sturdy warrior, and a lion in the field, he did not think it beneath him to cultivate the arts of peace; nor did he fight less bravely because he felt the power of the social virtues, because he could shed the tear of pity "for others' woes," and had a "hand open as day to melting charity."

During the wars of King Edward, his absence from his Norfolk estates had been perforce of

considerable duration. At intervals, however, he found time to visit his castle and to inspect his affairs, which were so well administered by his agents, that scarcely any of his dependents joined in the insurrection which disturbed the early part of the reign of Richard II. During one of these visits, he became acquainted with the beautiful Isabella le Spencer, the niece of the bishop of Norwich,—a prelate who, from having been brought up to the profession of arms, was called the warlike bishop, and who, after his advancement to the mitre, not discarding the habits of his youth, had proceeded to France, to support, at the head of a great military force, the rights of Pope Urban VI. against the anti-pope, Clement VII. To see Isabella, and not to love her, was almost impossible; and a mutual affection soon ensued between this knight so brave and dame so fair. Several obstacles, however, occurred to prevent their union; but it was positively fixed to take place, with the full approbation of the bishop, on the return of Sir Everhard from Ireland, to which country he accompanied King Richard in his first expedition. That prince had, at the period when my tale commences, been some months in England; but no news was received from Sir Everhard, and the fair Isabella was plunged in the deepest affliction.

The lady did not feel the absence of Sir Everhard the less acutely from the persecution she

suffered from Sir Ralph de Guinness, a retainer of the bishop's, who had done good service with his lord in the wars, both against Clement, and also against the Norfolk rebels. He was a soldier of fortune, whose extraction was not known, but who had been early patronised by Le Spencer, and acquired knighthood, fame, and fortune in the troublous times in which he lived. Long before Sir Everhard had seen Isabella, Sir Ralph had marked the damsel "for his own;" and it was with ill-concealed anger that he witnessed the growing affection of the pair, who seemed made for each other. He followed them with envious glances as they wound through the mazes of the dance, as they hung enraptured on the accents which fell from each other's lips, or as in sweet converse they wandered through the beautiful and extensive grounds which surrounded the bishop's palace. From beneath the "hanging penthouse" of his dark brows he scowled on the happy pair, and vowed to thwart their love, if he could not promote his own.

For some months after the king's return from Ireland, no tidings had been heard of Sir Everhard; then rumours of his death were spread; and afterwards intelligence was received that he had fallen in a skirmish with some of the wild Irish, a few days prior to the departure of Richard for England. This tale soon assumed a form and consistency that defied scepticism. The faith-

ful attendant of Sir Everhard arrived in England; he had seen his master fall, covered with wounds, in an encounter in which he was forsaken by all his attendants except himself; his body was borne off by the assailants to a rude castle erected on the confines of the city of Dublin, and belonging to an Irish chieftain, named Brian M'Carty. In its vicinity this faithful fellow had remained concealed, contriving various devices to gain admission, but in vain. Five days after, a corpse was brought out and interred in the neighbouring church of St. Patrick, with but little apparently of sorrow or regret. Hubert's heart misgave him; he mixed with the attendants, and learnt from them that it was the English knight, Sir Everhard, whom they had been carrying to the grave. The poor fellow had now nothing to do in Ireland; he returned, therefore, to his native land, with a broken heart, to mourn the loss of the master he had loved and honoured.

The melancholy news thus confirmed, a distant relative of Sir Everhard's, Robert St. Priest, took possession of his property, and Sir Ralph de Guinness, under the sanction of the bishop, made open pretensions to the hand of Isabella. It were needless to say, that he was rejected with a contempt almost approaching to scorn; and he vowed revenge.

In this posture stood the affairs of my heroine, when news was brought to Norwich that the

king's uncle, the valiant John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, intended honouring the city with his presence. Immediate preparations were made to receive him with distinguished honours, and the citizens, with the municipal authorities, busily engaged in the task of arranging sports and pageants for his amusement. The bishop also joined in these preparations to shew respect to the uncle of his sovereign, though with no particular good will; for that prince was known to be a favourer of the religious principles of the Wickliffites or Lollards, of which the bishop was a rigid persecutor. However, to have been backward on this occasion might have caused his loyalty to be called in question. Le Spencer resolved that the sports at the palace should equal those in the city; and he informed Isabella that whilst the duke was there she should give her hand to De Guinness.

This unfortunate lady looked with horror upon all the active steps which were taken to celebrate the arrival of the Duke of Lancaster, and to entertain him during his stay. In vain she resolved within her own mind, and discussed with her faithful attendant Adela, various schemes to escape from the hated union: one alone appeared feasible, which was, to take an opportunity of putting herself under the protection of John of Gaunt, and to appeal to him against the tyranny of her uncle.

At length the day, so earnestly looked forward to by all the inhabitants of Norwich, arrived. It was a fine summer's morn, in the year 1389, when the bells of the parish churches gave note of the arrival of the brave duke, who, with a large cavalcade, approached the city. He was attended by a number of gallant knights, whose armour of burnished gold and silver and steel, with scarfs of arious-coloured silk, their armorial bearings richly emblazoned on their armour, and their gay banners floating loosely in the wind, shone in the rays of the sun, and dazzled the eyes of the gazers with their splendour. Each knight had his men-at-arms, who carried lances and short battle-axes; and some few had their retainers, armed as cross-bow-men, who were clothed in the military fashion of the day; their heads being covered with skull-caps, and their bodies protected by plate-armour; and each was accompanied by his paviser, as if he had been going to the field. These pavisers bore a large shield, somewhat resembling a boat with the stern cut off, which they raised as a bulwark before the archers when in battle. There were besides, minstrels, and performers on the trumpet and other warlike instruments, who made the air ring with their melodious notes, which were answered, as they approached the city, by the shouts of the populace, who were assembled in great numbers without the walls.

The cavalcade entered the city by the gate called St. Stephen's, on the top of which was placed a band of musicians, who played a number of the tunes which were then popular and familiar to the people. Just within the gate, the duke was met by the mayor and corporation in their robes of state, and the usual greetings having taken place, the procession moved down St. Stephen's-street, which then wore a different appearance from what it does at the present day. Every house was decorated according to the taste or fortune of the inhabitants. Tapestry, pictures, armour, &c. were strung upon the walls; and bands of music, stationed at intervals, gave life and animation to the scene, by playing the most inspiriting airs. Several pageants were also provided. The newly formed company of St. George likewise joined in the procession; and this being a novelty, it attracted the particular attention of the royal duke.

St. George's company consisted of both gentlemen and ladies; and in their solemn processions, one of the former was dressed to represent their patron saint, whilst one of the sisters was habited as St. Margaret. They were followed by a number of the brethren and sisters; the former of whom wore hoods of mixed coloured silk; and the dragon, formed of wicker-work, and covered with canvass curiously painted and gilt, was a striking object in their cavalcades, and

highly admired by the people, who became so attached to "Snap," as he was familiarly called, that when, in 1558, St. George and St. Margaret were abolished, as "being thought popish and superstitious," saith the historian, "the dragon was permitted to come out and shew himself for the diversion of the populace, who would not willingly have been deprived of their annual exhibition." A club-bearer, and two men, habited in curious loose party-coloured dresses, called "whifflers," who cleared the way, and performed various feats of activity and dexterity, tumbling and playing antics with the swords which they carried naked in their hands, also contributed greatly to the amusement of the populace.

Thus escorted, John of Gaunt proceeded to the bishop's palace, where he was received by Hugh le Spencer and his clergy, and where himself and all his retinue were entertained with princely magnificence. The festive board was spread with substantial and luxurious viands; the most costly wines were provided; and the immense company, pleased with the hospitable entertainment, gave a loose to their merriment, and the great hall soon became a scene of joyous hilarity and unrestrained mirth.

Two beings, however, seemed to take no part in the festivity. One was the lady Isabella, whose attendance was commanded by her uncle, and whose thoughts were with the dead rather

than with the living. The other was a palmer, who had come in the train of the prince, and who, seated in a corner of the hall, gazed with lack-lustre eye on the bold forms by which he was surrounded, apparently the victim of some hidden grief too mighty for concealment. His air bespoke him noble; and not even the uncouthness of the palmer's dress could disguise the grace and dignity of his form. His features could not be distinguished, for he buried his face in his hood, and his voice had been scarcely heard; for to all entreaties to join in the festivities, he replied in monosyllables, at once in a tone so courteous as not to give offence, yet so firm as to forbid further importunity. The prince knew him not. He had asked and obtained that protection which the royal escort afforded from the bands of marauders, the small remains of the rebels already mentioned, who infested the roads; but as to his name and lineage, he had preserved a perfect silence. Isabella found herself attracted to this palmer by a sympathy for which she was at a loss to account, and he, in turn, would ever and anon regard her with anxious looks.

The palmer left the hall long ere the nobles separated for the night, and Isabella soon after retired to her chamber. It was the custom of this pious maid to offer up her orisons, every evening before she sought her pillow, at the foot of the Holy Virgin's shrine erected in the chapel belong-

ing to the palace. This evening she went thither as usual, and in prayer to Him who alone can afford protection and relief, strove to attain composure and resignation. This was a hard task; for her situation was particularly irksome, being compelled not only to receive the addresses of the man she disliked, but also to hear the memory of him she loved calumniated and abused. Her uncle, from the warm friend of the late Sir Everhard, had become his most determined foe; he represented him as a heretic, as a traitor to his God and his king, and said his death in a foreign soil and by a barbarous hand was a just punishment for his crimes; De Guinness's suit he also pressed with urgency; and he threatened Isabella with the utmost weight of his vengeance if she refused obedience to his commands. Hitherto, her trust in Providence, her hope that some event would yet occur to save her from this hated union, had kept her from sinking absolutely into despair; but her spirits were fast failing, and even her trust in the prince's protection was very weak. This evening, as she knelt at the foot of the holy shrine, she seemed unusually oppressed, and only a few minutes had elapsed, when, raising her head, she uttered a piercing shriek, and fell fainting on the floor.

The lady Isabella's scream was heard by some attendants who were passing the chapel, and who entered, and found her in a swoon. They

conveyed her to her chamber, and her servants were summoned to her assistance, but it was long before she opened her eyes and recovered the use of speech; and when she did, so rambling and incoherent were her expressions, that the damsels summoned the bishop, thinking their lady had lost her senses. He came, and with him the domestic leech, who, having administered a sedative medicine, left her to repose; her damsels being ordered to watch by her couch during the night. Various conjectures were formed as to the cause of this sudden illness, but at length all agreed in attributing it to fright, which, operating upon her weakened and agitated frame, had produced a temporary aberration of mind. The leech prophesied that she would be better in the morning; and his prophecy proved correct, which is not always the case with the foretellings of that learned profession, for the next day found her perfectly composed, though weak. She refused to say what it was that had alarmed her; but, to the astonishment of her favourite Adela, expressed a determination to be present at the sports given for the entertainment of the prince, and at the tournament which was to be held in his honour.

The next day, the bishop took the duke to see some sport with his hawks, an amusement then much in vogue amongst the higher ranks; and though the canons of the church forbade the

clergy to indulge in it, yet they were generally disregarded. Hugh le Spencer, in particular, kept several falconers, and prided himself much on the good qualities of his birds, of which they afforded some admirable specimens in the course of the morning. The mayor entertained the party, on their return, at a splendid banquet, which was given in a large Gothic hall belonging to the black friars. A table, raised at the upper end, ran the whole length of this magnificent room, and was filled with the retinue of the duke, and all the gentles of that ancient city. At one end was erected a gallery, in which the minstrels were stationed. The hawks that had contributed to the diversions of the morning, were now placed on perches over their masters' heads, whilst their hounds crouched at their feet. The feast was sumptuous and plentiful to a degree which can scarcely be imagined in these degenerate times; and between the courses, representations of the battles of Cressy and Poictiers were exhibited in honour of the royal guest. When the table was cleared, a shouting was heard without, and suddenly a party of antics entered the hall, habited in various grotesque dresses. Some wore large hoods which nearly covered their bodies, with the heads of various animals; others personated the hobby-horse, and caracoled and curvetted with wonderful agility; and whilst a number of them performed the morris-dance,

Robin Hood, Little John, and Maid Marian, in a trial at archery, lodged various curious devices on the lap of the prince. This was succeeded by a pageant, in which the nine worthies were the principal actors, and they performed their parts so well, as to call forth the loudest encomiums.

The next day was appropriated for a trial of strength and agility in various manly and active games. At these the lady Isabella was to preside, and to distribute the prizes to the fortunate victors. Sir Ralph de Guinness, anxious to distinguish himself in her eyes, announced his intention to compete for all the prizes; and, trusting to his superior strength and acknowledged dexterity, he made no doubt of coming off victor in each encounter. In the large court before the bishop's palace, a spacious scaffolding was erected for the spectators; in the centre of which, a throne, with a canopy of richly embroidered velvet, was placed for the duke and the lady Isabella; and on the opposite side stood the judges of the field. The trumpets sounded at the commencement and end of each game, and the name of the victor was hailed with repeated shouts from the people.

At an early hour, the bishop conducted the prince and the lady Isabella to their seats, and they were attended by a number of fair dames and ancient nobles — most of the young lords and knights preferring to engage in the sports to

remaining mere idle lookers-on. Among those who took their places on the scaffold was Sir Robert St. Priest, who had arrived at the palace that morning. He excused himself from entering into competition for the prizes on the plea of indisposition; and placing himself near the lady Isabella, he engaged her in an interesting conversation — for the subject was the deceased Sir Everhard. But the trumpet soon sounded the note of preparation, and all eyes were directed to the lists.

The exercise of the quintain was the first resorted to. At one end of the lists a tall pole was erected, to which a movable cross-bar was attached, having a square board at one end and a bag of sand at the other. Those who took part in this game rode at the board with their spears. To miss it was a mark of disgrace; and if they struck it, and were not quick in passing on, as the revolving of the cross-bar on its axle brought round the bag of sand with great velocity, it struck the rider, and would sometimes knock him from his horse. He who broke the board, and escaped clear, was the victor. The prize in this game, a splendid shield, was contended for by some young burgesses; none of the knights or nobles entering into competition with them; and, after several courses, it was won by the young and graceful Henry Peyton, son of one of the worshipful aldermen of the court.

Running at the ring was the next sport. The quintain was removed, and the ring suspended, and several knights — among them Sir Ralph de Guinness — prepared to contend for the honour of carrying it off; the prize, which was a silk scarf, richly embroidered by the hand of the lady Isabella, making the competitors doubly anxious for victory. In the first course, Sir Ralph struck the ring; but all the others missed. A shout of applause was set up by the domestics and retainers of the bishop; it was, however, by no means general; for Sir Ralph was not much liked by the people. In the second course he again struck the ring, as did another young knight, named Sir Reginald Percy; and great anxiety was expressed for the result of the third course. The trumpet was just sounding the signal for starting, when a stranger knight rode into the court, whose gallant appearance attracted the attention, and excited the admiration of all present. He was habited in a brilliant armour of green and gold, a plume of heron's feathers nodded from his helmet, the vizor of which was down, and he bore on his shield a rising sun, with the motto — "I appear." Addressing himself to the heralds, he expressed his wish to join in the tilt, and declared his perfect willingness to lose his chance of the first two courses, and to trust to his dexterity in the third, in which it was necessary that he should carry

away the ring to be the victor. He took his station last. Sir Ralph again struck the ring, and his retainers set up a loud shout. Sir Reginald also struck it, as did one or two others; but the Knight of the Rising Sun carried it completely off: and the grace with which he performed the feat was so striking, that the court rang with the acclamations of the spectators. The knight, then, turning his horse and lowering his spear, was conducted by the heralds to the lady Isabella, to receive the prize, which he first pressed to his lips, and then bound round his arm; whilst Sir Ralph regarded him with looks of deep malignity.

At pitching the bar, and in the trial of archery, the stranger knight was equally successful, and carried off both the prizes, to the great mortification of De Guinness, who found himself foiled, defeated, and disgraced, where he had looked to gain honour and renown. This was more than his haughty spirit could brook: and the games over, as the company were passing to the banquet, he accosted the victor, and exclaimed — "No one, sir knight, shall be decorated with the lady Isabella's favours whilst I can contend for them; either resign that scarf, which your arrogance has emboldened you to wear, or know me for your avowed, your implacable enemy, who here defies you to mortal combat."

"I accept thy defiance, and will meet thee

with more pleasure than I ever entered battle field, thou false and craven knight!" replied the stranger. "Yield Isabella's favours to thee! no: sooner shall this body roll a headless corpse beneath thy feet!"

"Insolent wretch!" returned Sir Ralph, "who are you, that thus dare to brave one before whom the boldest nobles have shrunk in dismay, and who never turned his back to mortal man?"

"Who I am thou wilt know too soon," rejoined he of the Rising Sun, in tones which thrilled to the very heart of his auditor, and seemed "to cow his better part of man;" for he turned pale, and appeared scarcely able to keep from falling. But recovering himself with a violent effort, he said, in a voice in which fear evidently struggled with assumed scorn for the mastery — "Some boasting varlet, on my life, whom it will be a merit to expose and chastise — but before I meet you in the field, I will know whom I am to encounter, that I may be sure you are worthy to fall beneath my arm."

"That he is a knight of nobler lineage than yourself, and of unstained honour, I can vouch," said St. Priest, who had been an attentive observer of the rencontre between these two fiery spirits; "let that suffice you; and here's my gage that he meets you when and where you feel inclined to summon him." So saying, he threw down his glove; and then he and the gallant

stranger mounted their horses and rode out of the court, leaving De Guinness a prey to rage, envy, and a sense of undefined dread, unaccountable even to himself.

At the banquet, the stranger knight was loudly called for, but he appeared not. The duke, in particular, regretted his absence; for he had marked his gallant bearing, and was convinced that he was of noble and distinguished lineage. The bishop also felt great curiosity to know the man who had in so many instances foiled De Guinness, whose skill and dexterity were proverbial; and not a few fair damsels were grievously disappointed at the sudden retreat of one with whom they were ready to enter love's lists—nothing doubting that they should have proved victorious in them, though the stranger carried away all the prizes of the morning. The banquet, however, passed off; the pageant and the ball succeeded—but still the knight was invisible; and though various conjectures had been formed respecting him, probably not one was near the truth.

That evening, De Guinness appeared to be particularly uneasy and restless. He listened to every sound of the bell as it tolled the passing hours; and when, at nine o'clock, the lady Isabella left the hall, which was the signal for all the females to retire, an expression of almost demoniacal exultation passed over his countenance.

John of Gaunt loved a cheerful glass; nor did the bishop, though a churchman, dislike the juice of the grape. They therefore sat down to a carouse, and were joined by most of the nobles—De Guinness making one of the party. The minstrels now changed their lay, from tales of love and chivalry, to sing the praises of wine; and the lively jest and brilliant repartee circulated gaily from guest to guest. In the midst of their merriment, shrieks and the clash of swords were heard. In a moment, all were on their feet—when the palmer, whom we have before mentioned, and who had not been seen for the last two days, entered the hall, bearing the lady Isabella in his arms.

"What means all this?" said the bishop.

"It means, my lord," replied the palmer, "that an attempt has been made this night to carry off the lady Isabella. I was praying at the shrine of my patron saint, when the lady, a short time since, entered the chapel. Finding she did not perceive me, I remained at my devotion, as I feared to alarm her by leaving the chapel. St. George's shrine is concealed from the altar by one of the pillars, behind which I was kneeling—in such a way, however, that I could clearly distinguish the shadows cast by the lamp burning at the former. In a few minutes I was surprised to see on the wall the shadows of two armed men, who appeared to be stealing from behind the altar, and advancing to the shrine of

the Holy Virgin, where the lady Isabella was offering up her orisons. I looked cautiously round, and saw one ruffian seize her by the waist, whilst another caught hold of an arm, and they were hurrying away, when I interfered, and succeeded in rescuing the object of their atrocious designs. One of the villains lies bleeding in the chapel; the other has fled."

The palmer now resigned his fainting burden to the arms of her uncle; and before any further inquiries could be made, he disappeared. Consternation now reigned through the palace; particularly as De Guinness, who had rushed to the chapel as soon as the palmer stated that one of the villains was left bleeding there, returned, and reported that the body was no where to be found. The first step was to convey the lady to her chamber, and to order the damsels and the leech into attendance; the next, was to search the chapel and all the outlets, but no discovery whatever could be made. A quantity of blood was found in one part of the chapel, but no traces of it were seen beyond that spot, and all search proved fruitless and unavailing. On the return of the party to the hall, the occurrence formed the subject of conversation, and many conjectures were started to account for it.

The next day had been appointed for a tournament, which was necessarily postponed, as the lady Isabella was too much indisposed to preside.

The following one she was much better; and the second from that was fixed upon for a solemn passage of arms, to which all loyal and true knights were invited. The lists were erected in the court-yard, and were sixty paces long and forty broad, with entrances both from the east and from the west. The barriers were strong, and about seven feet high; and the tent for the challengers was erected at the east end.

As tournaments were the great delight of the age, this entertainment was looked forward to with more eager anticipation than any that had preceded it; and even Isabella seemed to experience a feeling something like pleasure at her heart, though her late fright was not forgotten.

Ten was the hour appointed for the tournament to begin; and when the knights arrived, they were surprised to see affixed to the challengers' tent the following notice: "The Knight of the Rising Sun defies all comers in the name of the lady Isabella le Spencer; and will maintain, with his good lance, that she is the most peerless dame England can produce." But the surprise of the other knights, and of Isabella herself, was faint to the rage which animated the breast of De Guinness. He approached the tent, and would have torn down the scroll, but was prevented by the Duke of Lancaster, who said, "Nay, De Guinness, let this brave knight have the honour of appearing as the champion of our fair hostess: believe me,

her cause will be safe in his hands." Not daring to trust himself with a reply, Sir Ralph withdrew, and the spectators having taken their seats, the trumpets sounded twice, as a signal that the combat was about to commence.

And now might be seen the eager glances, the tremulous heaving of the bosom, and all the fluttering agitation which distinguished those fair damsels whose lovers were about to enter the lists in their behalf: Isabella herself felt interested in the result, though her innate modesty made her regret that her name was so conspicuously brought forward. Her uncle and the duke were stationed on each side of her, and they increased her confusion by allusions to the conquest she had made; and the latter exclaimed, as the knight, mounted on his proud war-steed, gaily caparisoned, rode into the lists at the third blast of the trumpet, "By my guerdon, but he is a companion for a princess!"

The first who encountered the puissant arm of the Knight of the Rising Sun was the brave Engelhart de Mowbray, who was unhorsed in the second course. Sir Reginald Percy suffered the same fate; as did Henry Fitzgerald, and six others in succession. No one seemed inclined to hazard another encounter—when De Guinness, thinking he had now an easy task to tear the laurels from the brow of the conqueror, exhausted as he must be from his previous contests, rode

forth, mounted on a strong black steed, and presented by far the most formidable opponent that the Knight of the Rising Sun had yet had to encounter. His strong and sinewy frame was clad in a complete suit of steel armour, and his lance was so heavy, that few except himself could poise it. A general murmur of apprehension was heard; for all felt interested in the fate of the stranger, who had borne his honours with a gallant modesty; and not a sound was heard, the spectators seeming almost afraid to draw breath, lest they should lose any part of the approaching scene.

And now the signal was given, and the knights rushed to the onset. They wheeled their horses back to the extremity of the lists, and then turning them round, rode furiously at each other. The shock was tremendous, but both kept their seats, though the shield of De Guinness was shivered to pieces. His page brought him a fresh one; and a second course ensued. In this, the Knight of the Rising Sun kept his lance levelled at the shield till the horses nearly met, when, adroitly raising it, he struck De Guinness on the bars of the helmet, and he rolled in the dust. The astounding shouts of the populace were more annoying to the vanquished knight than even his defeat; they stung him to madness; and, starting on his feet, he drew his sword, and demanded the combat *à l'outrance*, which was

readily acceded to by the victor. They fought for some time with doubtful success, as the strength of De Guinness seemed to be more than a match for the skill and activity of his opponent. The latter, however, gained strength by his caution, whilst the former exhausted his by his fury; and, watching his opportunity, by a well-aimed blow, he at once disarmed Sir Ralph, and laid him at his feet. "Now confess thy treasons, or die!" shouted the victor, as he unlaced the helmet of De Guinness, and exposed his features to view.

"What would you have me confess?" asked the humiliated knight.

"Who invented the slanders which poisoned that good prelate's ear against Sir Everhard St. Priest, and who betrayed him into the hands of the Irish rebel, Sir Brian M'Carty?"

"That did I, instigated by jealousy and revenge. The tales I told of him were false—he was a true Christian and a loyal knight, and I would he still lived; for his spirit sat on my arm in the contest, and deprived it of all its strength; his remembrance haunts me in my dreams, and maddens me in my waking moments!"

"He lives to pardon and forgive thee," exclaimed the stranger, lifting his visor, and displaying the features of Sir Everhard, at the same tim extending his hand to raise the prostrate knight—whilst a deafening shout rent the air:

"he lives, to clear his fame, and to claim his affianced bride." Sir Everhard now advanced to where Isabella was sitting, and laying the sword of De Guinness at her feet, his eager ears drank in with delight her congratulations upon his restoration to his country and to her. The duke and the bishop too, and all the knights present, were impatient to take him by the hand, and to express their joy at what might be called his resurrection from the dead; all was commotion and wild delight, and it was some time before any thing like composure could be restored.

An end was now put to the sports; and the banquet, the song, and the dance, again claimed the presence of those who had been engaged in the mimic fray. Not the least happy of those assembled were Sir Everhard and Isabella; and he soon found an opportunity to account to her for his reappearance, when she thought he had been numbered with the dead.

He had been basely betrayed into the hands of the Irish, by some men whom De Guinness had placed about him, who drew him into danger, and then left him to his fate. He fought, aided only by his faithful Hubert, till he was completely exhausted with wounds; he recollected nothing more, till he found himself lying on a rude pallet, in a narrow cell, into which light was admitted by a small aperture

at some distance from the ground. Here he remained for several days, seeing no one but a wild Irish soldier, whom he could not understand, and without any other sustenance than bread and water. He was then removed to the interior of the country on a litter, and placed in a cabin on the banks of a river, where an old woman tended his wounds, which, thanks to his excellent constitution, soon healed. He was but slightly guarded, and contrived to make his escape within a fortnight after his removal to this spot—but when he reached Dublin, the king had sailed for England. It was some time before he had an opportunity of following him, and when he returned to his native land, he found the report of his death already spread. Upon his arrival in Norfolk, he learned, that Bishop Spencer had been taught to regard him both as a heretic and a traitor; and that Isabella was about to become the wife of Ralph de Guinness. The agitation of his mind brought on a fever, and he was months insensible to all around him; during which time he remained in a cottage on the bishop's estate, where he was assiduously attended by an old dame and her daughter, neither of whom knew his person. Again he recovered, and found his cousin in possession of his estates. To him he made himself known in the first instance, and was joyfully recognised and received, though his arrival deprived Sir

Robert of a large fortune. At that period, the Duke of Lancaster being about to visit Norwich, Sir Everhard resolved to accompany him in the disguise of a palmer—and, in that disguise, my readers will no doubt recognise him. On the first evening of his arrival, he went to the chapel, in hopes of obtaining an interview with Isabella; but, in approaching her, he inadvertently exposed his features, and the timid girl, impressed with the belief of his death, thinking she saw his spirit, shrieked, and fainted. Two days afterwards, when stationed in the chapel for the same purpose, he rescued the lady of his heart from the ruffians whom De Guinness, fearing she would never be his with her own consent, had stationed to carry her off.

These explanations made the evening fly rapidly away; and, dreading lest some chance should again occur to separate them, Sir Everhard pleaded so effectually both with the niece and the uncle, that, in three days, they were united in the chapel which had been the scene of several adventures; the royal duke staying to grace their nuptials.

THE BRIDE OF THE DANUBE.

By Miss PICKERSGILL.

The orb of night had flung on high
Her chasten'd radiance o'er the sky;
The Danube's wave like lightning shone,
Save where the trees a shade had thrown,
And half obscur'd that mirror bright
Of the fair goddess of the night.
Its banks were like a gay parterre,
Each fragrant bud was blooming there;
The ivy and the laughing vine
Around the trees their tendrils twine,
With the woodbine and the jasmine flow'r,
That loveliest looks in the moonlight hour.
But there is a flow'r more beauteous far
Than those that bloom 'neath the evening star;
For nought on this earth is so lovely and fair
As she, the young maiden, who wanders there—
Like a graceful Peri of eastern skies,
As light her form, and as bright her eyes;
And amid her tresses, that mock the ray
Of the golden sun, light zephyrs play,
Laden with perfume from every flower
That offers sweet incense at that lone hour.

Ah! why does the lovely Bertha leave
Her rosy bower this brilliant eve?

Is it to twine a garland fair
Of the dewy buds for her braided air;
To hear the nightingale's wild song
Borne by the murm'ring waves along?
No; 'tis young love that guides the maid,
To meet her Rodolph in the shade.
Alas! the hopes that smile so bright,
May ere the morrow lose their light!

The lovers were seated beneath the shade
  Of a sacred cypress-tree,
Whose mournful branches spreading made
  A gloomy canopy;
At their feet the *myosotis* grew,
Twin'd with the pensive violet blue.
The maid was mute, but in her eye
The tear-drop gleam'd—she breath'd a sigh;
The smile of her quivering lip was fled,
And her cheek had lost its lovely red.

"O, my lov'd Bertha! why should sorrow steal
O'er that young brow, which nought but joy should
    feel?
Why should the tear-drop dim those bright blue
    eyes,
As the light clouds obscure the sunny skies?
Perchance the breeze too coldly blows along;
Or we have listen'd to the pensive song
Of the lone nightingale, with sorrow fraught,
Till from her sweetest tones thou 'st sadness
    caught."

"No, Rodolph, no; 'twas yon blue wave
That to my soul its sadness gave—
For there the Naiad of the deep
Was by her lover left to weep:
And Fancy whisper'd—even thou,
Like that false one, mightst leave me now!
Then wonder not my blanched cheek
The workings of my soul should speak."

"My bride! and couldst thou thus believe
Thy Rodolph ever could deceive
Thy heart? Ah! who that smile could see,
And yet withstand its witchery?—
But the sad Naiad's tale relate—
Her lover's treachery, and her fate."

The maiden pensively began;
And thus the fairy legend ran:

THE NAIAD'S TALE.

When the pale evening-star's first ray
Danc'd o'er the water's glistening spray,
A Naiad left her native stream,
To wander in the cold moon's beam;
And nightly 'neath yon aged oak,
With her lov'd song, whose music stole
With gentle influence o'er the soul,
The stilly sleep of midnight broke.
As the light breeze its accents bore,
'Twas answer'd by the distant shore.

The silv'ry waves were hush'd and mute,
To hear the sweet tones of her lute,
Lest e'en their softest voice should stay
The echoings of that lovely lay:
And oft the peasant loitering stray'd
To hear the song of the river maid;
To mark her form—her large blue eye,
That mock'd the sapphire's brilliancy;
Her ruby lip; her brow, that shone
As fair and pure as Parian stone;
Her golden hair, like to the sands
Which sparkle on the Caspian strands,
Floating as wildly on the breeze
As did her own rich harmonies.

It was to meet the youth she lov'd
That from her lucid wave she rov'd,
And wander'd to that shady tree
Whose branches form'd her canopy;
And her song on the waters stealing
With its softest richest tone,
Deeply touch'd that soul of feeling
Which true love had made its own;
And not till the stars had ta'en their flight,
Till warn'd by the rosy morning's light,
Would her lover see her plunge in the tide,
And mournfully part from his Naiad bride.
Alas! too fleet those joys have prov'd—
For false was he she fondly lov'd;

False as the vap'ry blaze, whose light
Darts o'er the dusky moor at night,
Cheering the pilgrim on his way
With hopes that lead but to betray.
The echoes that late had borne her song
Soon wafted her saddest sighs along.
Now silent she sleeps in her own blue sea,
And hush'd is her magic melody:
Yet still at eve soft music's swell
Breathes a fond melancholy spell,
Sweeter than when the zephyr's wings
Skim o'er the light Æolian strings,
Sweeping the chords in sportive play,
Then wafting their wildest notes away.
'Tis the wail of the spirits of the deep,
As for her hapless fate they weep,
And mourn in sorrow o'er the grave
Of her—lost daughter of the wave.

The maiden ceas'd. "And can a tale destroy
All thy bright visions of delight and joy?
Will not the morrow see the nuptial pride?
Shall I not claim thee as my blushing bride?
Then chase that tear, nor let a moment's gloom
Steal from thy lovely cheek the rose's bloom."

"Rodolph, if this fond heart of mine
Could doubt the truth, the faithfulness of thine,
The thought soon fled; ay, by yon heaven above,
E'en the suspicion owed its birth to love!

Forget it—'twas a passing dream,
As fleeting as a transient gleam
Of sunshine o'er the glassy river—
One moment there—then gone for ever!
But hence these fears, and let us now be gay;
See how yon glittering wave in sportive play
Washes the bank, and steals the flowers away.
And must they thus in bloom and beauty die,
Without the passing tribute of a sigh?"

"No, Bertha; those young flow'rets there
Shall form a braid for thy sunny hair;
I yet will save them, if but one
Soft smile reward me when 'tis done."
He said, and plung'd into the stream—
His only light was the moon's pale beam.
"Stay! stay!" she cried—but he had caught
The drooping flow'rs, and breathless sought
To place the treasures at the feet
Of her for whom e'en death were sweet.

With outstretch'd arms upon the shore she stood—
With tearful eye she gaz'd upon the flood,
Whose swelling tide now seem'd as if 'twould sever
Her faithful lover from her arms for ever.
Still through the surge he panting strove to gain
The welcome strand—but, ah! he strove in vain!

Yet once the false stream bore him to the spot
  Where stood his bride in muteness of despair;
And scarcely had he said, "Forget me not!"
  And flung the dearly ransom'd flow'rets there—
When the dark wave clos'd o'er him, and no more
Was seen young Rodolph on the Danube's shore.
Aghast she stood; she saw the tranquil stream
Pass o'er him—could it be a fleeting dream?
Ah, no! the last fond words, "Forget not me!"
Told it was all a sad reality.
With frantic grasp the dripping flow'rs she prest,
Too dearly purchas'd, to her aching breast.
Alas! her tears, her sorrows now were vain,
For him she lov'd she ne'er shall see again!

  Is this then a bridal, where, sad in her bow'r,
The maid weeps alone at the nuptial hour;
Where hush'd is the harp, and silent the lute—
Ah! why should their thrilling strains be mute?
And where is young Rodolph? where stays the
    bridegroom?—
Go, ask the dark waters, for there is his tomb.

  Often at eve, when maidens rove
Beside the Danube's wave,
  They tell thy tale of hapless love,
And shew young Rodolph's grave;
And cull the flowers from that sweet spot,
Still calling them "FORGET ME NOT."

A VISIT TO CONISTON.

After bidding adieu to my companions at Peircy Bridge, I proceeded alone, after an absence of four years, to revisit Coniston. From that place, until you reach the lake, the country improves, and the scene becomes wilder at every step. Nothing could be more beautiful—so fair, so calm, so tranquil. Till now, a dense mist had enveloped the face of nature, and it was only occasionally, when the thick wreaths of vapour rose in air, that I caught a view of the far-spreading landscape. But as I approached the waters, it began slowly to ascend; the mountains unveiled their majestic forms, and I could already distinguish Rydal Head and the Sable Cove. The lake lay spread before me, while the dark clouds which passed above it gave a gloom and seeming depth to its waves. The sun did, indeed, endeavour to look forth, and his few glimpses were welcome; for, as his rays fell upon the hills, they rendered more distinctly visible the contrasted beauty of their rich green and grey tints. I rode along the banks very slowly, for my mind was in that melancholy musing state, when we desire communion with none save ourselves.

If, for any lengthened period, we have been

wandering far away from the scenes of our childhood, how quickly does memory pass over the intervening space! All its events, whether of joy or sorrow, appear lost in shade; we remember only that joyous time, when every view was bright, and unblighted hope gilded every opening prospect. How fondly do we cling to the recollections of infancy! they are but too often united with the remembrance of our best and earliest friends, perhaps sleeping in the dust; —of youthful companions, whom we have loved with a sincerity and affection which our riper years are incapable of feeling, now wandering far away, forgetting and forgot, or remembered only in such hours as these. Happy, thrice happy they, who return to their early homes without having experienced any of those sad blights which leave for ever their blasting, scorching influence on the heart!

I reached at length the dwelling of my venerable friend. Our meeting was one of mingled grief and gladness; yet even in our sorrow there was a feeling of pensive happiness, which the world, with all its pomps and allurements, had never yet been able to bestow. On the evening of that day I walked alone to the banks of the lake, and seated myself by the water's edge, to enjoy at leisure the numberless beauties by which I was on every side surrounded. It was that joyous season of the year (the very com-

mencement of June), when Nature appears clothed in her gayest, loveliest dress: above me, was a large willow, the graceful branches of which, bending downwards, almost kissed the stream below. Rich laburnums were intermixed with horse-chesnut trees, and pink and white hawthorn, which not only delighted the eye, but imparted a soft fragrance to the air that played around me. The profound silence was broken only by the melody of the feathered songsters, warbling forth their vesper hymns; scarcely was one ended, ere another minstrel caught the strain, and carolled on in fuller, louder tones. With these were mingled a few notes of a flute, from the opposite side of the lake, where lay, spread before me, the little village of Coniston, in the road leading from which I could ever and anon distinguish a few of the peasants loitering along, their weekly labours ended, preparing to welcome the approaching sabbath.

Who could have sat in the silent beauty of that sweet summer's evening, and not, for the time at least, have been happy? In the busy bustling scenes of life, in our intercourse with society, we are so constantly meeting with events to blunt the feelings and contract the heart, that did we not, at times, retire from the whirl in which it involves us—from admiring the works

of man, to meditation amongst those of God—we were in danger of becoming strangers to those holier and better emotions of the soul, which fit and prepare us for another state of existence. Besides, though in the first moments of bereavement, or when even *one* piercing anxiety is corroding the mind, the fairest scenes of nature are beheld with indifference, and fail to excite,—yet, when time has mellowed that grief into pensive resignation; when, from a perfect conviction of the watchful care of an all-directing Providence, we can, with meek submission, repose our hopes and fears on One who alone "knoweth what is for our good,"—it is then that the beauties of creation are duly appreciated.

After sitting by the water for some time, I rose, yet, before I returned to the cottage, I rambled on towards the Water Head. In my walk I encountered only a venerable old man, whose dress and appearance proclaimed him to belong to the better order of farmers; his feeble steps were supported by an interesting, delicate-looking girl, whom I imagined to be his grand-daughter: I think I never beheld a more benevolent countenance. Seeing that I was a stranger, he took off his hat, and in passing we exchanged the evening salutations. I was not in the land of forms and ceremonies, and I should have yielded to the desire I felt to converse with him, had I not

feared lest my hostess would already be uneasy at the length of my absence.

On the morrow I joined the cheerful groups whom the day of rest was bringing forth to the house of prayer; and, amongst those who were now assembled publicly to acknowledge the mercies of the past week, I recognised the object of my admiration the preceding evening, but without his child. Beautiful as is the service of our church, I have always felt most inclined to acknowledge its merits when I have formed one of a country congregation. When the inhabitants of great cities meet together to pray, there is so much of pomp, of glare, of worldly ostentation, that it is hardly possible to remember that we assemble to bend in lowly adoration before an offended Deity. The eye, the thoughts, will wander, when there are so many outward objects to distract the attention. But here—the neat, clean attire of the villagers was only a proper homage paid to the day:—the quiet attention of the young, the feeble accents of decrepit age, which I heard on every side repeating the responses, not only attuned the soul to devotion, but filled me with humiliation, when I reflected how often the prayers of these seeming destitutes had ascended on high, to that throne where my service of the lip had been rejected.

As I returned home, I found myself walking by the side of the same old man who had so

frequently engaged my attention. We entered into conversation, and, after a few local questions and observations, I inquired where was his grand-daughter — the maiden I had seen with him the preceding evening? "Ah, my lady," he replied, "she is no child of mine, though I love her as well as if she were." "Some relation, perhaps?" "No; but, as we walk along, I will, if you please, tell you her story, and how it pleased Heaven, after depriving me of all my own children, to send me this one to supply their place." I signified my assent, and Farmer Heartly (for that I afterwards discovered to be the name of my companion) thus began his narration of

THE HISTORY OF CATHARINE GORDON.

"It is now nearly three years, since a gentleman and a young girl arrived at the Water Head. He said that he was come to reside some time amongst us, but being evidently in a bad state of health, and the fine weather bringing the visitors earlier than usual, he determined to look out for a quieter abode. I used often to meet him walking slowly along the side of the lake with his daughter; and he would frequently stop and ask me questions about the country, with which he appeared to be well acquainted. We look upon a stranger

as a friend, one to whom we are glad to shew kindness. I invited him to visit me at Rosevails Farm. It was some time before he complied with my request, but at last he came: — and if ever you, young lady, will confer the same favour upon me, I will make you as welcome as I that day made Mr. Gordon. He seemed greatly pleased with the place; for, though my own, I must say Rosevails is one of the most beautiful situations in this country side. It is about a mile on the road to Hawkshead; and from it we can not only see that village and its church, but Coniston and Esthwaite water. After visiting us a few times, he one day asked me, if I would allow him to become my lodger: it will, he said, be but for a short time — and as he spoke he looked at his child, and a tear stood in his eye. My wife and I were delighted with the proposal, and were quite pleased to receive him and Miss Catharine: we soon loved them both. But though at first the country air had revived Mr. Gordon, we saw that the change was not to last; and he grew every day feebler and more feeble, until he could no longer walk about, as he had been used to do, on the bright sun-shiny days, teaching his daughter the names of the wild flowers, and talking to her about countries beyond the seas, and telling her of their kings and their laws.

"In the mean time I had learned a great part

of his history. He had much gentle blood in his veins; but being only a younger son in a large and poor family, he was early presented with his commission, and then sent to seek the rest of his fortune for himself. Unhappily, however, he became attached to a lady, who, though not of higher rank than his own, had the expectation of inheriting a large fortune from her father. The silent encouragement which her family appeared to give him, induced him to believe that they were not averse to his pretensions. He was, however, mistaken: no sooner did he address Frederica as a lover, than her father, in a peremptory tone, commanded that they should thenceforth be strangers to each other. It seems, however, that hearts are difficult things to command; stern looks and harsh words will not subjugate them: it ended in Frederica marrying Mr. Gordon in direct opposition to paternal authority. From that time, the door of her home was closed against her; and her two remaining sisters, several years older than herself, left no art untried to keep alive the flame of resentment in their father's breast.

"Though poverty frequently threatened to invade their retreat, this union nevertheless proved a happy one, until the regiment to which Gordon belonged was ordered to the Peninsula. Hither his wife determined to accompany him;

and they were not a little surprised to receive an offer from her sisters to take charge of their two little girls. It was accepted with gratitude, and they embarked for Spain. In an engagement with the enemy, soon after their arrival, Gordon was left upon the field for dead, and no sooner were the melancholy tidings conveyed to his wife, than, attended only by a single servant, she set out for the place where he was said to have fallen, in the hopes of being able, at least, to pay the last tribute of respect to his remains. She reached the field of battle, and found herself surrounded by all the horrors of a scene of recent bloodshed: mangled forms and hideous corpses were on every side; she heard the faint groans of some dying wretches, and the imploring cries of others, for that aid which it was not in her power to give. She examined first one livid countenance and then another, until, stretched beneath a tree, she found the object of her search. She threw herself by his side, she pressed her lips to his, and discovered that he yet breathed. She hastened to procure the necessary restoratives, and had soon the happiness of beholding him unclose his eyes. They recognised each other, but their transports were destined to be of short duration; there were still many stragglers about the place, and, at that moment, a random shot, fired by one of these, placed Frederica bleeding and lifeless in

the arms of her husband. To be brief, Mr. Gordon recovered from his wound, but that in his heart never healed. He pursued his military career, until, being at length taken prisoner, he was sent to France, where he remained, until the peace of 1814 left him at liberty to return to England.

"Health gone, and the bright hopes of youth departed, he trusted that his few remaining years would at least be soothed by the affection of his children—but what was his surprise, when he claimed them from their guardians, to be told, that when they had undertaken the charge of them, it was only on condition that they should return no more to their parents! This was a cruel blow, particularly when his elder daughter informed him, 'that a cottage life had always been a thing she greatly dreaded, and that it was quite impossible for her to think of leaving Ailsford Castle.' Stung to the soul, he was about to depart, when Catharine approached, and entreated him to believe her sister had only spoken for herself, declaring that, let what would be the consequence, she was determined, wheresoever he went, to be his companion. The delighted father folded her to his heart—but when her aunts protested, that if she persisted in executing her purpose their door should be closed upon her, as it had been upon her mother,—he entreated her to

consider only her own interest, assuring her that he should rest satisfied with the proof of filial love she had just given him. But Catharine was firm; and, bidding adieu to pomp and grandeur, they departed together. For some time they wandered from place to place, without having any settled home, Gordon, soothed by the attentions of his daughter, and she supporting her many privations with cheerfulness, from her high sense of duty. At last they bent their steps to Coniston, in the neighbourhood of which Mr. and Mrs. Gordon had resided some time after their marriage, and which, he said, he was anxious to behold once more ere he died."

Such was the substance of the narrative related to me by Heartly; he paused a few moments, and then continued:—

"The last time I walked out with my guest and his daughter, we went, at his request, to the little church at Hawkshead. It was a very beautiful evening; and, as we sat down among the tomb-stones, to watch the great sun set behind the mountains, I think I never remember to have seen our lakes look so calm and clear as they did then: every thing seemed at rest. At last Mr. Gordon rose and walked towards the sun-dial, against which he supported himself, and, though only the shadows of the coming night were upon it, he seemed lost in the contemplation of it. His daughter went and spoke to him. 'I

have been thinking, Kate,' said he, 'how strange it is to place this recorder of the hours among those with whom time is ended; it will soon be over with me, my dear girl; and I could lay me down in peace beneath this soft greensward, if I did not feel anxious on account of my child. When I am gone, Catharine, you must endeavour to reconcile yourself to your mother's relations.' 'Alas!' she replied, 'in losing you I lose my only friend; but Heaven will not forsake those who trust in it: I cannot again return to Ailsford, even were I sure of being received; for how could I bear to hear my dear father unkindly spoken of?' I had been a silent witness of this scene; indeed they appeared to have forgotten that I was present: but now I took the hand of Mr. Gordon and his daughter's, and told him, that while I lived that good child should never want a friend, and that Rosevails should be her home as long as she should be content with that humble abode. It was only with their looks that they thanked me, and Mr. Gordon said: 'When I am dead, let me be buried in this beautiful churchyard, and Catharine will sometimes come and visit my grave.' We returned home; and in about a week he died. We laid him where he wished; the fresh breezes of the lake blow over him, and the hand of his daughter scatters the wild flowers of the valley upon his tomb. It is, as I said, three years since

these things happened, and from that time Miss Gordon has been content to abide with us, and has been unto us as a child. We have no friends or kindred, and when I and my wife shall be carried to the churchyard, all we have shall be hers."

By this time we had reached the gate leading to the cottage, and after thanking my old friend for his narrative, we parted, but not until he had renewed his invitation to me to visit them. It may be imagined that I did not quit Coniston without visiting Rosevails and Hawkshead; here I soon found the grave where the unfortunate Gordon reposes among a crowd of simple villagers—but every distinction is passed away in "this land where all things are forgotten." Hawkshead was interesting to me on other accounts, for there lie the remains of virtue, piety, and learning—it is the burying-place of Elizabeth Smith* and her father!

FLORA.

* Miss Elizabeth Smith was born at Burnhall, near Durham, in Dec. 1776. To a degree of perfection seldom attained in all feminine accomplishments, she added an acquaintance with the French and Italian, and a perfect knowledge of the German and Hebrew languages. It was a remark of her own, "that a woman must have uncommon sweetness of disposition and manners to be *forgiven* for possessing superior talents and acquirements." In Miss Smith both were united.

HUMAN LIFE.

LIFE to me has ever been
  One dark vale of tears and sorrow,
Ne'er a ray would intervene,
  That might brighten thoughts of morrow.

Hope has whispered in my ear,
  "Spread thy sail, the wind is cheering;"
Then have I dispell'd the tear,
  Listen'd to the sound endearing.

But the shallows of despair
  Wreck'd too soon my little vessel,
Storms succeeded to the fair;—
  Who against their fate may wrestle!

Patience, then, be thou my guide!
  Virtue as my rudder given,
Hope and Faith on either side,—
  Thus I'll seek my port in heaven.

MONTAGUE SEYMOUR.

Liverpool

EVENING.

By Miss S. E. HATFIELD.

I love thee, Evening, for the hues
  Of beauty that adorn thy reign,
Thy golden skies, thy glittering dews,
  Thy pensive moon, thy starry train.

I love thee all — Oh, wheresoe'er
  My musing eye its gazing bends,
All beautiful thou art, all fair —
  All sweet, all pure, thine hour descends!

I love to watch the azure day
  Yielding its empire unto thee,
And stealing from the skies away;
  Oh, 'tis a welcome hour to me!

How often has thy lov'd return
  With pensive pleasure sooth'd my soul;
Bade memory's star more sweetly burn,
  And memory's tear more brightly roll!

Sweet sabbath of a weary day —
  Sweet interval 'twixt toil and rest —
Sweet hour, when love and friendship's ray
  Shines, like thy planet, loveliest!

Thou givest all thou hast to me —
  Thy golden light, thy silver star,
Thy voice of wild sweet melody,
  Like hidden minstrel's lost in air;

Thy smile in spring, thy summer glow,
  Thy solemn shade in autumn's bowers,
Thy sombre gloom o'er winter's snow,
  That sweet Instruction's lesson pours.

But one sweet gift that fate denies,
  That Heaven on favoured ones bestows,
That nature's beauty ne'er supplies,
  And yet that soothes all nature's woes —

Thou canst not give, canst not impart,
  Nor to the void, cold bosom lend —
The first sweet treasure of the heart,
  And all I ask — a faithful friend!

ADUMISSA.

By Mrs. BOWDICH.

"That was Adumissa's house," said my servant one day, when he attended me in a walk through the town of Igwa. "And who was Adumissa?" I asked. "What, missy, you no hear of Adumissa, who pass all woman handsome that black man ever saw? White man think her handsome; men die for her—they like her too much."

I could get nothing more from Dombey than panegyrics like the preceding; but my curiosity having been excited, I made several inquiries, both of mulatto women and Europeans, and collected the following little history.

The parents of Adumissa were extremely wealthy; and instead of betrothing their daughter in the cradle, which is usual in that part of Africa, they caused it to be understood that *their* only child aspired to the highest matrimonial connexion which should offer itself after she had attained the age of fourteen. Uncontrolled and unrestrained, therefore, the little Adumissa passed the greater part of her youth in the forests which surrounded the country-house. The numerous slaves belonging to her father Samba, all worshipped her—not only because it was the best

way to win the heart of their chief, but the personal beauty, the extraordinary sweetness of disposition, and the originality of character, which developed themselves at a very early period, attracted the good-will of all who saw Adumissa.

Samba was a kind master, and allowed his slaves many hours of rest, or labour for their own profit; and they never esteemed themselves so happy as when contributing to the comfort or amusement of his daughter. One would take his javelin or his gun, and encounter the fearful panther, on whose skin she was to recline her graceful limbs; another would point his arrows at the soaring eagle, and weave his plumage into fans to refresh her, as she reposed under the branches of the banian; a third would strip the coral-tree of its seeds, to adorn her with scarlet necklaces; a fourth would surprise the humming-bird, that it might deck her hair. Sometimes, forming a litter of palm-leaves, they would mount her on their shoulders, and bear her through the forest, loading her as they went with the spoils of the guava, the date, the custard-apple, and the *erasma*-trees; and, tearing down handsful of jessamine, would cover her litter; and, singing to her praise as they darted along, would return her to her mother hidden in the fragrant drapery.

Sometimes the little queen would order her tiny palanquin, which was lined with the richest crimson silk; her bearers wore blue-striped

pagnes,* fringed with cowries; two small elephant-tusks, converted into horns, announced her approach; her state-stool and her fans followed, each carried by a handsome youth; her nurse walked in front of the palanquin, bearing a casket of jewels on her head. Adumissa—her neck covered with the most costly chains and necklaces, her arms laden with golden snakes, every finger bearing a ring of curious fashion, her slender ankles displaying various kinds of golden devices, and her head adorned with golden butterflies,—reclined upon a cushion stuffed with silk-cotton, and held a European parasol in her hand, while a chorus of well-dressed slaves, at intervals shouting out her name, closed the procession; and thus attended, she would parade through the streets of Igwa, and delight in the gaze of the multitude. But this love of superiority, this taste for finery, was not of long duration. It would seem, that the wildness of her native forests had imparted a hardihood and courage possessed by few girls of her country; and, having had no associates of her own sex and age, she had been accustomed to trust to her own resources for amusement, and to think and act for herself.

Adumissa gradually relinquished her town excursions, and delighted more in the sports of her

* Pieces of cotton cloth, which constitute the only dress of the natives of Western Africa.

dependents. She was always present at the chase of the wild boar, and would even throw the javelin with her own hand. She would twist her *pagne* tightly round her shoulders, throw off her cumbersome ornaments, and pursue the spotted deer with a speed almost equal to its own. Nor was she less conspicuous for tenderness and humanity: the doves, the partridges, the guinea-fowls, which were fed by her hand, had all been tamed by herself; the crown-bird, and the Numidian crane, would stretch their long necks at her approach, and the little love-birds of Whydah would nestle in her bosom. A tame antelope trotted after her with its fairy legs when she visited the plantations, and her couch was guarded by an English dog.* She watched by the pillow of the sick, soothed the agonies of the dying, and encouraged industry and merit of every kind.

At last the period arrived when Adumissa's father thought it time to marry her to some suitable aspirer. He knew her too well to admit the addresses of the old or the wicked, however wealthy they might be; and several youths of powerful families were proposed, for her to make a selection of him who pleased her best. She was brought to the town to reside; her hair was

* None but people of the highest class can keep dogs in this country, as it requires great influence to prevent their being eaten; so much are they esteemed for the table.

combed smooth into the form of a cone at the top of her head, and richly ornamented; her ears bore pendants of foreign workmanship; her eyebrows were forced into a narrower arch; her eyes, naturally languishing, were rendered still more so by a line traced at the corner of each with a style dipped in powdered lead; her white teeth were made dazzling with the wood of the *soola*-tree; a little ivory-black was dipped into liquid chalk, and gently placed under the corner of each eye, so as to form a delicate pattern upon the cheek; her feet were protected by sandals of the richest colours; her whole skin was polished by the perfumed *shea-tolu*,* and her *pagnes* were always of the most costly Chinese silks.

But the restraint of the town first disgusted Adumissa, and with this disgust came a dislike to all her suitors. "Shall I," said she to her father, "become the wife of one I love not, know not? The poorest slaves on your estates are alone subjected to this indignity, and such trammels but ill accord with the free and high-born Adumissa." For the first time, however, she excited her father's disapprobation; for the nephew of a neighbouring king had been secretly favoured by him, and he had hoped that his daughter would have selected this Amoisee, as

* A substance resembling butter, prepared from the fruit of the *shea*-tree.

well for his rank,* as for his personal accomplishments. But, dissembling his mortification, and knowing the temper of Adumissa, he told her that she should have time to make her choice, but that at no very distant period he expected her to fix on one of the youths who sought her hand.

Delighted at having deferred the evil she so much dreaded, Adumissa begged permission to return for a time to the country, where she resumed her former mode of living with more ardour than ever, and she greatly hoped that she had got rid of her troublesome lovers. They all persevered, however; and when her father insisted on having her determination, she said that she could make no choice, for she did not like one more than another.

Samba, of course, selected his favourite, and Amoisee was received as his intended son-in-law. Adumissa, however, constantly contrived excuses for delaying her marriage; and Amoisee, who had become deeply enamoured, as often tried to hasten it. He was about this time called away by his uncle, to conduct the army against a neighbouring nation; and when he returned, laden with the spoils of victory, he laid them at the feet of Adumissa, hoping that his fame and courage would make an impression on her heart, and induce her to accept him immediately. But

* The line of succession, in this part of Africa, always passes through the brother's or the sister's child.

she was apparently declining in health; her finely rounded limbs now displayed the sharpest angles; her eyelids were never raised above the full black eyes beneath them; no merry laugh discovered her even and polished teeth; her step was slow; she reclined upon her cushions, apparently without noticing any thing around her; she refused to eat, or take the least exercise. Amoisee and her father vainly tried every expedient to rouse her. The father's entreaties alone would sometimes call forth a languid smile, fleeting as the petals of the cistus. Amoisee ransacked the European warehouses for luxuries of clothing and ornaments, and the whole forest was brought into contribution for her table; but she would neither accept the one nor taste the other. Amoisee watched by her as long as she permitted him; and when she drove him from her presence, he would remain whole hours at her door, to catch the sound of her voice or her footstep.

All this, however, was only an expedient on the part of Adumissa to gain time, preparatory to a grander scheme which she had in view. Old Adoo, the chief-priest, had always been an intimate at her father's house, and had loved Adumissa from her childhood. The offerings which she brought to him were always placed before those of others—not so much for their splendour, as for the value the old man himself set upon them. She had continued to reside at the

country-house, in the neighbourhood of which was the fetish-man's dwelling, and one evening, having purchased a number of the most costly European articles, and put a piece of gold, dug from the pits of Ahanta, into a small silk bag, she secretly repaired to Adoo—her presents carried by a young female slave, who knew not whither she was going. They proceeded along the thick forest, now and then starting the hyæna, which fled from the torch which Adumissa bore in her hand—her young attendant trembling more at the apprehension of the evil spirits which are supposed to infest these shades, than at the wild beasts which lurked near the path. At length they reached the fetish-house, which was a small, low building, by the side of a stream sacred to the deity. Few were admitted within, and none but the priest himself knew the riches which were secreted in the roof, and under the ground of the principal room where the incantations were performed. Adumissa knocked at the door; and upon Adoo's inquiry of "Who is there?" she exclaimed, "Oh, father! help your unhappy child!" The old man quickly opened the door; but on seeing the slave, he said, "Enter, daughter, but leave your attendant without."

Adumissa took the packet from the head of the girl, and desiring her to wait outside with the torch, entered the house and closed the door. The poor child, however, whose fear of

ghosts had been instilled into her mind from the earliest age, no sooner found herself alone, than she imagined that she should soon be assailed by the spirits of the deceased, who are supposed to wander round the fetish-house; and, finding her situation insupportable, fled back to her home.

Meanwhile Adumissa communicated her request to the priest, vowing that nothing should induce her to listen to the addresses of any man; and that she would destroy herself if she was forced into a marriage with Amoisee, or any other. In proof of her sincerity she adduced her emaciated and dejected appearance, and finished by assuring Adoo that she was not going to bribe him to comply with what she wished, but she was desirous of manifesting her gratitude for the kindness he had shewn her from her birth, for all the "good fetish he had made for her,"* and had therefore brought him a little present, only entreating that he would extend his favours, by making her father believe that the fetish had commanded her not to marry, until she did so with her own consent and desire; and to add, that if he should persist in disobeying this mandate, sudden death would be the consequence to one or more members of the family. The old priest replied, that this was a subject to which

* The working of good or evil charms is called making "good or bad fetish;" and no threat is more dreaded than that of the latter.

he could return no anwer till he had consulted the fetish; and taking up the presents, he retired into the next room.

Adoo had received bribes also from Samba and Amoisee to induce him to favour *their* views, and he wished to consider which would be the most advantageous part to take. But when he saw the splendour of Adumissa's presents, and placed his affection in the balance, he no longer hesitated; and returning to her, he told her that the fetish had consented to her request, and that she might depart with his blessing. She accordingly called her slave, but receiving no answer, concluded she was gone, and fearlessly bent her steps homeward, congratulating herself upon her success with so much intentness, that she did not perceive she had wandered from the path, till she found herself at the spring which afforded water to all the inhabitants of the forest. The moon was shining in the bright blue sky above, its full and brilliant image reflected in the stream, and occasionally hidden by the gentle waving of the mimosas which grew round its banks. The stillness of the scene and the freshness of the night tempted Adumissa to remain, unconscious of the danger that lurked near her; for a huge panther had followed her steps, and as soon as she stopped sprung upon her.* Adumissa ut-

* The natives of Africa say that no panther or lion will attack a human being when in motion.

tered a piercing cry, and closed her eyes to the dreadful death which apparently awaited her—when, swift as an arrow, a man darted from the thicket with a musket in his hand, and with one blow of the but-end felled the monster to the ground, and before it could recover, drew a small sword and plunged it into its heart. His next care was the being he had rescued, who stood trembling at his side.—"Adumissa!"——"Amoisee!"——"What can have brought you hither?" was the mutual question. Adumissa hung down her head.

"But are you wounded?" resumed Amoisee; "lean on me, love—let me bear you home."

"Fear not," replied Adumissa, "my thick *pagne* was loosely twisted round me, and the panther caught his claws in that, without penetrating to the skin; see, it is still between his feet."

"But tell me how you happened to be here?" "Ah! Adumissa, this is a favourite retreat of mine; I climb yonder *banda*-tree, and lament over my hopeless passion; my sleepless nights are spent either there, or in wandering through the forest; and as I do not wish to hasten a death which will come but too soon if you persist in your indifference, I arm myself against the beasts which repair every night to the spring to drink. I saw your approach, without recognising you, and descending from the tree to warn you of

your danger, had reached the ground as the creature sprung upon you—little thinking that my own life was saved when I rescued you: for believe me, Adumissa, I could not have survived you."

Adumissa replied not; but, saying that she felt agitated from the fright, returned in silence to her home. On seeing her father, she briefly stated what had happened; then retiring to her bed, she closed the door upon all her attendants, and left Amoisee in the hope that the service he had just rendered her would advance his views.

The next morning Adumissa desired that Amoisee should be led to her presence; when excluding every one else, she begged him to hear her patiently, and thus addressed him:—"The service which you rendered me last night has raised in me sentiments of gratitude which I never expected to feel; and, prompted by them, I am going to explain myself to you with a candour which I should never have used under other circumstances; and I hope to put you for ever out of suspense, as the only good I can offer you. I have tried to love you, Amoisee. You are handsome, and brave as the lion of our forests, yet gentle and affectionate as the spaniel which now crouches at my feet; you are the heir to a powerful kingdom, and wealthy enough to gratify my most extravagant desires: and yet,

with all these good qualities, I shrink from a marriage with you with a disgust and horror that I cannot overcome. But it is not for you individually that I feel this; my disgust is to marriage altogether. I have been an only child; I have been the principal person in my family; every one has obeyed me; and, free and happy, I have never known what it was to submit. If I were to marry, I should become as nothing; I should lose my rank and my freedom, and be mingled with the multitude.—Do not interrupt me.—I know you would say, that as your queen I should rule over your subjects; that your love for me would prevent my being treated with indignity; and that, protected by you, I never could be degraded. But neither you nor I can alter the customs of our country. Look at my mother; she was also an only child, and brought my father great wealth. What has she been ever since she married? Confounded amid a number of other wives; exposed to their jealousies and intrigues, and not retaining a shadow of influence. And yet I am not better than she is. People say I am handsome; but beauty will soon pass away, and then, the only thing which distinguished me in your eyes being gone, I should sink into a condition very much resembling that of a slave. This, then, is my firm resolve—I never will marry any one; and if compulsion be used, I will put an end to my life. Follow then

my advice, dear Amoisee, for I love you as if you were my brother; leave me, and do not return till you can think of me with indifference. There are many handsomer and better girls than I am; go and seek them in other countries. None but the wayward Adumissa could refuse the noble Amoisee." She ceased, and a pause of some length ensued. Amoisee's eyes were fixed upon the ground, and he scarcely seemed to breathe. At length he suddenly rose, flashed a lightning glance at Adumissa, and rapidly uttered —"Yes! I will leave you for ever: but I will not die unrevenged!" Then, throwing his *pagne* over his shoulder, he burst open the door and disappeared.

Adumissa's heart seemed relieved of its oppression; never had she looked so beautiful as on that day. She decked herself in white, and wore no ornament but the pale yellow flowers of the *dummodo*.* She was sitting in the evening by her father's side, relating one of the many traditionary tales of her country, when she was interrupted by the cry of "I die! I die! my blood be upon Adumissa's head!—my family will revenge me!" immediately followed by the report of a pistol. Recognising Amoisee's voice, both Adumissa and her father stood horror-struck; but the wild cries of the slaves bearing in the

* Hibiscus trionum.

bleeding body roused them to action. An English surgeon was immediately sent for; but Amoisee's aim had been too sure, and he had expired instantaneously. The intelligence soon spread to his family, and the whole country was in commotion. Adumissa's father hoped, by making a splendid funeral, and taking all the expense upon himself, that Amoisee's family might be appeased. But he was mistaken; and they sullenly attended at the ceremony, and awaited its completion, without making any observation. Adumissa shut herself up in her house, and durst not make her appearance, for fear of exciting disturbance. After all was over, and Samba was brooding over the troubles which seemed to threaten him, a drum, struck at intervals, was heard gradually advancing. He rose to ascertain its meaning, and Amoisee's uncle presented himself at the door, followed by the *pynins* or elders of his kingdom, each bearing his staff of office, but clothed in the deepest mourning. "We are come, Samba," said the old king, "to settle our affair with you. You know that blood demands blood, even if a slave be killed; but Amoisee was nephew to a king, and we must have gold also. Our first requisition is one hundred ounces;* and our second, any young man of your family who will die for you. We shall then see if my

* The average value of an ounce of gold is about four pounds sterling.

nephew's angry spirit, which now roams unrevenged, will be appeased. I give you two moons to consider, or rather to obey." The party then left the house, and Samba remained in consternation. If this were all, thought he, I could meet it; but I see that my ruin is intended, my family will be murdered, and I shall be stripped of my possessions. "No," said Adumissa, entering, "I have heard all, and my ornaments are worth five times the sum demanded: take them, my father, for mine is the fault." She then left the room, and returned with *manillas*, weighing the hundred ounces, and putting them into her father's hands, added, "The most difficult part remains to be performed, and that, alas! must be your care. Where shall we find any one to die for us?" This, however, was not so difficult as they imagined; for a youth, destitute of parents, and indebted for his life to his relative Adumissa, offered himself as a willing sacrifice, provided he was buried with extraordinary pomp, and plenty of gold was put into his grave.* Samba joyfully accepted the conditions, keeping even the offer a secret from Adumissa, who had never been outside the house since the death of Amoisee.

* The negroes believe that all the wealth which is buried with them accompanies them into the next world, and that they are blessed according to the value of the property they take with them.

At the appointed day, the deputation arrived from the old king, and Samba delivered the youth and the gold, with all that was necessary for his obsequies; but at the same time he had little doubt that he should be liable to much more extortion. No immediate personal application, however, was made; but several relatives of the family had been found murdered, and a few of the slaves had disappeared in a mysterious manner. At last, the son of the old nurse was stolen away, and the poor woman rushed into Adumissa's room, wringing her hands, and displaying the most extravagant signs of grief. "They have taken my boy," cried she, "my own boy, the light of my eyes, the spirit of my soul, the supporter of my aged limbs!" "Who—what has taken your boy?" exclaimed Adumissa. "Who but Amoisee's uncle?" returned the old woman: "not contented with killing Arqua"—"Arqua!" interrupted Adumissa. "Yes, your Arqua; the boy whose life you saved when he fell into the water; your cousin Arqua. They not only took him, but they seized your father's gold, murdered five more of your relations, and forced away the slaves: but now they have taken my boy too; and they say that the king is coming to rob your father of his gold and plantations, and then we shall all be ruined." Adumissa heard no more, though the poor creature continued to vociferate their miseries; but exclaim-

ing, "My poor Arqua!" she fell senseless on the ground.

When she recovered, she found herself supported by her father; and raising her eyes to him, she tried to read the truth in his countenance. She there saw nothing but care; and, again closing her eyelids, requested to be laid on her couch. She remained an hour without moving; and then, starting up, she took her father's hand and said, "You and your property, at least, shall be saved. I see nothing but my death will appease the manes of poor Amoisee; and I deserve to lose my life for having so long disobeyed you."

Samba would not hear his daughter's resolution a second time, and forbade her to think of it; but she was determined, and quietly made her preparations. She had a number of slaves at her command, and despatched them to various parts of the country, to summon all who were related to her, either on her father's or her mother's side; she desired them to repair on a certain day to Igwa, to witness her death, and sent each a small present. She then publicly announced her intention in the market-place, and requested any of Amoisee's family who might be present to assist her in assembling his relations. She desired Adoo, the fetish-man, to send a sacred messenger to request the attendance of Amoisee's uncle on the appointed

day, accompanied by his *pynins*. Poor Samba seemed stupified with grief, and took no part in the scene that was going forward.

Adumissa's mother and female relatives were distracted with the idea of losing her, but they were not insensible to the glory which would attach to their name from her heroic conduct. Immense quantities of provisions were collected to feed the expected multitude; bands of music were provided; dresses of various kinds were made; small huts of palm-leaves were erected for the nearest of kin to sleep under;* muskets and powder were purchased to a large amount; pieces of silk were fixed into palanquins, and umbrellas were extended over them for those who were to be carried in the procession.

At last, the fatal day arrived. Early in the morning the people assembled at Samba's town-house. Three hundred men, armed with muskets, with the muzzles pointed towards the ground, were stationed without. The slaves, all dressed in dark blue, formed the inner circle; the younger relations were covered with white chalk, and stood close to the door. Amoisee's uncle, his *pynins*, and a select number of male and female connexions, were in the principal room, in silent expectation. A pistol, handsomely inlaid, an ornamented powder-horn, and three golden bullets,

* The nearest relatives of a deceased person never sleep inside a house for six weeks after the event.

were all laid on a table covered with a cloth worked with gold and silver. At length, the flutes from within breathed a slow and melancholy air, and Adumissa, surrounded by female companions, entered the room, splendidly attired. The poor mother had been conveyed into the country; but Samba was led in by two of his brothers, apparently attentive to, but little conscious of the passing scene. Adumissa advanced with a firm, dignified step to the table where the pistol lay, and taking it up, called Amoisee's uncle to her, and said, "You must load this." He obeyed her. Then fixing her eyes upon him, she resumed:—"You here behold me, a willing victim to the spirit of Amoisee. I caused his death, and it is fit that I should expiate my crime: but, before I leave you, swear by the sacred fetish, and by the great Yancoompun,* that you will never injure my father, my mother, their family, their slaves, or their property of any kind, but that you will be satisfied with my death, and return to your former amity with them." "I swear all this," said the old king, "by the fetish, and the mighty Yancoompun." At that moment, opening her *pagne*, Adumissa pointed the pistol to her heart—fired—and fell dead into the arms of her attendants. A slight groan followed; but it was

* Yancoompun is the appellation of our Deity.

not from Adumissa; it was from her poor father, who, happily for him, had expired with grief almost at the same moment as his daughter.

Adumissa's death was immediately announced by a discharge of musquetry. The slaves rushed out, screaming and tearing their hair and clothes. The bodies were each put into a chair, and remained three days; all the people being permitted to see them. At the end of that time, they were each laid upon a bier, covered with rich cloth, and paraded in grand procession once through every part of the town; they were then consigned to the earth, under the floor of the room where they had died.* The funeral revelry was kept up for six weeks; at the end of which time, Samba's next brother succeeded to the property; and, distributing small sums to all who had been present, he dismissed the crowd. Amoisee's uncle made a fresh bond of friendship with Adumissa's family, and all things returned to their quiet state. At each anniversary of the event, three weeks are devoted to its celebration, and Adumissa will never cease to be quoted by her countrymen as the model of every thing that is lovely and heroic.

* All the bodies of free people are buried under the floors of their houses.

THE COTTAGE DOOR.

By BERNARD BARTON, Esq.

'Tis sweet companionship to hold
With childhood in its hour of mirth;—
And ne'er be heart of mine so cold
As not to estimate its worth.

'Tis good in lowly life to trace
And pause o'er every sunny spot,
Whose gentle, unobtrusive grace
Adorns the peasant's humble lot.

And, therefore, with a grateful heart
I gaze upon a group like this,
And freely praise the mimic art
Which bodied forth this scene of bliss.

Dearer to me that humble home,
With verdant foliage mantled o'er,
Than many a rich and stately dome,
With pamper'd menials at its door.

Lovelier those lowly quadrupeds
Which stand with patient meekness there,
As if they bow'd their willing heads
The happy children's sport to share;—

THE COTTAGE DOOR

More graceful are they in my sight
  Than steeds adorn'd with trappings proud,
Or pannell'd coach with arms bedight,
  The marvel of a vulgar crowd.

And more delightful far to me
  Than wealth's cold splendour, fashion's noise,
The quiet and contented glee
  Of those sweet children's cottage joys.

Loveliest of all, to feel and know
  That happiness, denied to none,
Dwells not in outward pomp or show,
  But by the poorest may be won.

Go! trace her steps the wide earth round,
  And thou shalt own, thy travel o'er,
She ne'er in sweeter guise is found
  Than by the peasant's cottage door!

DESCRIPTION OF THE UA MORE,

A Remarkable Cavern

ON THE COAST OF SUTHERLAND.

*From the Journal of a celebrated Writer.**

After rowing about three miles to the westward of Loch Eribol, we enter a creek, between two ledges of very high rocks, and landing, find ourselves in front of the wonder we came to see. The exterior apartment of the cavern opens under a tremendous rock, facing the creek where we landed, and occupies the full space of the ravine where we debarked. From the top of the rock to the base of the cavern, as we afterwards discovered by plumb, is eighty feet; the height of the aperture or arch is fifty-three feet; the rest, being twenty-seven feet, is occupied by the precipitous rock under which it opens; the width is fully in proportion to this great height, being one hundred and ten feet. The depth of this exterior cavern is two hundred feet, and it is apparently supported by an intermediate column of the natural rock. Being open to day-

* The lady to whom we are indebted for this article, was given to understand that it proceeded from the pen of Sir Walter Scott.—Editor.

light and the sea, this cavern is perfectly clean and dry, and the sides are incrusted with stalactites. The immense vault is so well proportioned, that I was not aware of its extraordinary height and extent, till I saw two of our friends who had preceded us, having made the journey by land, appearing like pigmies among the recesses. Afterwards, on entering the cave, I climbed up a sloping rock at its extremity, and was much struck with the view, looking outwards from this magnificent arched cavern upon our boat and its crew, the sight being otherwise bounded by the ledges of rocks which form each side of the creek.

We now proposed to investigate the further wonders of the cave. To the right, or west side, opens an interior cavern of a different aspect. The height of this second passage may be about twelve or fourteen feet, and its breadth about six or eight feet, neatly formed into a Gothic portal by the hand of nature. The lower part of this porch, or entrance, is closed by a ledge of rock, rising six or seven feet, which I can compare to nothing but the hatch-door of a shop. Beneath this hatch a brook, finding its way out, forms a black deep pool before the Gothic archway, and then escapes to the sea, forming the creek at which we landed. It is somewhat difficult to pass this strange approach, so as to gain a view of the interior of the cavern. By clambering

along a broken and dangerous cliff, you may however look into it; but only so far as to see a twilight space, filled with dark-coloured water in great agitation, and representing a subterranean lake moved by some great convulsion of nature. How the pond is supplied with water, you cannot see from even this point of vantage; but you are made partly sensible of the truth by a sound like the sullen dashing of a cataract within the bowels of the earth.

Here the adventure has usually closed—but we were determined to explore the bounds of this new cave of Montesinos to an end. Our friends had secured the use of a fisher's boat and the hands, our own long-boat being too heavy and far too valuable to be ventured upon this subterranean Cocytus. Accordingly the skiff was dragged up the brook to the rocky ledge or hatch, which barred up the interior cavern, and there, by force of hands, our boat's crew and two or three fishers raised the boat's bow upon the ledge of the rock, then brought her to a level poise upon that narrow hatch, and lastly launched her down into the deep and dark subterranean lake within. The entrance was so narrow, and the boat so clumsy, that we, who were all this while clinging to the rock like sea-fowl, and with scarce more secure footing, began to be greatly alarmed for the safety of our trusty sailors. At the instant when the boat sloped inwards to the cave,

a Highlander threw himself into it with great boldness and dexterity, and, at the expense of some bruises, shared its precipitate descent to the waters under the earth. This dangerous exploit was necessary to prevent the boat drifting away from us, but a cord at its stern might have obviated the expedient. When our *enfant perdu* had recovered his breath and legs, he brought the boat to the entrance and took us in. We now found ourselves embarked on a black pond of subterranean water, irregularly shaped; the rocks, like a dome, rising all around us, and high over our heads. The light, a sort of dubious twilight, was derived from two chasms in the roof of the vault, for the rays passing from the entrance were dim and wavering. Down a rent came pouring, in a sheet of foam, from a height of eighty feet, the brook, which, after supplying the subterranean pond with water, found its way out beneath a ledge of rock which blocked its entrance. The other skylight, if so I may term it, looks out to the clear blue sky. It is impossible for description adequately to explain the impression made by so strange a place, to which we had been conveyed with so much difficulty, to witness a scene to us unparalleled. The cave itself, the pool, the cataract, would have been separately objects of wonder; but united all at once, and affecting the eye, the ear, and the imagination, their effect cannot be pictured by words.

The length of this cave, or loch, as the people here call it, is seventy feet over; the breadth about thirty at the narrowest part, and it is of great depth.

As we resolved to proceed, we directed the boat to a natural arch on the west, or right side of the cataract. This archway was double, a high arch being placed above a very low one, as in a Roman aqueduct. The ledge of rock forming the lower arch is not above two feet and a half from the water, and under this we were to pass in the boat—we were obliged to pile ourselves flat in the boat, like layers of herrings. By this judicious disposition we were pushed in safety under the ledge of rock into a region of utter darkness. However, we had provided a tinder-box and torches. The view back upon the lake we had crossed—its sullen eddies wheeling round and round, and its echoes reverberating the ceaseless thunder of the waterfall—seemed dismal enough, and was aggravated by temporary darkness, and in some degree by a sense of danger. The lights indeed dispelled the latter sensation, if it prevailed to any extent, and we now found ourselves in a narrow cavern, sloping somewhat upwards from the water. We got out of the boat, proceeded along some slippery places upon shelves of the rock, and gained the dry land,—I cannot say dry, except comparatively. We were then in an arched cave,

twelve feet high in the roof, and about eight feet in breadth, winding into the bowels of the earth about a hundred feet; the sides being (like those of the whole cavern) of limestone rock covered with stalactites, and with small drops of water like dew, glancing as ten thousand thousand sets of diamonds under the glare of our lights. In some places these stalactites branch out into broad and curious ramifications, resembling coral and the foliage of sub-marine plants. When we reached the extremity of this passage, we found it decline suddenly to a horrible, ugly gulf or well, filled with water, and of great depth, over which the rock closed. We threw in stones, which indicated vast profundity by their sound; and growing more familiar with the horrors of the den, we ascertained with an oar that its depth was about ten feet at the entrance; but in the same way discovered that the gulf stretched beneath the rock, deepening as it went—no conjecture can estimate how far. Imagination can figure few deaths more horrific than to be sucked under these rocks to some unfathomable abyss. A water kelpy, or any evil spirit of aquatic propensities, could not choose a fitter abode; and, to say the truth, I believe at our first entrance, and with all our feelings afloat at the novelty of the scene, the unexpected plashing of a seal would have routed a whole dozen of us.

The mouth of this appalling gulf was all

covered with slimy alluvial substances, which led one of our party to observe, that it could have no separate source, but must be fed by the waters of the lake and brook, as it lay upon the same level, and seemed to rise and fall with it. Rounding this perilous gulf, upon the aforesaid alluvious substances which formed its shores, we reached the extremity of the cavern, which there ascends like a vent or funnel, directly up a sloping precipice, but hideously black and slippery with sea-weeds. One of our sailors, a Zetlander, climbed up a good way, and, by holding up a light we could plainly perceive, that this vent closed after ascending a considerable height; it was evident we could proceed no further in any direction. In returning, we endeavoured to familiarise ourselves with the objects in detail, which, viewed together, had struck us with so much wonder. The stalactites, or slimy incrustations upon the walls of the cavern, are chiefly of a dark brown colour; and in this respect, the Ua More is inferior to Slodh Altrim, in the Isle of Sky.

In returning, the men with the lights, and the various groups and attitudes of the party, gave much amusement. We now ventured to clamber along the side of the rock above the subterranean water, and thus gaining the upper arch, had the satisfaction of finding our admirable and good-humoured commander floated beneath the

lower arch into the second cavern. His goodly countenance being illumined by a single candle, his recumbent posture, and the appearance of a hard-formed fellow guiding the boat, made him the very picture of Bibo in the catch, when he wakes in Charon's boat, "as full of champaigne as an egg's full of meat." Descending from our superior station on the upper arch, we now again embarked, and, at a considerable distance beneath the outer arch, stood and beheld a sailor grasping an oar, who, in the perspective, seemed as a fairy with a magic wand.

After gaining the outer portal, we determined to ascend the rocks, and discover the opening by which the cascade was discharged from above into the second cave. We easily found the brook, and traced its descent till it precipitated itself down a chasm in the rock into the subterranean apartment where we first made its acquaintance. Divided by a natural arch of stone from the chasm down which the cascade falls, there is another vent, which, as already noticed, serves as a skylight to the cavern; standing on a natural foot-bridge, formed by the arch which separates these two gulfs, you have a grand prospect of both. The one is deep, black, and silent; only affording at the bottom a glimpse of the dark and sullen pool which occupies the interior of the cavern. The right-hand vent, down which the stream discharges itself, seems to ring

and reel with the unceasing roar of the cataract, which envelops its sides in mist and foam. This part of the scene alone is worth a day's journey. After heavy rain, the torrent is discharged into this cavern with astonishing violence; and the size of the chasm being inadequate to such a volume of water, it is thrown up in spouts, like the blowing of a whale. At such times the entrance to the cavern is inaccessible.

THE WATER NYMPH.

Alas, that e'er the moon should beam
  To shew what man should never see!
I saw a maiden on a stream,
  And fair was she.

I staid awhile to see her throw
  Her tresses back, that all beset
The fair horizon of her brow
  With locks of jet.

I staid a little while to view
  Her cheek, that wore, in place of red,
The bloom of water, tender blue,
  Daintily spread.

I staid to watch a little space,
  Her parted lips — if she would sing:
The waters closed above her face
  With many a ring.

And still I watch'd a little more —
  Alas! she never comes again;
I cast my flowers from the shore —
  But all in vain.

I know my life must wear away —
  I know that I must vainly pine;
For I am made of mortal clay —
  But she's divine!

T. HOOD.

SERENADE.

By the late Mrs. E. COBBOLD.

Hail, western star of ray benign,
Whose beams through yonder lattice shine
  With doubtful, trembling light!
To thee love's softest notes belong,
For doubly sweet the voice of song
  When stealing on the night.

Float on, ye gales, that in the wave
Your drooping wings at evening lave,
  And whispering murmurs bring:
Within my lady's bower diffuse
Cool fragrance, and refreshing dews
  Around her temples fling.

But if those gentle dews should steep
E'en Music's voice in balmy sleep,
  Oh, still propitious be!
With all love's purest, tenderest themes
Grace every image in her dreams—
  And be those dreams of me!

THE INTRIGUES OF VENICE,

OR FRIAR GREGORY OF JERUSALEM.

From the Original Spanish of the Author of "Doblado's Letters."

During the time that Venice was at the height of her prosperity, a young German named Albert, desirous of increasing the property which had just been left him by employing it in commercial speculations, arrived in that celebrated city, which then possessed the dominion of the seas, and might have been aptly compared with a majestic vessel proudly ploughing the subject waves—whereas now, resembling a hulk cast ashore by the tempest, it is dull, solitary, and daily losing part of its superb structure. The sea seemed to smile under the rays of the sun, which, after a long summer day, was about to descend behind the distant summits of the Apennines, when Albert's ship came to an anchor. She was presently surrounded by the gondolas that cover the canals with which the whole city is intersected, and which serve for streets to its vast population; and the young stranger soon found himself in the midst of pleasures and temptations. The novelty of every object, the contrast between German gravity and the obstreperous mirth of Venice, the delicious climate, the charms

of which Albert for the first time enjoyed, and above all, his youth and inexperience, overthrew at once his plans for acquiring wealth. His eyes, attracted by the beauty of the faces that he every where beheld, were fixed successively on every grating and every window. "Gently, my good fellow," said he to his gondolier. "Why are you in such a hurry? Are we pursued by some Turkish galley?" "*Illustrissimo*," replied the roguish Venetian, "for my part I am safe from the corsairs which begin to press closely upon you." "Upon me? I don't understand you. But tell me, to what prince belongs that house yonder? He must be giving some grand entertainment to-day. Four . . . five . . . I can't tell how many beautiful females I see on the balcony." "They all belong to the house, *excellenza;* but I see you would like to pay your respects to them. Take courage then, and attack the castle." Albert began to be angry with the gondolier; but just at that moment the boat passed the balcony which had excited his curiosity; and the sweet smile with which his looks were returned transported him into a new world of pleasures and enchantments. With a kindlier feeling towards the gondolier, he then inquired if it would be difficult to obtain admission into that house. "You need only knock at the door," answered he: "I have been in the service of that family, and I know from experi-

ence that foreigners always meet with the most friendly reception there. If you please, we will leave your baggage at the inn and then return, and I will land you at the door."

Albert had a strong desire to follow the advice of his conductor, and was at the same time afraid lest there should be some danger in the attempt. As, however, the appearance of the house denoted that its inhabitants must be people of respectability, he resolved to try his fortune. He dressed himself therefore in his best, and again stepping into the gondola, was soon conveyed to the landing-place of the mansion which he took for a palace. He was respectfully admitted by the porter, and ushered into an elegant saloon, where the ladies who had attracted his notice congratulated him in the most courteous manner on his arrival. He was about to apologise for the liberty which he had taken, but was told that the manners of Venice allowed this amiable freedom. He named the persons to whom he had brought letters of recommendation; and this was sufficient to increase the kindness manifested for him by the ladies. They assured him that they were particularly gratified, because their house was the first that he had visited at Venice.

It was not long before friends of the family arrived; and in a quarter of an hour Albert felt himself as perfectly at home as if he had lived for years with the persons about him. Music,

dancing, and play, rapidly succeeded each other. Albert won forty ducats; he obtained permission to call the next day from the beauty to whom he had devoted his attentions during the evening; and retired to his inn, transported with delight, and thoroughly convinced that Venice was an earthly paradise.

His first visit, the following day, was to his banker. He asked him a few questions respecting the house where he had passed such happy hours; and the answers, though well meant, were not the most agreeable to him. He was told, that though the house could not exactly be called *infamous*, still it was notorious in a city, the morals of which were none of the strictest. "But be particularly careful of your purse," said the banker. "Narrow-minded wretch!" said the infatuated young foreigner to himself, "he thinks of nothing but money.—But 'tis just twelve o'clock. It is time to go to St. Mark's Place. Gianetta must be leaving the church after mass."

The cathedral clock was not more precise than the enamoured Albert. At twelve he was by the side of Gianetta, amidst the multitude of foreigners, from all the regions of the globe, who, though each speaking his native language, and dressed in the peculiar style of his country, seemed nevertheless as cheerful and as confident as if they were at home. We shall not follow

our hero into the scenes of pleasure and dissipation which kept him aloof from all those to whom he had been recommended. His banker found from his books that Albert would soon have drawn out of his hands all the money that he had brought. Albert himself was aware of this; and the partners of his extravagance foresaw the storm that was ready to burst over his head.

Meanwhile, the day arrived on which Albert signed the draft which disposed of the very last farthing of his fortune. For some weeks past he had perceived a degree of coldness in the beauty who had previously seemed to live for him alone. The courtesy with which he had been treated by those who frequented the house, so long as he could deposit heaps of gold on the gaming-table, was changed into a kind of sneering and distant manner, for which he was puzzled to account. The passion which Gianetta had enkindled became more and more fierce. Jealousy and vexation poisoned that sentiment, and gave to it the appearance of a fever. He had often thought of putting an end to the miseries which beset him; but his exasperation reached the highest pitch when, in answer to an application to his banker for money, he received a positive refusal, couched in no very soothing terms. It was evening—and Albert, allured by that deceitful prospect which the passions hold forth to those who give

themselves up to their control, determined to try once more the chances of play. He was also desirous of coming to an explanation with her who swayed his heart; and should fate thwart him in these two enterprises, he was resolved that this night should be the last of his life.

Such was the agitation of Albert, and such the anguish that wrung his heart, when a gondolier brought him a note from Gianetta, in which she intimated that they must part for ever. The motives which she assigned were so trivial and improbable, that the wretched lover could not mistake the real cause of this dismissal. He tore the note into a thousand pieces, trampled them under foot with rage, and muffling himself in a Venetian cloak, repaired to a coffee-house where the Turkish merchants daily met to take opium. On entering, he purchased a dose sufficient to despatch twenty men; and having retired to one of the small boxes that surrounded the room, he threw himself into a chair, in that state of dejection which usually precedes this signal act of madness and despair.

Scarcely had he had time to cast his eyes on the objects around him, when a person, whom he had hardly perceived, threw a letter upon the table and disappeared. The shadow which had glided past him in so mysterious a manner, and the noise made by the letter as it fell flat on the table, recalled the distracted attention of the

unhappy young man. He fixed his eyes on the address, which was as follows: "*To Mr. Albert, of Nuremberg.— With Speed.*" This extraordinary circumstance broke the chain of the fatal ideas which for the preceding twenty-four hours had incessantly engaged his mind: he opened the letter, and read these words:

"What art thou about to do, rash youth! wherefore renounce all hope? Heaven, though offended by thy despair, hath made me acquainted with thy wretchedness for the purpose of relieving it. To-morrow at dusk, go and pray before the altar of the Virgin, which is in the inner cloister of the convent of St. Francis.

"He who watches over thee."

It would be difficult to express the multitude of conjectures and feelings which these mysterious words excited in the soul of Albert. He was convinced that there was something supernatural in the manner in which this letter had reached his hands. He was satisfied that nothing short of inspiration could have sent it so opportunely to suspend the fatal deed that was to terminate his life. It was impossible, after so incomprehensible a circumstance, to persist in the execution of his design. "Heaven," said he, "which has so manifestly snatched me from despair, will provide for me, and furnish me with the means of retrieving my fortune."

Next day he staid at home till the appointed hour. Albert then proceeded to the convent, and his heart throbbed with unwonted vehemence as he entered the gloomy cloister, dimly lighted by a single lamp. Cold perspiration covered his face when he perceived the altar of the Virgin. He fell upon his knees, and, though not accustomed to acts of devotion, he felt impressed with a profound awe, which he attributed rather to a supernatural cause, than to the circumstances around him. The silence of the cloister was soon broken by the slow steps of a person approaching the spot where Albert knelt. He rose by an involuntary movement, and beheld a monk, whose face was muffled up in his cowl, advancing. "Albert," said he, in a low and solemn tone, "thou must be aware that I am acquainted with thy life and thy sentiments. If thou wilt act with prudence, if thou art capable of keeping a secret, thy fortune is made. Dost thou know Mocenigo?" "I do," replied Albert, "though I have never spoken to him." "I know," continued the monk, "that he loves Elvira, the sister of Gianetta, though he is at great pains to conceal himself whenever he goes to see her. Thou must think it very extraordinary that a man of my profession should advise thee to return to a scene of dissipation. The welfare of the State requires it. Thy poverty has driven thee from the abode of thy mistress; but thou

wilt find at thy banker's the means of regaining admittance. Mocenigo is conspiring against his country. The fact is certain; but proofs are wanting. Seek to penetrate into the heart of Elvira: spare neither presents nor promises—win her confidence. If thou canst furnish me with one proof, with but one fact capable of satisfying the Council of Ten, the most brilliant lot shall be thy reward. Be this as it may, begin to enjoy the fruits of it in the funds that have been placed in thy name. But know, that the slightest indiscretion will cause thee to be consigned for ever to one of the darkest dungeons of the state prison. I give thee thirty days. At the expiration of that time, come and give me an account of the result of thy proceedings." He spoke, and disappeared in the darkness of the cloister, without waiting for a reply.

Albert stood petrified with astonishment, fear, and surprise. Hastily quitting the convent, he retired to his inn, where he in vain sought in sleep the repose that his harassed mind so much needed. At the first dawn of day he sallied forth to breathe a fresher and a purer air. His uneasiness continued till the hour at which the bank opened. Not so much in the hope of procuring the means of returning to Gianetta, as in that of obtaining some positive information relative to his situation, he applied to the cashier, and inquired if he had any accounts from his

German correspondents. "I have four thousand ducats at your disposal," replied the cashier: "but I know not the name of the person by whom they were remitted." "'Tis of no consequence," rejoined Albert, "since that sum belongs to me, have the goodness to send five hundred ducats to my inn for me." "I will not fail to do so," said the cashier.

"That monk," thought Albert, on the way to Gianetta's, "is an admirable man. This is a more real miracle than any of those related to us concerning the saints that people paradise. But what will be the end of all this? Am I destined to be one of the victims of this terrible government, which is said to cause people to disappear, as if by magic. No matter! I will do what I have been ordered, and then I shall have nothing to fear. But, ah Gianetta! perfidious woman! Is it possible that I cannot live without thee? At least I shall see thee again and be happy!"

Gold is the most wonderful substance that nature has created. When a man has a large quantity of that mighty metal at his disposal, it confers on his person irresistible charms. All difficulties vanish before him, and he can clear himself a way through woods and rocks. Gianetta, who had not a heart of stone, was not likely to withstand the four thousand ducats that were destined to pass through her fair hands. A frown, indeed, wrinkled her brow at the unex-

pected appearance of her discarded lover in the saloon; but the latter attributed his visit to the desire of communicating to her the gratification he derived from the receipt of a large sum that had been owing to his father; and a smile was instantly seen to play upon the lips of the beautiful Venetian, like that of Spring, when proclaiming the departure of the chilling train of winter.

When the first transports of his joy and love were over, the young man perceived the difficulty of the commission which he had undertaken. All he could do was to ingratiate himself as much as possible with Elvira, upon pretext of a pure and disinterested friendship. But Gianetta could not chime in with his philosophy. She envied her sister, who was adored by Mocenigo, one of the most powerful men in Venice; she was jealous of Albert, and burst forth into reproaches and abuse. Albert groaned under a yoke that was not to be endured: day passed after day, and he was not permitted to open his lips to Elvira. Gianetta's eyes followed him incessantly. A mere look at her sister was punished with an explosion of complaints, tears, and rage. All at once, she changed her plan: she pretended to listen to the flirtation of an officer who frequented the house. Poor Albert was not proof against this stratagem; his passion was too violent to allow him to employ the prudence so requisite for him in the delicate situation in which he was

placed. He resorted to caresses, threats, entreaties—but to no purpose. Gianetta adhered firmly to the resolution which she said she had taken to break with him for ever. Overwhelmed, confounded by so many shocks, he forgot his danger; he beheld only his Gianetta jealous and offended; and to pacify her, on account of the attachment to her sister with which she charged him, he revealed to her the real cause of his conduct, and related every particular of his adventure with the monk, and the arduous commission which he had undertaken.

The shrewd Gianetta was too well acquainted with Venice to mistake the source of all this intrigue. After she had gained this important secret from her lover, she manifested a pleasure which Albert attributed to love, but which originated from a very different source. Wholly absorbed by his passion, he suffered himself to be led by Gianetta, who had promised him satisfactory information concerning the conduct of Mocenigo, and who lulled him every day with the most flattering hopes.

The day appointed by the monk too soon arrived; and though the young foreigner had nothing to carry to him but promises, he entered the cloister under less alarm than the first time. Scarcely had he bent his knee before the altar of the Virgin, when the monk appeared, and asked the result of his inquiries. Albert began

with excuses for the little progress he had made; but he assured him, that in a few days he should be able to furnish positive intelligence respecting the communications of Mocenigo with the spies of a foreign power.

At the name of Mocenigo, the monk fell back a step, and four men, wrapped in large cloaks, rushed from the four corners of the chapel. "Not a word! no resistance! or thou diest!" said the pretended monk, holding a dagger to his throat. The four *sbirri* seized the miserable Albert, bound his hands, and blindfolded him. He was put into a gondola, and conveyed along several canals. The silence of this fearful voyage was broken only by the monotonous dash of the oars, and the half-stifled sighs that escaped the young prisoner. On reaching land, he heard the noise of opening gates: he ascended staircases which re-echoed his steps, and the bandage was removed from his eyes in a place covered with profound darkness.

Though Albert knew nothing more of the monk who had led him into this unfortunate situation, than the circumstances of his interview with him, yet these indications, revealed by Gianetta to Mocenigo, were sufficient to direct his suspicions against the confessor of his enemy, Galeotto. This man was already lodged in one of the prisons of the State. He was called Friar Gregory of Jerusalem, and he bore the character of

being one of the most ascetic of the monks belonging to the convent of the Cordeliers: but he possessed not that "milk of human kindness," without which the austerest man can never deserve the title of saint. There was in his whole person an air of misanthropy which was repulsive to the truly pious. He never preached. At the altar he appeared to be absorbed in contemplation, but without emotion and without sensibility. In the confessional, the swarthy colour of his face, the austere look imparted by his bushy eyebrows, the lustre of his jet-black eyes, which sparkled beneath long lashes of the same colour, and which he seldom raised from the ground, together with his laconic, sententious, and abrupt manner, deterred penitents of the inferior classes. He directed the consciences of several important personages, whom he seemed to shun, and whom he never visited. His age was about fifty, and his form spare though robust. He had no traces of youth left about him, but it was impossible to decide whether this was the effect of the austerity of his life, or of the vehemence of the passions which had torn his heart. Nothing more was known concerning him in the convent than that, being some years before at Naples as a soldier in a Spanish regiment, he had retired from the world and assumed the habit of the Cordeliers. Ever restless, ever desirous of fleeing from himself, he had been sent at his own desire to Jeru-

salem, where he resided some time. Being recalled to Europe by his superiors, he had been three or four years at Venice, where both his agitation and his love of seclusion had visibly increased. For some days past, in consequence of the disclosures of Gianetta, the spies of Mocenigo, who never lost sight of Friar Gregory, knowing that he was the confessor of Galeotto, had redoubled their activity, and closely watched all his motions. Galeotto, moreover, began to suspect that his plan was discovered. He became more and more uneasy as the day appointed for the interview between Albert and Friar Gregory approached. He advised the latter not to keep the appointment for this time, as it would be easy to procure another meeting, if the plot had not transpired. Agreeably to this arrangement, Friar Gregory had gone out in the morning to pay a visit to the Armenian convent, situated on one of the islets in the vicinity of the town. The police followed him at a distance. The *sbirri*, finding that they could not surprise him with Albert, as they expected, prepared the scene in the convent, as already described, and at the same time secured the person of Friar Gregory.

The chief object of Mocenigo and his party was to obtain grounds for accusing Galeotto of conspiring against his person, which, in quality of State-inquisitor, was inviolable. To accomplish this point, it would be sufficient to make

Albert confess that it was Friar Gregory who had instigated him to act. But after the closest examination, Albert persisted in declaring that he should not know again the monk who had spoken to him. The Council of Ten therefore ordered the prisoners to be confronted together the following night, after searching the papers of the young German, which the *sbirri* had seized.

The clocks of St. Mark had just struck the midnight hour, when Friar Gregory and Albert were ushered, by two different doors, before the tribunal of Ten. The hangings of black cloth, and the robes of the same colour in which the judges were dressed, diminished the brilliancy of four tapers, placed on the table in such a manner as to throw a strong light on the faces of the prisoners, in order that their expression and the changes of countenance might be the better observed. The contrast of the general obscurity rendered their persons the more conspicuous. On one side was seen Friar Gregory, such as we have already described him, with his cowl thrown back, his arms crossed, his hands hidden by the wide sleeves of his tunic, his eyes fixed on the ground, without having cast a look either at his judges or his accomplice. Albert, a little farther back, turned his eyes with a certain uneasiness, as if expressive of a mingled sentiment of plaintive fear, natural to one who has not yet that experience of misfortune, that conviction of

the inexorableness of fate, which imparted to Friar Gregory the unshaken firmness that he displayed before the judges. Albert was but twenty-two: he was of middle stature; his eyes were not so light as those of the natives of the north in general, neither were they so dark as they are found every where in the south. His black and curly hair set off the colour of his complexion, which, without being so fair as that of the Germans usually is, had that transparency which softens down the brown and the red. Its expression did not indicate mental activity or vehement affections, but candour and benevolence. His first impulse was to address the judges, but he was immediately silenced, and ordered to answer the questions that would be proposed to him. He was first asked the name of the monk with whom he had spoken in the cloisters of the convent of St. Francis. On his reply that he was ignorant of it, he was asked if he knew the monk then in his presence. "No," replied he, "I do not know him." Thrice the same question was put, and after his third *No*, the president rang a bell, and Albert was conducted out of the hall. "As for you," said the president to Friar Gregory, "your sacred character retards the measure which will soon extort the truth from this young man. Confess then, if you would escape the torture which your accomplice is already suffering."

Amid the silence that for a few moments pervaded the tribunal, were heard piercing shrieks, succeeded in a short time by a faint noise like that made by a person swooning. It was enough to make the hair of one not accustomed to such scenes stand on end. The hard features of the monk were contracted, and his paleness increased. The president, who had kept his eye on Friar Gregory, again rang the bell. "Confess," said he, "or prepare to take the place which your accomplice is leaving." "Strange demand!" replied Friar Gregory in a solemn tone—"to require me to confess that of which I am ignorant!—to attempt to extort from me the admission of a charge without any other ground than vague suspicion! My conduct justifies me——" "Your conduct, father, has in it something mysterious. The history of your life is incomplete. Where were you before you took orders? Wherefore conceal the place of your birth?" "Because the place of my birth has nothing to do with my misfortunes." "More I believe than you wish to acknowledge!" replied the president: "but let us listen to what the other prisoner has to say."

At this moment the unfortunate young man was brought back, pale as death, leaning upon the *sbirri*, or rather supported by them; for the torture had deprived him of the use of his arms.

He had not power to speak, and it was necessary to give him a seat while he went through the rest of his examination.

"Though you pass yourself off for a German, your papers prove that you are not one." "No," answered Albert; "I was born at Madrid, but I was not a year old when my mother, a native of Nuremberg, took me with her to her own country, accompanied by one of her brothers, who was the protector of my childhood." "At Madrid!" exclaimed Mocenigo, fixing his eyes on the young man, as if striving to recollect his features. "What was your father's name?" "My father's name," said Albert, "is a secret which I cannot reveal at present." "Here," said the president, "such secrets are not admitted, unless as aggravations of the crime of which a person is accused. After a respite of twenty-four hours, another application of the torture shall force you to confess all you know."

"The torture! the torture again?" exclaimed Albert in a voice tremulous with terror: "Sir," continued he, shedding a flood of tears, "if your heart is not of stone, if you ever sucked the breast of a mother, force me not to violate the vow I made to mine . . . the most unfortunate of women—just before she drew her last breath! Be satisfied with the facts which she revealed to me on giving me her last blessing." "Let us

hear," said the president, "we shall get at the names by and by."

Albert, seated as he was, with lips more livid and quivering than when first released from the torture, motionless, because he had lost the use of his arms, then related his history as follows:—

"My mother, at the age of six years, was taken to Spain by hers, who attended the queen as one of her ladies of honour. The beauty of her person and the elegance of her manners rendered my mother the admiration of the whole court, as soon as she had left the convent where she had been educated under the patronage of the queen, who gave her a situation about her person: and it was not so much on account of this circumstance, as from the attachment which her mistress had for her, that the princess liked to have her always in her company, till she should find a suitable match for her among the gentlemen of the court. But fate had decreed that the beautiful German—for so she was generally denominated—should fix her eyes on a young man, whose office obliged him to reside in the palace near the person of the king. He was of a noble family, as was evident from the cross of St. Jago with which he was decorated; and on various occasions he had manifested so hasty a temper, that, but for the graces of his person and the elegance of his manners, which had won him the affection of the monarch, he

would more than once have lost his place. It would be superfluous to detail the circumstances which strengthened the attachment of the lovers, in spite of the shackles imposed every moment by the etiquette of the court. They saw each other every day, and when prevented from meeting, they found means to write to one another. My father, impelled by the vehemence of his disposition, proposed a secret marriage; and my mother, though fully aware of the consequences that such a step was likely to entail, bestowed her hand and her person. A year had elapsed, and nothing had yet occurred to betray the imprudent conduct of the young couple, when a foreign ambassador, of whose name and country I am really ignorant, conceived such a passion for the young lady, that he employed all the influence which he derived from his diplomatic character to obtain her hand. He met with a refusal, which he was far from expecting. Love gave place to malignity, and gallantry to persecution. The queen herself endeavoured to persuade my mother, and afforded the ambassador opportunities of winning her love. Her husband was an attentive observer of all this: his heart was inflamed with a jealousy which he strove to disguise, for my mother, fearing the violence of his temper, had concealed from him the overture of the ambassador.

"Giving way to a terrified imagination, she

thought it best to trust to the honour of her impassioned persecutor, and one day, being alone with him, at the moment when he was pouring forth the most ardent solicitations, she threw herself at his feet, and disclosed the secret of her marriage. The perfidious lover dissembled, and inquired the name of her husband. My mother told him, and conceived that she had put an end to her troubles; but in fact they were now only just beginning.

"A secret marriage in the palace, at a time too when the civil and ecclesiastical laws forbidding such unions had been recently rendered more severe, was a crime which the king could not forgive. Twenty-four hours after the scene which I have just described, my father was conveyed to the castle of Segovia, and my mother shut up in a convent. From that moment all communication between them ceased. My father found means to escape from his prison, but neither my mother nor his friends ever heard of him afterwards. She had not been long in the convent before she perceived that she was pregnant, and bore a living pledge of her unfortunate love. She communicated her situation to the queen, and was restored to her liberty, but not her rank, which, according to the new laws, she could not recover but by the public ceremonies which had been omitted at her marriage. She had the utmost confidence in the

honour and generosity of her husband; she did not believe that he could forsake her; but after two years of fears and hopes, she resigned herself to her fate: and, vowing never to utter the name of the ungrateful wretch who had so cruelly betrayed her, she returned to Germany, where she passed the rest of her life, accompanied by her brother, who adopted me for his child. There she died a few years since, and it was only a few days before she expired, that she communicated to me the narrative which I have just repeated."

"From what you say," observed Mocenigo, "your name must be Guevara." Albert shook with astonishment on hearing these words. Mocenigo, then, turning towards his colleagues, said, in an insolent tone, though casting a look of pity on the unhappy object before him: "Who would have thought, that after so many years had elapsed since a dastardly Spaniard brought me to the brink of the grave at Madrid, his son should conspire with my enemies at Venice!" "Was it you then," asked one of the judges, "who separated his parents?" "It was a youthful folly," said Mocenigo, with a malignant smile. "But it is singular enough that I never yet saw the man of whom we are speaking, and who stabbed me with his dagger." "Behold him here!" cried a voice that re-echoed through the hall; and the next moment

Mocenigo fell mortally wounded at the feet of the monk.

It would be impossible to describe the scene which succeeded. Some surrounded Mocenigo; others, with drawn swords, seized the murderer, in whose eyes ferocity had given place to dejection. He turned towards Albert. "Allow me," cried he, "allow me to embrace the unfortunate son, whom, without knowing him, I have brought into this deplorable condition. Do with me afterwards whatever you may think fit." With these words, he threw from him the cross which hung at his breast, and the lower part of which had served for a sheath to the poniard that he had plunged into the heart of his enemy. "Listen to me, gentlemen, a few moments, before I am conducted to the lingering and horrible death that awaits me. If partiality has not rendered you deaf to the voice of nature, you must acknowledge, that the man whose life I have just taken has not expiated half the miseries which his vile intrigues have brought upon me. This cruel wretch, by separating me from all that I loved, compelled me to become a vagabond, and to associate for two years with banditti, after I had escaped from the fortress where he caused me to be confined. The narrative of this unhappy youth, in whom I have discovered a son, while I have myself been the indirect instrument of his undoing, has exposed all the machinations

which this monster employed to consummate my ruin. It was he, no doubt, who made me believe that my wife had consented to annul our marriage: it must have been he who deceived me by the forged signature of my miserable wife. I ventured to return to Madrid; I attacked and wounded him, and drew upon myself the most violent persecution. I then fled to the mountains with the most guilty of wretches, till, from abhorrence of myself, I assumed this habit, and set out for Jerusalem. The desire of revenge was extinguished in my heart, when chance brought me to Venice. The sight of my enemy rekindled my former hatred. I planned his destruction, but I wished to avoid violent means. What care I for the world? what for life?—were it not for this unfortunate youth, with whom I am doomed to meet only on the brink of the grave, the pleasure of having revenged myself would enable me to triumph over your executioners." So saying, he fell upon the neck of Albert, who, overwhelmed with pain and the feelings which this scene had excited, was more dead than alive in the hands of his guards.

The president gave his orders in private. The monk was blindfolded and his arms bound. He was put into a gondola with Albert: they were landed, and conducted over the *Bridge of Sighs*, which leads to the State-prisons. The doors of two subterraneous dungeons were opened.

Friar Gregory, finding that they were about to be separated, exclaimed with transport, "Let me embrace my son for the last time!" This request was answered only by a faint voice repeating at a distance: "Don't part us! let me die with my father!"

FRENCH CAPUCHIN CONVENT AT ATHENS.

Pub. by R. Ackermann London 1821.

Pub. by R. Ackermann London 1826.

THE FRENCH CAPUCHIN CONVENT

AT ATHENS;

With the Choragic Monument of Lysicrates.

One of the institutions by which the Catholic religion is most honourably distinguished, and which owes its origin to the spirit of universal benevolence inculcated by Christianity, is the foundation of establishments called *Hospices*, for the reception of the traveller, but more especially of such whose necessities render the gratuitous accommodation afforded in these places to the poor the more important. Establishments of this kind are met with, not only in Christian countries, but also in those where a different religion prevails, and where, perhaps, they are still more useful than in the former.

The French Capuchins have been settled at Athens ever since the year 1658, and the house represented in the annexed engraving was purchased in 1669 by Father Simon, the first monk of that order stationed in the town. It was in this edifice, which affords some idea of the style of building now prevalent in that city, on which the finest productions of Grecian art once conferred magnificence, that the noble author of *Childe Harold* resided during his first visit to

Greece; and here, indeed, part of that celebrated poem was composed. The window, with the open lattice, belongs to the room which was then more especially occupied by Lord Byron.

The beautiful little monument attached to the gable-end of this house, and included in Father Simon's purchase, was known to the early travellers by the name of the Lantern of Demosthenes. Wheler and Spon, who visited Greece during the latter half of the seventeenth century, assumed, however, from an inscription upon this building, that it was erected by Lysicrates in honour of several persons, and that it was the monument of a victory which they had obtained in one of the public games; it has hence been denominated the Choragic Monument of Lysicrates. Stuart, in his *Antiquities of Athens*, confirms the opinion, and points out that the sculpture represented one of the adventures of Bacchus, and thence concludes that the victory celebrated was obtained not in the Stadium, as formerly supposed, but in the Theatre. The professors and admirers of the arts will learn with regret, that this elegant little monument has suffered considerably in the course of the present struggle of the Greeks against Turkish tyranny.

Stuart describes it as exquisitely wrought, and says, "It stands near the eastern end of the Acropolis, partly enclosed in the *hospitium* of the Capuchins. It is composed of three distinct

parts: first, a quadrangular basement; secondly, a circular colonnade, the intercolumniations of which are entirely closed up; and thirdly, a *tholus*, or cupola, with the ornament that is placed on it."

To this building there was no entrance but by a hole in one of the sides. The interior was found to be not quite solid, but a man could scarcely stand upright in the irregular void. It was conjectured to have been broken into in the expectation of finding treasures; for in those countries every beautiful building was, even in Stuart's time, supposed to have been the work of magic, and the depository of hidden treasures. Three of the marble panels of its sides had been previously destroyed, and their places supplied by a door and two brick walls, and the building was converted into a closet.

The architrave and frieze were both formed of only one block of marble, and on the former was cut the inscription in Greek; from which it appears that this building was erected above 330 years before the Christian era, in the time of Demosthenes, Apelles, Lysippus, and Alexander the Great.

A RIDDLE,

(WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM,)

Which every Reader may solve to himself, but none to another.

I KNOW not what these lines will be,
I know not who these lines may see;
But since a word in season sent,
As from a bow at hazard bent,
May reach a roving eye, or dart
Conviction through a careless heart,
O that an arrow I might find
In the small quiver of my mind,
Which with unerring aim should strike
Each who encounters it alike!

Reader,—attention! I will spring
A wondrous thought;—'tis on the wing;
Guard well your heart;—you guard in vain,
The wound is made yet gives no pain;
Surprise may cause your cheek to glow,
Yet, courage! none but you shall know;
The thought awaken'd by my spell
Is more than I myself can tell.
How?—search the secrets of your breast,
And think of *that which you love best!*
Then ask within—"What will this be,
A thousand ages hence, to me?"

And if it will not pass the fire
In which all nature shall expire,
Think, ere these rhymes aside are cast,
(As though the thought might be your last,)
" Where shall I find below, above,
" An object worthy of my love?"

Now hearken! and forget it never—
Love that which you may love for ever.

J. M.

Sheffield, 1820.

MUSIC.

By the Rev. G. WOODLEY.

Music! what raptures centre in the name!
How glows the bosom with an ardent flame
Of more than human birth, when through the soul
Strains of rich harmony entrancing roll!

What tribe so fierce, what horde so rude,
That Music's pow'r hath not subdued,
And sooth'd from direful deeds?
What rank, what age, that has not felt
The obedient passions glow or melt,
As potent Music pleads?

The savage race of Afric's burning soil;
The Indian, wand'ring in th' impervious shade
Of patriarchal forests, charms his toil
With simple pipe, by Nature's guidance made.

She—pow'r beneficent!—to ev'ry breast
The latent chord of feeling deign'd t'impart,
That, when soft melody its force express'd,
Might pour the stream of pleasure o'er the heart.

E'en the ferocious tenants of the wood,
That nightly prowl, and gnash their tusks for blood,
  Or lurk in ambush for the expected prey,
Amaz'd have listened to the magic strain;
Dropt the rais'd fang, and smooth'd the ruffled
    mane,
  And felt their rage in pity melt away.

So sung the master-bards of old;
But who shall now, in science bold,
Seek the fell monster in his lair,
And calm his wrath, and bid him spare?

Yet not a fiction was the tale
That told how music might prevail
  To move the brutish race;
E'en now, the steed the trumpet knows,
Obedient to each blast that blows;
The elephant, though huge and strong,
Loves the rough music of the gong,
  To cheer his sluggard pace;
The patient ox, to labour bred,
Is through the furrows gently led,
  Won by the simplest strains his steady path to
    trace.

The praise, the pow'r of Music ne'er shall cease;
  Though earth were in confusion hurl'd,
Her magic strain (if heard) might soothe to peace
  The jarring fragments of a broken world.

Yet ah! how oft her magic strain
Has led fierce armies to the plain,
  On slaughter bent, and woe;
How oft the notes, that should have join'd
To reconcile and bless mankind,
  Have taught the breast with deadliest hate to
    glow!

How, to the trumpet's murd'rous note,
Hath Discord yell'd with iron throat;
How, at the troublous drum's repeated beating,
Have Rage and Havock sprung in deadly greeting,
And clashing weapons join'd in fearful chime,
Of Slaughter's mad career, to mark the time!

Of war no more. Sweet Music's measure
Best suits the reign of peace and pleasure;
And, where the purest pleasures dwell,
There Music wakes her sweetest shell.

When, at the closing of the golden day,
On oaten reed the shepherd pours his lay,
  While rival Philomel repeats the strain,
Who but with sympathetic feeling glows?
Who, as he marks the softly-breathing close,
  But owns a balm that lulls his ev'ry pain?

Who, to the silver warblings of the flute,
Or mellow tinkling of the plaintive lute,
  Or the light touches of the soft guitar,

But feels a gentle pow'r the soul pervading—
Each earth-born object from his vision shading,
And wafting him where joys unmingled are?

But when the sprightly viol wakes
Its flying notes, and toil forsakes
His daily task, from healthful labour
Called by the mirth-announcing tabor;
When youth and health are seen advancing,
To the rustic measure dancing,
Full of frolic, sportive, free,
Ev'ry eye inspiring glee;
Where's the heart that throbs not higher—
Where the pulse, whose wonted fire
Does not, with a quicken'd glow,
Livelier energies bestow?

But hark! the concert bursts upon my ear;
In sweet accordance ev'ry tone I hear
That Art's exactest skill has learnt to bring
From ev'ry varied tube or well-proportion'd
string.
Majestic rolls the soul-enchanting strain,
And Pleasure in my breast holds undivided
reign.

Yet dearer than the mingled hum
Of clarion, cymbal, trump, and drum,
Fraught with sweets outvieing far
Tinkling lute or soft guitar,

Or the rural pipe of love
Faintly trilling through the grove,
Is that pure tone of more than mortal charm,
Which, stealing o'er the poet's raptur'd ear,
(What time the moon has climb'd her highest sphere,)
In dreams Elysian laps his soul from harm!

Aërial harp! by light-rob'd sylphs surrounded,
Oft may I hear thy dying numbers close,
When the sad curfew hath its warning sounded,
And solemn chimes, by echoing tombs rebounded,
Proclaim the impressive hour of Nature's dread repose.

But whence the varied pow'r of Music, say;
Whence that rich art, such feelings to convey
As can the implicit passions urge, or bind,
And with full empire sway the subject mind?

From heaven it came. To heaven, then, be address'd
All the full concert of the grateful breast —
There, sacred strains and sacred love combine
To form a chorus perfect and divine;
While saints and angels, to immortal lyres,
Chaunt the high praise THE HIGHEST THEME inspires.
Here, let the pealing organ, loud and slow,
Through hallow'd domes in notes seraphic blow;

Whilst mingling voices, tun'd by feelings high,
Faintly aspire to emulate the sky.

Me—fast beside the Atlantic wave
Assign'd to dwell, in rocky cave,
Where sounds of harmony might ne'er
Regale the soul or soothe the ear—
But whistling winds and roaring seas
Estrange the heart from peace and ease—
  The pitying Muse benignant saw;
And, as I lately roam'd the strand,
And pensive gaz'd on either hand,
  On scenes inspiring dread and awe,
An humble shell, of feeble string,
She deign'd with winning smile to bring:
"And this," she cried, "though small the boon,
May yet thy dormant pow'rs attune,
And aid thee, in some silent hour,
To woo bright Fancy from her bow'r:
  For, though it boast no tone divine,
Yet in the windings of the shell
Fond Recollection loves to dwell;
  And when thy skill the lay would twine,
And tales of former pleasures tell,
Evok'd by song, with thee she shall combine,
And add her sympathetic strains to thine."

A VILLAGE SKETCH.

By Miss MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

I PIQUE myself on knowing by sight and by name almost every man and boy in our parish, from eight years old to eighty. I cannot say quite so much for the women. They—the elder of them at least—are more within doors, more hidden. One does not meet them in the fields and the highways; their duties are close housekeepers, and live under cover. The girls, to be sure, are often enough in sight, true "creatures of the element," basking in the sun, racing in the wind, rolling in the dust, dabbling in the water—hardier, dirtier, noisier, more sturdy defiers of heat and cold and wet than boys themselves. One sees them quite often enough to know them; but then the little elves alter so much at every step of their approach to womanhood, that recognition becomes difficult, if not impossible. It is not merely growing—boys grow—it is positive, perplexing, and perpetual change: a butterfly hath not undergone more transmogrifications in its progress through this life, than a village belle in her arrival at the ripe age of seventeen.

The first appearance of the little lass is something after the manner of a caterpillar, crawling

and creeping upon the grass, set down to roll by some tired little nurse of an elder sister, or mother with her hands full. There it lies—a fat, boneless, rosy piece of health, aspiring to the accomplishments of walking and talking; stretching its chubby limbs; scrambling and sprawling; laughing and roaring—there it sits in all the dignity of the baby, adorned in a pink-checked frock, a blue-spotted pinafore, and a little white cap, tolerably clean, and quite whole. One is forced to ask if it be boy or girl; for these hardy country rogues are all alike, open-eyed and weather-stained, and nothing-fearing. There is no more mark of sex in the countenance than in the dress.

In the next stage, dirt-encrusted enough to pass for the chrysalis, if it were not so very unquiet, the gender remains equally uncertain. It is a fine, stout, curly-pated creature of three or four, playing and rolling about amongst grass or dust or mud all day long; shouting, jumping, screeching—the happiest compound of noise and idleness, rags and rebellion, that ever trod the earth.

Then comes a sun-burnt gipsy of six, beginning to grow tall and thin, and to find the cares of the world gathering about her; with a pitcher in one hand, a mop in the other, an old straw bonnet of ambiguous shape, half hiding her tangled hair; a tattered stuff petticoat, once

green, hanging below an equally tattered cotton frock, once purple; her longing eyes fixed on a game of baseball at the corner of the green, till she reaches the cottage door, flings down the mop and the pitcher, and darts off to her comrades, quite regardless of the storm of scolding with which her mother follows her runaway steps.

So the world wags till ten. Then the little damsel gets an admission to the charity-school, and trips mincingly thither every morning, dressed in the old-fashioned blue gown and white cap, and tippet and bib and apron of that primitive institution, looking as demure as a nun, and as tidy; her thoughts fixed on button-holes and spelling-books — those ensigns of promotion — despising dirt, and baseball, and all their joys.

Then at twelve the little lass comes home again, uncapped, untippeted, unschooled; brown as a berry, wild as a colt, busy as a bee; working in the fields, digging in the garden, frying rashers, boiling potatoes, shelling beans, darning stockings, nursing children, feeding pigs — all these employments varied by occasional fits of romping and flirting and childish play, according as the nascent coquetry or the lurking love of sport happens to predominate; merry and pretty, and good with all her little faults. It would be well if a country girl could stand at thirteen. Then she is charming. But the clock of time will

move forward, and at fourteen she gets a service in a neighbouring town; and her next appearance is in the perfection of the butterfly state, fluttering, glittering, inconstant, vain — the gayest and gaudiest insect that ever skimmed over a village green. And this is the true progress of a rustic beauty, the average lot of our country girls; so they spring up, flourish, change, and disappear. Some, indeed, marry and fix amongst us, and then ensues another set of changes, rather more gradual perhaps, but quite as sure, till grey hairs, wrinkles, and linsey-woolsey, wind up the picture.

All this is beside the purpose. If woman be a mutable creature, man is not. The wearers of smock-frocks, in spite of the sameness of the uniform, are almost as easily distinguished by an interested eye, as a flock of sheep by the shepherd or a pack of hounds by the huntsman; or, to come to less affronting similes, the members of the House of Commons by the Speaker, or the gentlemen of the bar by the Lord Chief Justice. There is very little change in them from early boyhood. "The child is father to the man," in more senses than one. There is a constancy about them; they keep the same faces, however ugly; the same habits, however strange; the same fashions, however unfashionable; they are in nothing new-fangled. Tom Cope, for instance, man and boy, is and has

been addicted to posies — from the first polyanthus to the last china rose, he has always a nosegay in his button-hole. George Simmons may be known a mile off by an eternal red waistcoat: Jem Tanner, summer and winter, by the smartest of all smart straw hats: and Joel Brent, from the day that he left off petticoats, has always, in every dress and every situation, looked like a study for a painter — no mistaking him. Yes; I know every man and boy of note in the parish, with one exception — one most signal exception — which "haunts and startles and waylays" me at every turn. I do not know, and I begin to fear I never shall know, Jack Hatch.

The first time I had occasion to hear of this worthy was on a most melancholy occurrence. We have lost — I do not like to talk of it, but I cannot tell my story without — we have lost a cricket-match, been beaten, and soundly too, by the men of Beech-hill, a neighbouring parish. How this accident happened I cannot very well tell; the melancholy fact is sufficient. The men of Beech-hill, famous players, in whose families cricket is an hereditary accomplishment, challenged and beat us. After our defeat, we began to comfort ourselves by endeavouring to discover how this misfortune could possibly have befallen. Every one that has ever had a cold must have experienced the great consolation that is derived from puzzling out the parti-

cular act of imprudence from which it sprang; and we, on the same principle, found our affliction somewhat mitigated by the endeavour to trace it to its source. One laid the catastrophe to the wind — a very common scape-goat in the catarrhal calamity—which had, as it were, played us booty, carrying our adversaries' balls right, and ours wrong: another laid it to a certain catch missed by Tom Willis, by which means farmer Thackum, the pride and glory of the Beech-hillers, had two innings: a third to the aforesaid Thackum's remarkable manner of bowling, which is circular, so to say; that is, after taking aim, he makes a sort of chassée on one side, before he delivers his ball; which pantomimic motion had a great effect on the nerves of our eleven, unused to such quadrilling. A fourth imputed our defeat to the over-civility of our umpire, George Gosseltine, a sleek, smooth, silky, soft-spoken person, who stood with his little wand under his arm, smiling through all our disasters — the very image of peace and good-humour; whilst their umpire, Bob Coxe, a roystering, roaring, bullying blade, bounced and hectored and blustered from his wicket with the voice of a twelve-pounder. The fifth assented to this opinion, with some extension; asserting, that the universal impudence of their side took advantage of the meekness and modesty of ours, [N. B. — It never occurred to our modesty that

they might be the best players] which flattering persuasion appeared likely to prevail, in fault of a better, when all on a sudden the true reason of our defeat seemed to burst at once from half a dozen voices, re-echoed like a chorus by all the others — "It was entirely owing to the want of Jack Hatch! How could we think of playing without Jack Hatch?"

This was the first I heard of him. My inquiries as to this great player were received with utter astonishment. "Who is Jack Hatch!—Not know Jack Hatch!—Never hear of Jack Hatch!" — There was no end to the wonder. Not to know him, argued myself unknown. "Jack Hatch, the best cricketer in the parish, in the county, in the country! — Jack Hatch, who had got seven notches at one hit! — Jack Hatch, who had trolled and caught out a whole eleven! — Jack Hatch, who, besides these marvellous gifts in cricket, was the best bowler and the best musician in the hundred — could dance a hornpipe and a minuet, sing a whole song-book, bark like a dog, mew like a cat, crow like a cock, and go through Punch from beginning to end! — Not know Jack Hatch!!"

Half ashamed of my non-acquaintance with this admirable Crichton of rural accomplishments, I determined to find him out as soon as possible, and I have been looking for him, more or less, ever since. The cricket-ground and the

bowling-green were, of course, the first places of search; but he was always just gone, or not come, or he was there yesterday, or he is expected to-morrow — a to-morrow which, as far as I am concerned, never arrives: the stars were against me. Then I directed my attention to his other acquirements, and once followed a ballad-singer half a mile, who turned out to be a strapping woman in a man's great-coat; and another time pierced a whole mob of urchins to get at a capital Punch — when, behold, it was the genuine man of puppets, the true squeakery, "the real Simon Pure," and Jack was as much to seek as ever.

At last I thought that I had actually caught him, and on his own peculiar field, the cricket-ground. We abound in rustic fun and good-humour, and, of course, in nicknames. A certain senior, of fifty or thereabout, for instance, of very juvenile habits and inclinations, who plays at ball and marbles and cricket with all the boys in the parish, and joins a kind, merry, buoyant heart to an aspect somewhat rough and care-worn, has no other appellation that ever I heard but Uncle. I don't think, if by any strange chance he were called by it, that he would know his own name. On the other hand, a little stunted pragmatical urchin — son and heir of Dick Jones — an absolute old man cut shorter — so slow and stiff, and sturdy and wordy —

passes universally by the title of Grandfather—I have not the least notion that he would answer to Dick. Also a slim, grim-looking, white-headed lad, whose hair is bleached and skin bronzed by the sun, till he is as hideous as an Indian idol, goes—good lack!—by the pastoral misnomer of the Gentle Shepherd. Oh, manes of Allan Ramsay!—The Gentle Shepherd!—Another youth, regular at cricket, but never seen except then, of unknown parish and parentage, and singular uncouthness of person, dress, and demeanour, rough as a badger, ragged as a colt, and sour as verjuice, was known, far more appropriately, by the cognomen of Oddity. Him, in my secret soul, I pitched on for Jack Hatch. In the first place, as I had in the one case a man without a name, and in the other a name without a man, to have found these component parts of individuality meet in the same person; to have made the name fit the man, and the man fit the name, would have been as pretty a way of solving two enigmas at once as hath been heard of since Œdipus his day. But besides the obvious convenience and suitability of this belief, I had divers other corroborating reasons. Oddity was young; so was Jack. Oddity came up the hill from Lea-ward; so must Jack. Oddity was a capital cricketer; so was Jack. Oddity did not play in our unlucky Beech-hill match; neither did Jack. And last of all, Oddity's name

was Jack—a fact I was fortunate enough to ascertain from a pretty damsel, who walked up with him to the ground one evening, and who, on seeing him bowl out Tom Cope, could not help exclaiming in soliloquy, as she stood a few yards behind us, looking on with all her heart, "Well done, Jack!" That moment built up all my hopes; the next knocked them down. I thought I had clutched him; but, willing to make assurance doubly sure, I turned to my pretty neighbour—(Jack Hatch, too, had a sweetheart)—and said, in a tone half affirmative and half interrogatory, "That young man who plays so well is Jack Hatch?" "No, ma'am, Jack Bolton!"—and Jack Hatch remained still a sound, a name, a mockery.

Well, at last I ceased to look for him, and might possibly have forgotten my curiosity, had not every week produced some circumstance to relumine that active female passion. I seemed beset by his name and his presence, invisibly as it were. Will-o'-the-wisp is nothing to him. Puck, in that famous Midsummer Dream, was a quiet goblin compared to Jack Hatch. He haunts one in dark places. The fiddler, whose merry tunes come ringing across the orchard in a winter's night from farmer White's great barn, setting the whole village a-dancing, is Jack Hatch. The whistler, who trudges homeward at dusk, up Kibes-lane, outpiping the nightin-

gale in her own month of May, is Jack Hatch. And the indefatigable learner of the bassoon, whose drone all last harvest might be heard in the twilight issuing from the sexton's dwelling on the Little Lea, "making night hideous," that iniquitous practiser is Jack Hatch.

The name meets me in all manner of ways. I have seen it in the newspaper for a prize of pinks, and on the back of a warrant on a charge of poaching. [N. B.—The constable had my luck, and could not find the culprit; otherwise I might have had some chance of seeing him on that occasion.] Things the most remote and discrepant issue in Jack Hatch: he caught Dame Wheeler's squirrel; the magpie at the Rose owes to him the half dozen phrases with which he astounds and delights the passers-by; the very dog Tero—an animal of singular habits, who sojourns occasionally at half the houses in the village, making each his home till he is affronted—Tero himself, best and ugliest of finders, a mongrel, someway compounded of terrier, cur, and spaniel—Tero, most remarkable of ugly dogs, inasmuch as he constantly squints, and commonly goes on three legs, holding up first one and then the other, out of a sort of quadrupedal economy, to ease those useful members—Tero himself is said to belong of right and origin to Jack Hatch.

Every where that name meets me. 'Twas but

a few weeks ago that I heard him asked in church, and a day or two afterwards I saw the tail of the wedding procession; the little lame clerk handing the bridemaid, and a girl from the Rose, running after them with pipes, passing by our house. Nay, this very morning some one was speaking —

Dead! what dead? Jack Hatch dead? A name, a shadow, a jack-of-lantern! Can Jack Hatch die?—Hath he the property of mortality? —Can the bell toll for him? Yes; there is the coffin and the pall—all that I shall ever see of him is there. There are his comrades following in decent sorrow, and the poor pretty bride leaning on the little clerk. My search is over. Jack Hatch is dead!

SONG.

By RANDOLPH FITZ-EUSTACE.

Swan-like form and snowy arms,
  Though around thee fondly wreathing;
Softest eye that instant charms;
  Ruby lips their dove-strains breathing:
These may youth in thraldom bind,
Yet their power must yield to Mind.

Love-bedazzled youth may stray
  Lowly slave in beauty's bower;
Beauty fades, like April's ray;
  A breath may blight the gorgeous flower:
Then will youth disgusted see
His heart's deep idolatry!

Lady mine! oh, thine's the sway!
  Where the tide of passion's flowing,
There hath loveliness her ray
  Darted, and 'tis brightly glowing.
There we wondering see combin'd
Beauty's gold with gems of mind.

THE PHANTOM VOICE.

It was at the close of a bright and memorable evening in October, that I had carelessly flung the reins upon the neck of my horse, as I traversed the bare and almost interminable sands skirting the north-west coast of our island.

On my right, a succession of low sand-hills, drifted by the partial and unsteady blasts from the ocean, skirted the horizon—their summits strongly marked upon the red and lowering sky in an undulating and scarcely broken outline. Behind them, I heard the vast and busy waters, rolling on, like the voice of the coming tempest. Here and there some rude and solitary hut rose above the red hillocks, bare and unprotected; no object of known dimensions being near, by which its true magnitude might be estimated, the eye often seemed to exaggerate its form upon the mind in almost gigantic proportions. As twilight drew on, the deception increased; and starting occasionally from the impression of some keen and lacerating thought, I beheld, perchance, some huge and turreted fortress, or a pile of mis-shapen battlements, rising beyond the hills like the grim castles of romance, or the air-built shadows of fairy-land. . . . Night was fast closing; I was alone, out of the beaten track

amidst a desert and thinly inhabited region; a perfect stranger, I had only the superior sagacity of my steed to look to for safety and eventual extrication from this perilous labyrinth.

The way, if such it might be called, threading the mazes through a chain of low hills, and consisting only of a loose and ever-shifting bed of dry sand, grew every moment more and more perplexed. Had it been daylight, there appeared no object by which to direct my course, no mark that might distinguish whether or not my path was in a right line or a circle; I seemed to be rambling through a succession of amphitheatres formed by the sand-hills, every one so closely resembling its neighbour that I could not recognise any decided features on which to found that distinction of ideas which philosophers term individuality. In almost any other mood of the mind, this would have been a puzzling and disagreeable dilemma; but at that moment it appeared of the least possible consequence to me where the dark labyrinth might terminate.

Striving to escape from thought, from recollection, the wild and cheerless monotony of my path seemed to convey a desperate stillness to the mind, to quench in some measure the fiery outburst of my spirit. It was but a deceitful calm — the deadening lull of spent anguish; I awoke to a keener sense of misery, from which there was no escape.

How am I wandering! It was not to lament over my own griefs that I commenced my story. Let the dust of oblivion cover them; I would not pain another by the recital. There are sorrows — short ages of agony — into the dark origin of which none would dare to pry; one heart alone feels, hides, and nourishes them for ever!

Night now came on, heavy and dark; not a star twinkled above me; I seemed to have left the habitations of men. In whatever direction I turned, not a light was visible; all fellowship with my kind had vanished. No sound broke the unvarying stillness, but the heavy plunge of my horse's feet and the hollow moan of the sea. Gradually I began to rouse from my stupor; awaking as from a dream, my senses grew rapidly conscious of the perils by which I was surrounded. I knew not but some hideous gulf awaited me, or the yawning sea, towards which I fancied my course tended, was destined to terminate this adventure. It was chiefly, however, a feeling of loneliness, a dread, unaccountable in its nature, that seemed to haunt me. There was nothing so very uncommon or marvellous in my situation; yet the horror I endured is unutterable. The demon of fear seemed to possess my frame, and benumbed every faculty. I saw, or thought I saw, shapes hideous and indistinct, rising before me, but so

rapidly that I could not trace their form ere they vanished. I felt convinced it was the mind that was perturbed, acting outwardly upon the senses, rendered more than usually irritable by the alarm and excitation they had undergone — yet I could not shake off the spell that was upon me. I heard a sharp rustling pass my ear; I involuntarily raised my hand; but nothing met my touch save the damp and chilly hair about my temples. I tried to rally myself out of these apprehensions — but in vain: reason has little chance of succeeding when fear has gained the ascendancy. I durst not quicken my pace, lest I should meet with some obstruction; judging it most prudent to allow my steed to grope out his path in the way best suited to his own sagacity. Suddenly he made a dead halt. No effort or persuasion could induce him to stir. I was the more surprised, from knowing his generally docile and manageable temper. He seemed immovable, and moreover, as I thought, in the attitude of listening. I too listened eagerly — intensely; my senses sharpened to the keenest perception of sound.

The moan of the sea came on incessantly as before; no sound else could be distinguished. Again I tried to urge him forward; but the attempt was fruitless. I now fancied that there might be some dangerous gulf or precipice just at his feet, and that the faithful animal was un-

willing to plunge himself and his rider into immediate destruction. I dismounted, and with the bridle at arm's length, carefully stepped forward a few paces, but I could find no intimation of danger; the same deep and level bed of sand seemed to continue onwards, without any shelving or declivity whatever. Was the animal possessed?—He still refused to proceed, but the cause remained inscrutable. A sharp and hasty snort, with a snuffing of the wind in the direction of the sea, now pointed out the quarter towards which his attention was excited. His terror seemed to increase, and with it my own. I knew not what to anticipate. He evidently began to tremble, and again I listened. Fancy plays strange freaks, or I could have imagined there was something audible through the heavy booming of the sea—a more distinct, and as it were, articulated sound—though manifestly at a considerable distance. There was nothing unusual in this—perhaps the voice of the fisherman hauling out his boat, or of the mariner heaving at the anchor. But why such terror betrayed by the irrational brute, and apparently proceeding from this source?—being confident I could perceive some connexion between the impulses of the sound now undulating on the wind, and the alarm of my steed. The cause of all this apprehension soon grew more unequivocal—it was evidently ap-

proaching. From the sea there appeared to come at short intervals, a low and lengthened shout, like the voice of one crying out for help or succour. Presently the sounds assumed a more distinct and definite articulation. "Murder! Murder!" were the only words that were uttered, but in a tone, and with an expression of agony I shall never forget. It was not like any thing akin to humanity, but an unearthly, and, if I may so express it, a sepulchral shriek — like a voice from the grave.

I crept closer to my steed; nature, recoiling from the contact of the approaching phantom, prompted me thus intuitively to cling to any thing that had life. I felt a temporary relief, even from the presence of the terrified beast, though I could distinctly perceive him shuddering, yet fixed to the spot. The cry had ceased; but still I continued to listen with intense anxiety, till a sudden rushing cleft the air, and a crash followed, as of some heavy body falling at a little distance from my feet. The horse burst from his bonds, galloping from me at full speed, and I stood alone! In this appalling extremity, I approached the object of my fears. I bent to the ground; stretching out my hand, my fingers rested on the cold and clammy features of a corpse. I well remember the deep groan that burst from my lips — nature had reached the extremity of en-

durance — I felt a sudden rush of blood to the heart, and fell beside my ghastly companion, equally helpless and insensible.

I have no means of ascertaining the duration of this swoon; but with returning recollection I again put out my hand, which rested on the cold and almost naked carcass beside me. I felt roused by the touch, and started on my feet — the moon, at this instant emerging from a mass of dark clouds, streamed full on the dead body, pale and blood-stained, the features distorted, as if by some terrible death. Fear now prompted me to fly; I ran as if the wind had lent me wings — not daring to look back, lest my eyes should again rest on the grisly form I had just left. I fled onwards for some time; the moon now enabling me to follow the beaten track which, to my great joy, brought me suddenly, at the turn of a high bank, within sight of a cheerful fire gleaming through a narrow door, seemingly the entrance to some wayside tavern. Bursts of hilarity broke from the interior; the voice of revelry and mirth came upon my ear, as if just awakening from a dream. It was as if I had heard the dead laugh in their cold cerements. As I stept across the threshold, the boisterous roar of mirth made me shudder; and it seemed, by the alarm visible in the countenances of the guests, that my appearance presented something as terrible to their apprehensions. Every eye

became fixed intently on me, as I seated myself by a vacant table; and I heard whisperings, with suspicious glances occasionally directed to where I sat. The company, however, soon began to get the better of their consternation, and were evidently not pleased at so unseasonable an interruption to their mirth. I found that some explanation was necessary as to the cause of my intrusion, and with difficulty made them comprehend the nature of my alarm. I craved their assistance for the removal of the body, promising if possible to conduct them to the spot where the miserable victim was thrown. They stared at each other during this terrible announcement, and at the conclusion I found every one giving his neighbour credit for the requisite portion of courage, though himself, at the same time, declined participating in the hazards of the undertaking.

"Gilbert, ye towd me 'at ye stood i' th' churchyard, wi' shoon bottoms uppermost, looking for the wench ye wur to wed through the windows: Ise sure 'at ye'll make noa bauk at a bogle."

"Luk thee, Jim, I conna face the dead; but I wunna shew my back to a live fist, the best and the biggest o' the country side—Wilt' smell, my laddy?"

Gilbert, mortified at the proposed test of his prowess, raised his clenched hand in a half-threatening attitude. A serious quarrel might

have ensued, had not a sudden stop been put to the proceedings of the belligerents by an interesting girl stepping before me, modestly inquiring where I had left the corpse; and offering herself as a companion, if these mighty cowards could not muster sufficient courage.

"Shame on ye, Will!" she cried, directing her speech to a young man who sat concealed by the shadow of the projecting chimney; "shame on ye! to be o'erfaced by two or three hard words. Ise gangin, follow 'at dare."

Saying this, she took down a huge horn lantern, somewhat dilapidated in the outworks, and burnt in various devices, causing a most unprofitable privation of light. A bonnet and cloak were thrown on hastily; when, surrendering the creaking lantern to my care, she stood for a moment contemplating the dingy atmosphere ere she stept forth to depart. During these ominous preparations, a smart sailor-looking man, whose fear of his mistress' displeasure had probably overcome his fear of the supernatural, placed himself between me and the maiden, and taking her by the arm, crustily told me that if I could point out the way, he was prepared to follow. Rather a puzzling matter for a stranger, who scarcely knew whether his way lay right or left from the very threshold. Thus admirably qualified for a guide, I agreed to make the attempt, being determined to spare no pains

in the hope of discovering the object of our search.

Company breeds courage. Several of the guests, finding how matters stood, and that the encounter was not likely to be made single-handed, volunteered their attendance; so that our retinue shortly consisted of some half dozen stout fellows. The vanguard was composed of myself and the lovers; the rest creeping close in our rear, forming their rank as broad as the nature of the ground would admit.

Luckily I soon found the jutting bank, round which I had turned on my first view of the house we had just left. We proceeded in silence — except that a whisper occasionally arose from one of the rearmost individuals talking to his bolder neighbour in front when finding his courage on the wane. Following for some time what appeared to be the traces of recent footsteps, I hoped, yet almost feared, that every moment I might stumble on the bleeding corpse. An attendant in the rear now gave the alarm at something which he saw moving on our left, and at the same time making a desperate struggle to get into the front of his companions. This produced a universal uproar — each fighting for precedency, and thoroughly determined not to be the last. I soon beheld a dark object moving near, and the next minute I was overjoyed to find my recreant steed, quietly searching amongst

the tufted moss and rushes for a scanty supper. My associates knew not what to make of this fresh discovery. Some of them, I believe, eyed him with deep suspicion; and more than one glance was given at his hoofs, to see if they were not cloven.

Order, however, being re-established, we again set forward with what proved a useful auxiliary to our train. We had not travelled far, when I was again aware of the peculiar snort by which he manifested his alarm, and it was with difficulty I got him onwards a few paces, when he stood still, his head drawn back, as if from some object that lay in his path. I knew the cause of his terror, and giving the bridle to one of my attendants, cautiously proceeded, followed by the maiden and her lover; who, to do him justice, shewed a tolerable share of courage—at any rate, in the presence of his mistress. Soon I recognised the spot, where yet unmoved lay the bleeding carcass. The girl started when she beheld the grim features, horribly drawn together and convulsed, as if in the last agony. I was obliged to muster the requisite courage to attempt its removal; and raising it from the sand, I procured assistance in placing it across the horse, though not without a most determined opposition on the part of the animal. Throwing a cloak over the body, we made the best of our way back; and on arriving at the house, I found

the only vacant apartment where I could deposit my charge was a narrow loft over the outhouse, the entrance to which was both steep and dangerous. With the assistance of my two friends, though with considerable difficulty, it was in the end deposited there, upon a miserable pallet of straw, over which we threw a tattered blanket. On returning, I found the guest-room deserted; the old woman to whom the tavern belonged — the mother, as I afterwards found, of my female companion — was hastily removing the drinking utensils, and preparing for an immediate removal to the only apartment above stairs which bore the honours of the bed-chamber. She kindly offered me the use of it for the night; but this piece of self-deprivation I could not allow; and throwing my coat over a narrow bench, I drew it near the fire, determining to snatch a little repose without robbing the good woman and her daughter of their night's comfort.

It was now past midnight; sleep was out of the question, as I lay ruminating on the mysterious events of the few past hours. The extraordinary manner in which the murdered wretch had been committed to my care, seemed an imperative call upon me to attempt the discovery of a foul and horrible crime. With the returning day I resolved to begin my inquiries, and I vowed to compass sea and land ere I gave up the pursuit. So absorbed was I in the project,

that I scarcely noticed the storm, now bursting forth in a continuous roll from the sea, until one wild gust, that seemed to rush by as if it would have swept the dwelling from its seat, put an end to these anticipations. I watched the rattling casement, expecting every moment that it would give way, and the groaning thatch be rent from its hold. Involuntarily I arose, and approached the window. It was pitchy dark, and the roar of the sea, under the terrific sweep of the tempest, was truly awful. Never had I heard so terrible a conflict. I knew not how soon I might be compelled to quit this unstable shelter; the very earth shook; and every moment I expected the frail tenement would be levelled to its foundations. The eddying and unequal pressure of the wind heaped a huge sand-drift against the walls, which probably screened them from the full force of the blast, acting at the same time as a support to their feeble consistency; sand and earthy matter were driven about and tossed against the casement, insomuch that I almost anticipated a living inhumation. The next blast, however, generally swept off the greater portion of the deposite, making way for a fresh torrent, that poured upon the quaking roof like the rush of a heavy sea over a ship's bulwarks.

I was not destined to be left companionless in the midst of my alarms. The old woman and her daughter, too much terrified to remain quiet,

came down from their resting-place, which, being close within the thatch, was more exposed to the fierce beat of the tempest. A light was struck, and the dying embers once more kindled into a blaze. The old woman, whom I could not but observe with emotions of awe and curiosity, sat cowering over the flame, her withered hands half covering her furrowed and haggard cheeks; a starting gleam occasionally lighted up her grey and wasted locks, which, matted in wild elf-knots, hung about her temples. Occasionally she would turn her head, as the wind came hurrying on, and the loud rush of the blast went past the dwelling. She seemed to gaze upon it as though 'twere peopled, and she beheld the "sightless coursers of the air" careering on the storm; then, with a mutter and a groan, she again covered her face, rocking to and fro to the chant of some wild and unintelligible ditty. Her daughter sat nearly motionless, hearkening eagerly during the short intervals between the gusts; and as the wind came bellowing on, she huddled closer into the chimney corner, whither she had crept for protection.

"Such nights are not often known in these parts," said I, taking advantage as I spoke of a pause in the warfare without. The old woman made no answer; but the daughter, bending forwards, replied slowly and with great solemnity: "Mother has seen the death-lights dancing upo'

the black sand; some ha' seen the sun gang down upon the waters that winna' see him rise again fro' the hill top."

"Is your mother a seer, then, my pretty maiden?"

"Ye're but a stranger, I guess, 'at disna ken Bridget o' the Sandy Holm — Save us! she's hearkening again for the" ——

"There! — Once!" The old woman raised her hands as she spoke, and bent her head in an attitude of listening and eager expectation. I listened too, but could discover no sound, save the heavy swing of the blast and its receding growl.

"Again!" As she said this, Bridget rose from the low stool she had occupied, and hobbled towards the window. I thought a signal-gun was just then audible, as from some vessel in distress. Ere I could communicate this intelligence, another and a nearer roll silenced all conjecture. It was indeed but too evident that a vessel was in the offing, and rapidly driving towards the shore, from the increasing distinctness of the signals.

Old Bridget stood by the window; her dim and anxious eyes peering through the casement, as if she could discern the fearful and appalling spectacle upon the dark billows.

"Your last! your last, poor wretches!" she cried, as a heavy roll of wind brought another

report with amazing distinctness to the ear. "And now the death-shriek!—another, and another!—ye drop into the deep waters, and the gulf is not gorged with its prey. Bridget Robson, girl and woman, has ne'er watched the blue dancers but she has heard the sea-gun follow, and seen the red sand decked with the spoil—Wench, take not of the prey; 'tis accursed!"

The beldame drew back after uttering this anathema, and again resumed her station near the hearth.

The storm now seemed to abate, and, as if satisfied with the mischief at this moment consummating, the wind grew comparatively calm. The gusts came by fitfully, like the closing sobs of some fretful and peevish babe, not altogether ceasing with the indulgence of its wishes. As I stood absorbed in a reverie, the nature of which I cannot now accurately determine, the maiden gently touched my arm.

"Sir, will ye gang to the shore? Ise warrant the neighbours are helping, and we may save a life though we canna gie it."

She was wrapped in a thick cloak, the hood thrown forward, and the horn lantern again put in requisition, fitted up for immediate service. We opened the door with considerable difficulty, and waded slowly through the heavy sand-drifts towards the beach. The clouds, shattered and driven together in mountainous heaps, were

rolling over the sky, a dark scud sweeping over their huge tops, here and there partially illuminated by the moonbeams; the moon was still obscured, but a wild and faint light, usually seen after the breaking up of a storm, just served to shew the outline of objects not too remote from our sphere of vision.

My companion acted as guide, and soon brought me to an opening in the hills, which led directly down to the beach. Immediately I saw lights before us, moving to and fro, and the busy hum of voices came upon the wind; forms were indistinctly seen hurrying backward and forward upon the very verge of the white foam boiling from the huge billows. Hastening to the spot, we found a number of fishermen — their wives assisting in the scrutiny — carefully examining the fragments of wreck which the waves were from time to time casting up, and throwing with a heavy lunge upon the shore. Either for purposes of plunder, or for the more ostensible design of contributing to their preservation, sundry packages were occasionally conveyed away, subsequently to an eager examination of their contents. My associate ran into the thickest of the group, anxiously inquiring as to the fate of the crew, and if any lives had been preserved.

"I guess," cried an old hard-featured sinner, "they be where they'll need no lookin' after. Last brast' o' wind, six weeks agone next St. Barnaby,

I gied my cabin to the lady and her bairns — an' the pains I waur like to ha' for my labour—I didn't touch a groat till the parson gied me a guinea out o' th' 'scription — but I may gang gaily hoam to-night. There's no live lumber to stow i' my loft; the fishes ha' the pick o' the whole cargo this bout."

"Canna we get the boats? I can pull an oar, thou knows Darby, wi' the best on 'em," inquired the female.

"Boats!" exclaimed Darby, "ne'er a boat would live but wi' keel uppermost — Ise not the chap to go to Davy Jones to-night pickled i' brine broth, my bonny Kate."

"Thou'rt a greedy glead; Ise go ask Simon Stockfish; but I'll warrant thou'lt be hankering after the reward, an' the biggest share to thine own clutches."

She turned away from the incensed fisherman; and proceeding to a short distance, we found a knot of persons gathered around a half-drowned wretch, who owed his appearance again upon land to having been lashed on a boom, which the sea had just cast ashore. Almost fainting from cold and exhaustion, he was undergoing a severe questioning from the by-standers — each wishing to know the name of the ship, whither bound, and the whole particulars of the disaster. We just came in time for his release; and I soon had the satisfaction to find the poor fellow in my

quarters, before a comfortable fire, his clothes drying, and his benumbed limbs chafed until the circulation was again pretty nigh restored. After drinking a tumbler of grog, he appeared to recover rapidly; and we found, on inquiry, that he was the master of the vessel just wrecked on the coast. He shook his head on a further inquiry as to the fate of her crew. "A score as good hands," said he, "are gone to the bottom as ever unreefed a clean topsail or hung out a ship's canvass to the wind—I saw them all go down as I lashed myself to the jib-boom." He groaned deeply; but speedily assuming a gayer tone, requested a quid and a quiet hammock. "My lights are nearly stove in, my head hangs as loose as a Dutchman's shrouds; a night's sleep will make all taut again."

Old Bridget was gone to bed; and unless the sailor chose to occupy the straw pallet at present in the possession of a guest, whose mysterious arrival seemed to be the forerunner of nothing but confusion and disaster, there did not seem any chance of obtaining a birth, save by remaining in his present situation. I told him of the dilemma, but Kate replied: "We can just take the body fro' the bed; it winna' tak' harm upo' the chest i' the fur' nook. The captain will not may be sleep the waur' for quiet company."

He did not seem to relish the idea of spending the night even with so quiet a companion; but as

it seemed the least disagreeable alternative, we agreed to pilot him to the chamber, and help the miserable pallet to change occupants. The corpse we concluded to lay on some clean litter, used for the bedding of the cattle. We conducted the stranger to his dormitory, which was formerly a hay-loft, until converted into an occasional sleeping-room for the humble applicants who sometimes craved a night's lodging at the Sandy Holm.

The only entrance was by a crazy ladder, and so steep, that I was afraid our feeble companion would find considerable difficulty in climbing to his chamber. It was my intention to have prevented him from getting a sight of the ghastly object that occupied his couch; but, pressing foremost, he ran up the ladder with surprising agility, gaining the top ere I had made preparations for the ascent. I mounted cautiously, and giving him the light whilst I made good my landing, he went directly to the bed. I had set my foot on the floor, and was lending a hand to Kate, who had still to contend with the difficulties of the way, when I heard a dismal and most appalling shriek. Starting round, I beheld the stranger gazing on the couch; his eyeballs almost bursting from their sockets, and the most vivid expression of horror and amazement visible in his countenance. I ran to him, as the light dropped from his grasp—catching it ere it fell, I

perceived his eyes rivetted on the livid and terrific features of the corpse. My limbs grew stiff with horror; imaginings of strange import crowded on my mind; I knew not how to shape them into any definite form, but stood trembling and appalled before the dark chaos whence they sprung. Scarcely knowing what I said, still I remember the first inquiry that burst from my lips—"Knowest thou that murdered man?"

The words were scarcely uttered, when the conscience-stricken wretch exclaimed, in accents which I shall never forget, "Know him! yesterday he sat at my helm. I had long borne him an evil grudge, and I brooded on revenge. The devil prompted it—he stood at my elbow. It was dark, and the fiend's eyes flashed when I aimed the blow. It descended with a heavy crash, and the body rolled overboard. He spoke not, save once; it was when his hated carcass rose to the surface. I heard a faint moan; it rung on my ear like the knell of death; the voice rushed past—a low sepulchral shout; in my ear it echoed with the cry of 'MURDER!'"

Little remains to be told; he persisted to the last in this horrible confession. He had no wish to live; and the avenging arm of retributive justice closed the world and its interests for ever on a wretch who had forfeited all claims to its protection—cast out, and judged unworthy of a name and a place amongst his fellow-men.

THE PAVILION,

HIS MAJESTY'S PALACE, AT BRIGHTON.

MANY years have not elapsed since Brighton emerged from its obscurity, as a small fishing-town on the southern coast of our island, to become the summer retreat of a prince, and eventually of a great Monarch.

The open shores at this place could boast few attractions, beyond those afforded by the sea—but possessing these, its proximity to the metropolis induced some persons to form limited residences there and in its neighbourhood; and it was on a visit to one of these that his present Majesty, when Prince of Wales, conceived an attachment to the spot, and purchased the villa, which became a nucleus for the addition of other properties, now forming the site of the palace and its gardens.

The *éclat* which Brighton at once obtained from this circumstance, attracted hundreds of visitors to benefit by the salubrity of its situation, and thousands to participate in the gaiety of a place, honoured with such distinguished patronage. This change, so fortunate for the prosperity of Brighton, was perhaps augmented by another that about this time took place in the

WEST FRONT.

habits of the wealthy inhabitants of London, whose summer emigrations were, until then, limited to short and rural excursions to Greenwich, Shooter's Hill, or High Beach; or fishing parties to the banks of the Thames, from the Toy at Hampton Court, to the more humble accommodations at Datchet.

Brighton having become a place of fashionable resort in summer, the conveniences which it now affords to its numerous visitors, and the ready communication which exists between it and the metropolis, will probably ensure for it an annual influx of rank and fashion. Indeed, the accessions recently made to its attractions can scarcely fail to produce this effect. The Chain Pier, a promenade unique in its kind, a quarter of a mile in length, erected by Captain Brown at an expense of upwards £30,000, raised by public subscription; the Royal Pleasure Gardens, created by Mr. Ireland, which embrace all the requisites for exercise, recreation, and refreshment; and the Park, an extensive enclosure, containing the elegant building appropriated to the purposes of a pump-room for the artificial German Spa waters, prepared according to the process of Dr. Struve,—cannot but prove powerful auxiliaries to the many inducements which Brighton previously held forth to visitors in general, and especially to the valetudinarian. The latter establishment, in particular, must operate as a

strong recommendation to this place, concentrating as it does all the benefits to be expected from a tedious and expensive journey to the most celebrated Continental Spas, combined, moreover with the important advantage of the salubrious sea air, which none of these possesses.

So sanguine, indeed, are the anticipations entertained of the progressive prosperity of Brighton, that the building speculations carrying on at the present moment, embrace two churches and nearly one thousand houses, including what may be termed two new towns at its eastern and western extremities, composed of edifices of the highest architectural pretensions. Some idea of the wealth annually derived from the influx of strangers may be formed from the fact, that, during the season of 1824, the number of visitors alone exceeded fifty thousand.

The Pavilion is situated but a short distance from the Beach, and formerly enjoyed an interesting sea view; it has, however, suffered much abridgement of this and other benefits from the result of its own fostering influence; for as the population of the town increased, buildings were so raised for its accommodation, that the Pavilion has become surrounded, and at length shut out from those very prospects which once operated as motives for rearing it upon this spot.

As these exterior privations increased, it was found necessary to adopt substitutes for them—

to make the domain of the Pavilion as agreeable in itself as its limited compass, about six acres, would permit. The gardens have therefore been formed anew, and the building itself altered and increased, to afford greater and more pleasurable accommodation.

The engravings of the Palace which accompany these pages, are made, at a reduced scale, from drawings in the possession, and by favour of Mr. Nash, private architect to the King, and which form a small part of a work that he is about to publish, illustrative of this splendid building and its furniture.*

The site of the domain is an oblong square; near to the south corner of which the Palace is built—the entrance being on the western front, and the state apartments on the east. The chief lodges are placed in Church-street and Castle-square, forming approaches on the right and left of the building. The stables are at the north-west corner of the grounds. The remainder is laid out in lawns, shrubbery, drives, and paths, so as to combine admirably with the Palace and the lesser ornamental buildings that embellish the various avenues.

The stable, designed by the late W. Porden,

* This splendid work, which will be published by Mr. Ackermann, Strand, is limited to 250 copies; and it is expected to be ready for delivery about the time, or very soon after, these pages shall meet the public eye.

Esq., consists of a spacious rotunda and open court, combining standings for upwards of sixty horses, with suitable harness-rooms, carriage-houses, and servants' apartments. To these is attached a noble riding-house, the exposed timber roof of which, being very ingeniously contrived, is much admired. The exterior of these buildings is in the Eastern style, corresponding with the leading features of the Palace.

VIEW OF THE PAVILION, GARDEN FRONT.

The annexed View represents the Palace, as seen from the gardens, and displays its western elevation. In the centre is the chief entrance to the building, where a hall and gallery lead across into a spacious corridor, on the east side of which are ranged the state apartments, while those on the west side are for more general purposes.

The ground-floor apartments, on the right of this view, are those of the King's private secretary; and adjoining, at the north end, are his Majesty's private apartments,—the library, bed-room, bath, and dressing-rooms. Southward of the porch are situated the apartments for visitors; and beyond these, the offices and apartments for the officers of the household, and the domestic buildings.

The upper apartments are appropriated to the accommodation of members of the royal family, and other persons of distinguished rank.

MUSIC ROOM GALLERY.

The style of the building is decidedly Oriental, and abounds with the minarets and domes peculiar to Indian and Moorish countries. It possesses curious and interesting architectural features, not familiar to us, unless made so by the works of Hodges, Daniell, and a few ingenious artists and travellers; and affords the opportunity of observing the effect of such buildings, without passing out of our own country to obtain it. The domes and other finials, seen as in the rear of the edifice, cover the saloons, the music-room, and banqueting-room of the state apartments. The lofty tower, on the left extremity of the building, is the reservoir of water, which is so elevated for the purpose of affording a ready supply to every part of the premises.

INTERIOR OF THE GALLERY OF THE BANQUETING-ROOM.

From the corridors or promenade-gallery, and also south of the central saloon, this apartment is entered, and receives the visitors approaching the banqueting-room. There is a similar apartment northward of the saloon, forming a corresponding approach to the music-room — a spacious and brilliantly decorated apartment, of the same dimensions as that appropriated to the banquet.

The galleries of these rooms are long, and seem not to be of sufficient height; but this circumstance gives, by contrast, the appearance of

great altitude to the principal apartments, to the uses of which they are tributary and subordinate.

The style of decoration and furniture of the interior of the palace is chiefly Chinese—perhaps adopted on account of the ample means which it affords for a display of richness and variety in form and colour, unfettered by the severity of rule that pervades all classic art. It may also have been approved on account of its suitableness to receive those valuable works from China, which in great abundance have long been in the possession of his Majesty, and which, however beautiful and rare, but ill accord with other styles of decoration. The introduction of new styles certainly calls into exercise the imagination of our native artists; and this has combined with the former encouragement given to the manufacturing arts of the country by the same munificent patronage, to enable us, not only to compete with foreign nations, but, in fact, to supply them with many works of art that, but a quarter of a century ago, we were obliged to obtain from abroad.

The decoration and furniture of these apartments, and also of the corridor, are admirably executed and judiciously arranged; and in one division of the length of the latter are placed the valuable ivory chairs and sofas, inlaid with silver, that formerly belonged to Tippoo Saib, who received them as a present from his French allies.

Page 345.

A. Pugin del.t

BANQUETING ROOM.

Winkles sculp.t

THE BANQUETING SALOON.

It is readily admitted by travelled foreigners, that the state apartments of this Palace are more splendid and exquisitely furnished than those of any sovereign in the world; and, as such, it displays the triumph of British skill. No where can be found congregated together the labours of so many hands, in such varied forms and materials; each being worthy to become an example for masterly execution.

The apartment is square, having deep recesses at either end. The ceiling is circular, domed and coved, supported by spandrils, formed by arches springing from four gilded pillars in the angles. The walls are formed into panel compartments, each centre being exquisitely painted, representing Chinese figure-subjects, on light grounds, and bordered with golden tracery on red. The chequered margin that surrounds the whole is of a brilliant blue.

The ceiling is overshadowed, as it were, by the branches of an enormous plantain-tree, from the midst of which, and in the centre, a dragon bears a superb chandelier of glass. At the spandrils of the ceiling, flying peacocks are ingeniously contrived so as to appear completely insulated, and as if emerging from apertures behind them: these support four other chandeliers, of corresponding character, but of smaller dimensions.

The upper part of the room is lighted by transparent tablets, and the lower amply by windows opening on the lawn.

It is impossible to specify what colours prevail in this splendid apartment: it seems as if every colour was contributing to produce an effect which engrosses the attention as a whole rather than by individual parts, and to form a combination so exquisitely harmonious, that the eye is occupied in contemplating it in the same way as the ear is engaged before a perfect orchestra, where the notes of no single instrument are thought of, because the mind is engrossed by the captivating effects produced by mutual conformity.

The furniture and accessories in this apartment are suitably composed, and admirably adapted for the entertainment of its guests. The table is furnished and attended as is usual on similar occasions; and the King is represented as seated in the centre of its length; probably chosen on account of its more nearly equalising the distance of the visitors than could be done at any other part of the table.

PRINCE AHMED AND THE FAIRY.

A Sketch from the Arabian Nights.

On he past
Through the strange cavern: still a distant sound
Of music led him on; and still a light,
A faint and lovely light, played o'er his way,
And shewed the walls, where ev'ry gem of earth
Shone with the hues of heaven: deeply blue,
The sapphire softened the red ruby's blaze;
The ethereal diamond and green emerald
Made it seem like the palace of a king.
Still follow'd the young prince the graceful light,
That like a spirit danced before his path;
At last, a fresher air passed o'er his brow—
Fresh, but as sweet as if its course had been
Over a thousand roses; and the flame,
His sparkling guide, vanish'd when the clear sky,
Fountains, and trees, and flow'rs grew visible.
And Ahmed saw a lovely garden spread,
As if it were the Summer's favourite home;
The turf was like a Persian carpet, dight
With myriads of gay colours; and rich beds
Of tulips, earth's bright rainbows, seemed to hold
Divided wealth with the gold amaranth.
Kings of the solitude, gigantic palms,
Held shadowy empire, and like lovers hung
Over the delicate acacia's boughs,

Which guarded in their turn blue violets,
Lying like clouds earth-dropt beneath their shade.
Around were marble fountains, and their spray,
A silver shower, fell o'er the scented shrubs,
Making exchange of freshness for their odours.
There the birds nestled thickest, with their wings
Shining like Indian stones, and each soft throat
Tuned like a separate lute. At the far end,
Mirrored in the clear crystal of the lake,
Arose the garden's wonder, the bright palace,
All glorious, with its purple towers, like those
The evening clouds build for the setting sun.—
He entered one rich hall; his dazzled sight
Sank in the splendour. Pearl and ruby shafts
Supported the high dome, where amber gave
Its fragrance forth; incense and precious woods
Shed their sweet influence, and music's sound—
Lutes and soft voices mingled—met his ear;
And beautiful young forms were floating round
The gorgeous throne whereon the fairy sat,
Like waving clouds about the lovely moon.
She rose, their radiant mistress, and flung back
The ebon tresses from her marble brow;
And Ahmed gaz'd upon the large dark eyes
That welcom'd him:—a smile, a timid blush,
Were on her cheek—they told the tale of love.

L. E. L.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

By RANDOLPH FITZ-EUSTACE.

Nay—smile not, girl!
Nor from those roguish eyes of thine
Such glances hurl—
Like fire they scathe my fond heart's shrine!
The cloud that floats in sunny gleam,
As though some sainted Peri's bower,
May hide beneath its purple beam
Dread thunder for a darksome hour!
And those bright lips—of one so fair—
May kindle joy, or wake despair!

Well—smile—smile on!
Who, Julia, would such guerdon prize—
Soon lost as won—
Though bright the lips, and brighter eyes?—
Ah maid! the halcyon builds her nest—
Though rage the seas, and scowl the skies,
She changeth not her isle of rest—
Thrice blest in her own paradise!
And be thou true as thou art fair—
Welcome, Joy—and hence, Despair!

SAINT AGNES' FOUNTAIN:

THE ROMANCE OF A FINSBURY ARCHER.

By the Editor of the "Chronicles of London Bridge."

—— I am advised to give her music o' mornings;
they say it will penetrate.

SHAKSPEARE.

A little Fountain-cell,
Where water, clear as diamond-spark,
In a stone basin fell.

SCOTT'S *Marmion.*

IT is very well known to every one who is at all acquainted with the ancient history or topography of London, that the northern part of Finsbury-Fields, that is to say, from the present Bunhill Row almost to Islington, was once divided into a number of large irregular pieces of ground, enclosed by banks and hedges, constituting the places of exercise for the famous City Archers. Along the boundaries of each of these fields were set the various marks for shooting, formerly known under the names of Targets, Butts, Prickes, and Rovers; all which were to be shot at with different kinds of arrows. They were also distinguished by their own respective titles, which were derived either from their situation, their proprietors, the person by whom they were erected, the name of some famous archer, or

perhaps from some circumstance now altogether unknown. These names, however, were often sufficiently singular; for in an ancient map of Finsbury-Fields, yet extant, there occur the titles of "Martin's Monkie," the "Red Dragon," "Theefe in the Hedge," and the "Mercer's Maid." Indeed one of these names, not less remarkable, was given so late as the year 1746, in consequence of a person, named Pitfield, having destroyed an ancient shooting-butt, and being obliged to restore it by order of an Act passed in 1632; the Artillery Company, to which it belonged, engraved upon the new mark the significant title of "Pitfield's Repentance." The general form of the Finsbury shooting-butts, was that of a lofty pillar of wood, carved with various devices of human figures and animals, gaily painted and gilt; but there was also another kind, of which some specimens have remained until almost the present day. These consisted of a broad and high sloping bank of green turf, having tall wings of stout wooden paling, spreading out on each side. Such shooting-butts, however, were chiefly for the practice of the more inexpert archers, and not for those, who, like *Master Shallow's* "old Double, would have clapt in the clout at twelve score, and carried you a forehand shaft at fourteen, and fourteen and a half." Upon this bank of turf was hung the target, and sometimes the

side paling stretched out so as to form a long narrow lane for the archers to stand in; the principal intent of them being to protect spectators or passers-by from the danger of a random arrow, or an unskilful marksman: the latter, however, if in the Artillery Company, was not responsible for any person's life, if, previously to letting fly his arrow, he exclaimed "Fast!" The marks were erected at various distances from the shooting-places, some being so near as seventy-three yards, and others as far distant as sixteen score and two; though the ancient English bow is said sometimes to have been effective at so immense a distance as four hundred yards, or nearly a quarter of a mile. The fields in which these butts were placed, were, in the time of Elizabeth, a morass, subdivided by so many dikes and rivulets, that the ground was often new-made where the bowmen assembled, and bridges were thrown over the ditches to form a road from one field to another. Like the *Slough of Despond*, however, they swallowed so many cart-loads, yea, waggon-loads of materials for filling them up, that old Stow once declared his belief to be, that if Moor-Fields were made level with the battlements of the City Wall, they would be little the drier, such was the marshy nature of the ground.

Notwithstanding all these inconveniences, however, the Finsbury and Moor-Fields were not

even anciently left wholly uninhabited: in 1498 they were occupied by orchards and gardens, and near the site of Chiswell-street stood the modern manorial residence of the Fynes family, which first gave name to the estate. Even in the moor itself, too, were scattered some few houses, connected by the bridges and causeway already mentioned; and one of these was, in the latter part of the reign of Elizabeth, a famous place of entertainment for the Archers frequenting the spot. It stood a little to the north of Bunhill-Fields, near the shooting-butt known by the name of "Friar Tuck;" and it mounted for a sign the head of an Archer in the gayest caparison of the time, under which the artist had very gravely written, "Thys is the Bowmanne of Lockesley," not considering that Robin Hood lived nearly three hundred years before. However, as old Jasper Butts, the host, could draw good ale and wine, play passing well at the quarter-staff, kept a plentiful table for the London Archers, was a merry man over a flaggon, a tall fellow in a wrestling match, had a pretty ward — Mistress Mildred Paget, — and, above all, could deliver his shaft fairly at thirteen score and odd yards, — why, his guests marked not the anachronism of his sign, but filled his house and his pockets upon all occasions.

It was early in the morning of the 16th of September, 1583, when the sun was beginning

to dissipate the exhalations which ever arose from the marshes of Moor-Fields, that a party of young men, habited like City Archers, but carrying with them various instruments of music, arrived before the door of the Bowman of Locksley. The foremost two formed a peculiar contrast to each other: one of them was a short thin figure, dressed in a suit of the most fashionable cut which his tailor could devise, and wearing his amber-coloured beard trimmed down to a curved point. His face expressed, if expression can exist in vacuity, a vast deal of satisfaction with himself, blended with that silly good-humour which laughs at every thing; and it seemed, by the bright flush of his cheeks, that he had been looking into the Malmsey-flaggon, notwithstanding the day was yet so young. He wore on his head a small, pert-looking, black velvet hat, adorned with a chain and medal, and several long gaudy feathers; and, besides his bow and quiver, he had a Spanish rapier, which, from its own length and his mismanagement, was more frequently between his legs than at his side. He was evidently come out upon an expedition of great mirth and importance, since he often turned to his companions, and especially to the one who was walking with him, laughing and chatting with an overflowing degree of happiness. The other young man was of a moderate height, rather inclining to talness, of a good

figure, and more plainly but handsomely clad: wearing his clothes as if an elegant habit were both familiar and proper to him. In his manner he was not less good-humoured than the other, but he was without that silly kind of laugh which preceded and ended all his speeches: in a word, the inhabitants of the Bowman of Lockesley, so far as their sight could reach, might have guessed that the latter was a gentleman, while they might have sworn that the former was a fool.

"In truth, cousin George Mowbray," began the first of these personages, "an young Mistress Mildred like not our music, I shall take it in snuff; good sooth but I shall; for it hath cost me a matter of twenty groats to set it forth for her. But I think, coz, that the dulcimer will touch her, and the viol that Master Strum playeth so deftly, and thy most excellent witty words, —she cannot but love it unfeignedly." "Depend on't she will, Master Simpcox Bridbolt," replied his friend; "thou knowst that Orpheus moved rocks with his music;—go to, thou shalt soften the heart of this Finsbury Niobe an it were as hard as London-stone, man." "Why lo you there now!" answered Simpcox, "there it is; you can deck out your speeches with such marvellous taking words, and the women like them, coz, the women like them. Now when I would speak to Mistress Mildred thus, why I've not a word for a dog, when she looketh upon me,—

but in the Bear-Garden, oh coz! in the Bear-Garden—there I'm at home to an ace." "But Master Simpcox," interrupted another of the party, "when you talk to Mistress Mildred, you should woo her with a lover's oaths, and swear to her of your constancy and her own beauty. Trust me, a proper man like you should never lack wit for a woman." "You say sooth, Master Halberject, I am a proper man, and I can wear a rapier with any body for grace; but Mistress Mildred marks it not, or doth but laugh at me when I note it unto her. Yet I hope in Saint Michael that our music shall penetrate, for the words be most admirable rich, and well-conceited. Master Mowbray here made them for the nonce, for, having erewhile been page to my Lord of Leicester, he hath dwelt much at court, and"——"Hist," cried Master Strum, the viol-player, "here we are under Mistress Mildred's windows; so now my masters sing ye in good time, and strike off sharply, lute, cittern, and dulcimer."

"Eos lifts the veil of Night,
Phœbus' steeds ascend the skies;
Flowers, and birds, and joy, and light,
Maiden, wait thine opening eyes.

"Mounteth now the lark on high
To the clouds with tuneful glee;
Like his, to Heaven mine anthems fly,
And soars my morning song to thee."

"Stand close my mates, stand close," cried Simpcox as the strain concluded, "I hear her coming to open me the casement, and then I only should be seen, ye know, and accost her in an excellent witty speech which hath also been penned for me." "To it, man, then," said Mowbray, "for I hear somewhat moving in the hanging-chamber, and thou shouldst ever strike ere the iron cools." Simpcox made no reply, but throwing off his hat, and putting himself into a most affected attitude, stretching out both his arms and one leg, he plunged at once into the most extravagant piece of euphuism which the prevailing taste of the day could furnish. "Paragon of peerless perfection!" began he, "can thy couch detain thee, O Flower of Finsbury Virginity! now that the golden-haired god hath yoked his team of light quintessent, and drives joyously up the tyrian-tinted clouds in his chariot of molten gold? Come forth, O thou Mirror of maidens! Come forth, my Radiance, and say to thine Ardency who awaits thee below"— "By the bones of Saint Becket, I think the knave's bestraught!" exclaimed the merry voice of the landlord, as he put his broad face out at the casement, which Birdbolt gazed upon with an open mouth and a foolish stare. "How now, Master Simpcox, is't you guisarding under my windows to turn my girl's brain? Hold you there, man, till I don my trunks and hosen, and

we'll have a morning's quart of canary together, that shall make thine eyes flash fire, like Royal Harry's, the Tower Tiger's." "You say well Master Butts!—sooth now, you say well; but I came on another guess-errand, I promise you, which was to give pretty Mistress Mildred a morning's melody. I pray you now, an you love me, get her to come unto the casement." "That shaft will scarce hit, Master Simpcox," replied the landlord; "she will not fancy any but a courtly youth, the proud piet, and thou art all too city-bred for her: what then?—why let her go and"—— "Nay, that may never be, good mine host," said Simpcox, "am not I as transmewed in mine apparel as heart can desire; so that none could deem I was a mercer in the Royal Exchange? I speak the tongue of the court too, and I have set forth this music to woo her withal at my own costs and charges." "And yet thou wilt not hit the white this round, Master Simpcox; but what of that? there be other matters better worth pursuing than a woman. And I warrant me now, we shall have the fields filled anon with jolly archers to practise for the great show to-morrow. The Duke of Shoreditch and his goodly troop will rest them here."

With these words, the landlord having finished his toilet, left the window, and in a few minutes came out of the house, bearing a large

tankard. As he encountered the friends of Simpcox, he saluted each familiarly; as—"Hah! what Master Halberject, mine ancient clothworker, how weaves thy life, man?—Master Strum, of the City Waits, I perceive; an excellent musician, trust me. What! is't thou, Master Mullet of Paul's Wharf? ay! and thy valiant cousin Oldfish of Leadenhall: good men and true, all of ye, excellent Archers every one. What, ho, knaves! within there! ale and canary for my guests! But here's a gentleman," continued he, turning to Mowbray, "whom I know not." "Good, mine host," said Simpcox, "this is my cousin, Master George Mowbray: I pray you to know Master Butts, coz. He writ for me, mine host, that excellent conceited song which we sang erewhile. In good sooth he came but to try his bolt in the shooting, but that I persuaded him to take his lute, and come with me to Mistress Mildred." "Y'are a wag, Master Birdbolt," answered Butts, "y'are a wag, to shoot in another man's bow, and hit the mark for yourself: but you're welcome all, gentles, we shall have a brave day for sport; and see now, yonder come trooping our gallant archers.

"Jolly Pœbus look down in thy glory below,
And inspire us to shoot, or to sing;
For Archers still hail thee as God of the Bow,
And Poets as God of the String,—
My old Buck!
And Poets as God of the String!

"Then a health to our brave British Bowmen be crown'd
In the Forest, the Field, and the Park,
May their strings be unfailing, their bows be all sound,
And their arrows fly true to the mark,—
Merry Boys!
And their arrows fly true to the mark!"

The various troops of Archers which formed the celebrated pageant of the 17th of September, now began to assemble in Finsbury-Fields, for a trial of skill previously to that famous spectacle, habited in those sumptuous dresses by which the Bowmen of Elizabeth's reign were so eminently distinguished. There came Barlow, Duke of Shoreditch; Covell, Marquess of Clerkenwell; Wood, the Marshal of the Archers; the Earl of Pancras, the Marquesses of St. John's Wood, Hoxton, Shacklewell, and many other excellent marksmen, dignified by similar popular titles, long since forgotten. There was such glittering of green velvet and satin, such flapping of the coloured damask ensigns of the leaders, such displaying of wooden shields covered with gay blazonry, such quaintly dressed masquers, such pageant-devices of the various London parishes which contributed to the show, such melodious shouts, songs, flights of whistling arrows, and winding of horns, that, as an author of the time truly says, "such a delight was taken by the witnesses thereof, as they wist not for a while where they were." But for those who would enjoy this pageant to perfection, let them turn

over the leaves of Marshal Wood's very rare tract of "the Bowman's Glory," which really blaze with his minute description of the dresses and proceedings. Many a deed of archery, well-befiting the fame of Robin Hood himself, was that day recorded upon the Finsbury shooting-butts; and of these none were more applauded than Master Mowbray's, who many times hit the white, and twice split in pieces the arrow of a successful shooter. "Now, by my holidame!" said Butts, as he drank the health of the young Archer in the rural banquet which followed the sports, "Finsbury-Fields have been honoured this day beyond what they ever were since Britain began." "Not so, mine host," said Mowbray, "for in them lies interred the heart of one of the last and bravest knights who ever went to Palestine; and he was mourned by such an ardent and holy affection, that the world itself can shew no equal to it." "Marry now," said Pipeclay, the potter of Moorgate, "I've lived by these fields man and boy any time these forty year, and I've never heard of that yet." "But I doubt not," returned Mowbray, "that you very well know St. Agnes' Spring, which lies to the east of these moors." "Ay," interrupted the host, "who knows not that? I remember me that in Queen Mary's days, Father Mumblemass, the priest of Cripplegate, used to say that it wrought miracles; but I never try

water whilst canary or sack is to be had." "Now truly, cousin George Mowbray," cried Birdbolt, and he was loudly joined in his request by several others of the party,—"if it may stand with your liking, I beseech you tell us the tale you wot of, and we shall be much bounden to you therefore." "Nay, my masters," replied Mowbray, "an that be your will, it is not worth a denial; and so ye will take it as a Bowman's romaunt, plain and undecked as it is,—why, give me your patient hearing."

Our old English Chronicles tell us, that after the death of Richard the Lion-hearted, his next successors, although they took the cross, as if intending like him to fight bravely in the Holy Land, never had the valour or the good fortune to get thither; for John Lackland assumed it, that he might be free from the demands concerning the Great Charter; and Henry of Winchester had too many wars in his own country to allow him to go abroad to look for fighting. All the succeeding crusades, therefore, with the exception of one, were undertaken by the French kings; but in the year 1240, Richard, Earl of Cornwall, King of the Romans, and brother to our Henry the Third, headed an expedition from England in the seventh crusade. The issue of this enterprise was not only unsuccessful in itself, but also terribly fatal to numbers of the brave men who

had engaged in it. The intrigues of the ambassadors of Frederick the Second, Emperor of Germany, and the Mahometan court, ended in a truce between them, which cut off all hope of aid from that quarter; while the dissensions of the Templars and the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, were, in a great degree, the cause of a sanguinary defeat of the crusaders at Gaza. Hence it was, that Richard Fitz-Roy could effect no greater benefit for the Christian cause than the conclusion of a peace with the Sultan of Egypt, in 1241, after which he returned to England.

In this crusade, one of the bravest knights who took the cross was Sir John de Fynes, a soldier who had been attached to the royal party throughout the continued anarchy of John's reign, and the numerous discontents which had already disturbed that of Henry the Third. He was a knight of such well-known valour, that the insurgent barons had often attempted to draw him over to their party, though his small castle, standing in these marshy grounds of Moor-Fields, was a fortress of too little value for them to march against. In the reign of Henry the Third, the district of London which we now call Finsbury, was an immense morass, or rather a number of large fens, in many places under water; which, in the winter, were commonly frozen into one sheet of ice. As the ground rose toward Isling-

ton, the remains of the great forest with which Middlesex was once covered, stretched itself out like a broad black belt skirting the northern boundary of the county; and the only way of approaching that place was by certain artificial paths, visible enough in dry weather, though, after a storm, the road to foot-passengers and those unacquainted with the country was wholly impassable. As these paths were originally made for the convenience of reaching certain particular points, so one of them, partly constructed of large stones rudely placed, formed a kind of causeway, leading to a tall and gloomy square tower, seated on a rising ground, and defended from the inundations of the neighbouring country by such skill as the age afforded. The shape of the edifice appeared to be of a Roman character, as if it had been built during the reign of the Cæsars in Britain, and had been abandoned on account of its unhappy situation; but some later possessor had enclosed it with a strong embattled wall of chequered brick and stone, having a high gateway between two turrets, of that form which we still call King John's gates. Above the entrance appeared a shield, bearing the rude figure of a lion rampant, carved in stone, having a label issuing from his mouth, bearing the family legend, "*Fynd to the Feld*," in large Saxon characters. Of this, the literal signification is "Foe to the Field," and it was

adopted by the house of Fynes as its motto and war-cry of defiance. In this fortress then resided Sir John de Fynes, a plain, blunt English soldier, the faithful companion of Richard the First in his crusades; and his earnest desire was that he might yet fall upon the plains of Palestine. His lady, Isabella de Fynes, had been dead some years; but yet so far was he from the rude spirit of his time, that he could never transfer to another the vow of affection which he had made to her. The knight therefore remained a widower, with two daughters, Agnes and Maria, who were rapidly approaching that age when the heart feels other affections than those which arise from filial love; and their father felt himself detained in Britain only until he should have bestowed them worthily in marriage—but his next hopes and wishes were centred in Jerusalem. He had given them the best education and accomplishments that the time was capable of furnishing; and he had the satisfaction of seeing in them his own firmness, courage, and loftiness of feeling, blended with the milder virtues of his departed Isabella.

Such were the inhabitants of Fynes Castle, to which, one morning, a horseman was observed approaching rapidly along the causeway; and in a short time he was discerned to be Sir John's chief esquire, Oliver Vauntbras, around whom, as he rode into the outer bailey, all the do-

mestics flocked for news from the court, from which he had so speedily returned. "Well, friend Oliver," began several voices at once, "what tidings, man? what tidings? where sits the court now? how looks King Henry to the barons? heard'st aught from the holy pope? who do men say now shall be archbishop of Canterbury? and"—— "The foul fiend himself, for my part!" returned Oliver, shaking himself free, and giving some of the nearest inquirers no very gentle rebuffs with his mailed hand—"Here's a coil! by the bones, I think Satan is in you! what have ye to do with either king or court? But hark ye, fellows, thus stands the world: kings want gold, lords want power, the pope wants both, and the devil wants all. And now cease your questioning, and let Sir John know that I have sped his errand and would speak with him thereon; for I have tidings for him, though not for you."

When the esquire was summoned into the presence of his lord, he found him seated on a kind of oaken throne, or settle, under a canopy in his great hall, upon the dais, or elevated platform at the upper end. He was engaged in feeding a hawk, whilst his daughters, according to the custom of the time, were seated on embroidered cushions below him, and near them stood a rude kind of ivory harp, as if Maria, the elder, who was gifted with a very peculiar talent

for sacred melody, had been delighting her father with some of those metrical hymns of the Roman church, the tunes of which are so ancient, that they have been supposed to be the identical music adapted to the Odes of Horace. "How now, Oliver!" began the knight as his esquire entered the hall; "what says the king?" "He greets you well, Sir Knight," answered the soldier, "and will think of your motion anon; but farther answer he gave me not, seeing that he is now pressed by raising supplies, and the factions between our bishops and the Italian priests, who are come to get gold for the pope and livings for themselves." "Alas, my poor master!" sighed Sir John, "thou art ever doomed, I fear, to be involved in strife with thine own followers in thine own land, instead of carrying fire and sword into Palestine at the head of an English army of crusaders. And what farther, Oliver?" "Briefly this my lord, that the brave Richard, Earl of Cornwall, much in grief for his lady's late death, hath vowed to collect soldiers and depart for the Holy Land. He also greets you well, and prays you to gather what force you may, and meet him at Dover on the feast of Saint Michael next, to join the crusade." "And that will I do blithely," cried Sir John, a martial delight spreading itself over his whole countenance; "by the soul of my father!" continued he, tossing the hawk to his perch, "but it's the

most spirit-stirring news I've heard these ten years. And know'st thou who goes with him, knave?" "The best of the baronage, so please you," returned the esquire, "but in chief, William Marshal, Earl of Pembroke, and William Longsword, Earl of Salisbury." "Be it so," said the knight; "braver leaders, or more loyal peers, I seek not: and now where sits the royal Richard until he embark?" "At his castle of Berkhamstead, in Hertfordshire," answered Oliver, "where he bade me bring him your answer straight, but first to deliver this ring as a true token, and to call on you by your ancient war-cry, *Fynd to the Feld!*" "And when I reply not truly to that call," exclaimed the knight, "my hand must be as powerless, and my heart as cold, as the tomb can make them! Hasten to the prince then, Oliver; say that I will not fail him; and, God seconding our swords, we will plant the cross upon the towers of Gaza, or lay our bones beneath it. The Black Lion of Fynes *will* come forth to the battle; there is my signet-ring; away, good Oliver, away."

It is easy to conceive the emotions with which this message, so gratifying to the knight, was received by his daughters. They gazed upon each other with tears gushing from their eyes, as they thus beheld themselves about to be deprived of the only protector who was yet remaining to them; and when the esquire quitted the hall,

they gave full vent to their feelings, by throwing themselves, weeping aloud, upon their father's neck. "Why, how now, girls!" exclaimed Sir John in a jesting tone, "is this the countenance of an old crusader's daughters, to blench thus when war is made against the infidels? St. Mary defend! but I'd rather be the first to scale the walls of Gaza, than the proudest baron that ever bore pennon. I would truly," continued he, in a softened tone, "if it had pleased Heaven, have been content to rest here at home, at least until I had seen you both worthily bestowed in marriage, and then no matter how soon I had laid mine old bones in the Holy Sepulchre, and sought mine Isabella in heaven: but when a crusade marches from England, why ye wot well it would be foul scorn for a Knight of St. John, and a soldier who fought with Richard the Lion-hearted at Acre, to sit here unarmed like a hawk in his mewing." "The will of God be done!" said Agnes, "and it is his cause in which you are arming, my father; but"——"But what, my fearful little Agnes—hast not seen in thy missal, girl, how the stripling David overthrew me the Paynim, for all his brigandine and lance? And hath not Father Boniface told us full oft to take unto us the armour of God, which he saith meaneth going on the crusade? Dry your tears, lambkins, dry your tears, I shall return to you, fear not, and with a brave rich husband for each of you

from the crusading army—not a fellow who takes up arms against his king, under a specious device of liberty; but a knight of worth, who hath taken a pagan by the beard, and who when he dies may have his effigy cross-legged lying on his tomb." "Be it so, my father," cried Maria, in a composed, solemn voice, to that which the knight had spoken half in jest; "be it so—for until I see you again, may that God whose cross you go to defend forsake me if I marry or hold communion with any man!" "Sayst thou so, my girl!" replied the knight; "and whither wilt thou go whilst I am away then? for England is all too wild a place for two fair maidens to live alone in." "I will betake me to the Hospital of Bethlehem, adjoining the Moor-Fields, and there will I remain until you shall return to release me from my vow." "And for me," said Agnes, "I will remain in the castle which gave me birth; and the room from which my mother's spirit took its flight to heaven shall be to me as a cell: for until I shall again behold thee, my father, I will not go forth into the world to be made lady-queen of England itself. And God so bless me as I shall keep my vow!" "Well, but know ye, minions," asked Sir John, "that a voyage to Palestine is all another matter from going across the sea to Normandy; ay, and a battle in the holy country tenfold fiercer than a tilt with a Christian soldier?

for those dogs of Mahomet fight like the very sons of Satan. So then, girls, I would have ye bethink you that it may be long ere I come back again, and *your* youth will fly in time, as mine hath done." "Be it years or be it days, my father," said Maria, in the same tone of exalted feeling, "till I again behold you, I will not once think of man or of marriage; and for that the expedition is full of danger, I will cause to be erected for your sake, and for the sakes of all the souls of the crusaders, a cross of stone at the gate of Bethlehem Priory which I enter; and there will I offer up my orisons at morning and at midnight that we may meet again."

"Bless thee, my child!" said the crusader, "through thy piety, and our own cause, I trust to see the blessed land free from the very name of an infidel." "And now, my father," said Agnes, "hear my vow, and mark what I will do for thee. A short distance eastward from this place is a fair spring of crystal water continually flowing; from which, and because that the Christmas rose groweth there without culture, the city maidens call it the spring of St. Agnes le Claire; and the blessed martyr herself hath endued it with a miraculous power of healing. I will enclose this holy spring in a fair stone well, and erect above it a crucifix, that the sick may remember from whom all healing virtue floweth, and bless Him by whom they are made whole.

And this little fountain shall be unto me as an oratory; for there will I offer up my matins and vespers in perfect maidenhood, till thou shalt return again from Palestine." "And if it be Heaven's will," said the knight, "we *shall* meet, although I should return from the dead to thee, or though the infidel cimeters were tenfold keener. What would ye say now to see me return suddenly some night, when ye are praying at the cross and fountain? stranger things have been." "Come, my father, only come," replied Agnes, "and whether at morn or at midnight, that I reck not." So concluded a conversation which had excited a much greater depth of feeling than any of the party had anticipated: and the knight left his daughters with more emotion than he was wont to express, to give orders for his departure, which followed in a few days.

The habit assumed by Sir John de Fynes, on the morning of his setting forth for Palestine, was that peculiar to the famous Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem. He was clothed then in a massive suit of chain-mail, which hung in large heavy folds upon his body and arms; looking, for the most part, of a dark iron-grey colour, shining only in some few places which were exposed to a constant friction. His legs were also enclosed in armour of the same species. But a principal feature of the crusader's habit, was the large crimson war-mantle of his order.

On the left breast of this robe was the eight-pointed cross of the order, formed of white cloth, and alluding to the eight beatitudes of Christianity. Such was the costume of Sir John de Fynes, as he passed his portal with a thoughtful step, and threw himself upon his horse, which, barded as he was from counter to flank, and bearing the knight's additional weight, reared up in seeming pride at having so brave a soldier upon his back. Sir John dashed one tear from his fine manly countenance as he looked for the last time upon his two pallid daughters; and then turning to his retinue, cried, in a voice of thunder, "Fynes to the field! set on!" The troop was instantly in motion, and in a short time it had left the marshy grounds of the castle, and even the city of London itself, far behind.

It is reported by those who have endeavoured to collect the scattered fragments of this legend, that when Agnes and Maria de Fynes entered on their solitary course of life, the maidens of London would often visit them, endeavour to recall them to the world and its pleasures, and particularly entreat them to marry. For it must be observed, that when the Duke of Cornwall and his diminished army of crusaders returned to England, neither Sir John de Fynes nor his esquire was with them. It was asserted, however, that they could not have fallen at Gaza, because all the

Christian corses had been recognised and carefully interred in the holy ground; nor had they died of the plague, which afterwards thinned the fragments of the army, because they had been missing long before it brake out. All that could be imagined of them, therefore, was that they had been either made captive by the infidels, or else had joined the crusaders of France, who yet remained in Palestine.

Years, however, rolled away; no tidings came of the knight; and the once peerless beauty of his daughters began to be changed into a wan and premature old age, occasioned by their anxiety, their solitary life, and the severities of their vows, which they continued to keep in all their primitive force. At length, when all hope seemed at an end, as Agnes de Fynes was one clear midnight keeping the vigil of her patroness at her blessed fountain, her thoughts turned upon her father, and his promise to return to them perchance during their night-prayers at the cross and the well. Her meditations were suddenly interrupted by a faint, but long-drawn sigh; and upon looking up, she saw a stranger sitting on the well-side, wrapped in a red mantle, bearing a white eight-pointed cross on the shoulder, whilst the moon, glancing faintly upon his figure, shewed that he was habited beneath in chain-armour. "Holy Virgin!" exclaimed Agnes, starting up, "in the name of God, what art

thou?" "Am I then forgotten, Agnes de Fynes?" said the figure, turning towards her the countenance of her father, though greatly changed by time and the climate of Palestine, as well as by the warfare in which he had been engaged; "am I then forgotten, Agnes de Fynes? Said I not that I might return suddenly, when thou wert praying by the fountain reared by thy piety?—and lo! I have come; God hath permitted it." "Welcome, my father, welcome at noon, or at midnight welcome," cried Agnes; and she was about to cast herself upon his breast, when he prevented her by a sign, saying, "Not now, my child; I trust we shall embrace hereafter, but now mine arms are all too cold to clasp thine in them." "Alas! my father," said Agnes, looking with sorrow at his pale thin visage and silvery hair, "thou art sadly changed from the bold warrior who departed from England." "Yes, Agnes de Fynes, the withering gloom of the Turkish prison, in which myself and my follower were so long confined, changes the proud glance of the soldier like the grave; but I am now at rest! I have come from far to behold thee, my child, and thou, too, art sadly altered—but my stay must be brief, yet doubt not but my heart shall remain with you for ever!" He bent forward as he spake, stretching forth his hands as if to bless her; whilst Agnes, overcome by a feeling of awe, which the time and circumstances were

well calculated to inspire, fell on one knee before him. A cold spell seemed to detain her for some moments in that position, and when she found courage to rise—she was alone!

The remainder of the night was passed in anxious conjectures; and early in the morning Agnes walked out from Fynes Castle towards Bethlehem Priory to relate the adventure to Maria, who had there succeeded to the dignity of abbess. When she arrived at the gate and cross, she was met by her sister, who had evidently something of great importance to communicate, as she addressed her, saying, "Sister Agnes, I was about to make you an early visit this morning, by command of our father, whom I saw last night seated by this cross." "*You* saw him, sister Maria! why, he was with me at St. Agnes' Well as the bell chimed for lauds." "Holy St. Anne!" exclaimed Maria, "at that very hour he stood before me at this cross, wrapped in his red mantle; and when I would have embraced him, he waved it, saying, that the cold of his arms would chill my blood, but that his heart should remain with us for ever."

They soon reached the castle; and upon entering it, Agnes was informed that a stranger from Palestine was waiting to have audience of her. When the sisters had passed with palpitating hearts into the hall, an ancient man, dressed in the torn fragments of an esquire's habit, and

wrapped in a dark mantle, in which he seemed to conceal something that he was bearing, was introduced to their presence. "You are then from the Holy Land, friend?" began Agnes to the soldier; "all who come from thence must be welcome unto us: if you seek food or relief, such as our poor house can offer is yours, were it for that single petition only." "Noble ladies," replied the stranger, "I have, it is true, but newly escaped from Gaza, where I have been these thirty years imprisoned by the infidels. With me also was confined a brave crusade knight, who died in his fetters; but ere he died, he caused me to swear that I would take his heart from him, and if I should ever escape, bear it with me to England, to be interred in the lands of his own castle in the Moor-Fields, near to London." "And," said Maria with anxiety, "the knight's name was"——"Sir John de Fynes," replied the soldier: "behold the casket!" he continued, producing an urn from beneath his cloak. "'Let my heart,' said he in dying, 'remain with my children for ever!'"

The mysterious visitor of the preceding night was thus made clear to have been the spirit of the brave crusader; and Agnes and Maria de Fynes wept loud and bitterly over the last relics of their father. Indeed, they appear to have lamented him with a sorrow to which history shews no parallel; for it is related that they held a

solemn mourning for him for three hundred days, and then buried his heart in these fields, first called from that circumstance *Fynes-bury*. They both retired for life into the Priory of Bethlehem, and at their death they gave Finsbury-Fields to the City for the London maidens to walk in. An old song, to the tune of "*Where is my True Love?*" printed in the "CROWN GARLAND OF GOLDEN ROSES," yet commemorates some of these events; and the winter rose yet adorns, and healing virtues are yet to be found, in the pure crystal waters of

SAINT AGNES' FOUNTAIN.

TIME.*

Ancient, young, immortal, dead!
Thou, in beauty's youngest prime,
Thou, with age's woe-worn head,
Who has seen thy birth-place—Time?

Eldest of the things that are!
Thou, before the Moon's bright horn,
Thou before the Morning Star,
Thou, before the Sun wast born!

With Creation's golden wheel,
Spirit, was thy course begun!
When the Heavens and Earth shall reel,
Spirit, shall thy course be done!

Thou, when Sun and Moon are past,
When the burning Stars shall fly
Loose as dust before the blast,
Then thou, mightiest, last, shalt die!

Here thy emblem-stream beside,
Droops the dying Year its wing,
O'er its fountain, sunny eyed,
Bends the cherub form of Spring.

* See Vignette on the Cover.

Down the stream Life's myriads roll,
Destin'd to oblivion's cave;
But the native sons of soul
Struggle upwards through the wave.

MEMOR.

TO CONTEMPLATION.

ILLUSTRATIVE OF A SUBJECT AFTER WESTALL.

BY BERNARD BARTON, ESQ.

PENSIVE Nymph! if such may be
Name or title worthy thee,
How thy form would Fancy trace?
Where would Thought thy station place?

Thee in sable stole array'd,
Like to some fair convent maid,
Fancy pictures; thine the mien
Sweet, yet thoughtfully serene.

Thine the look whose mute appeal
More than language can reveal;
Thine those rais'd, mysterious eyes,
Holding converse with the skies.

In what still and lone retreat
Hast thou fix'd thy fav'rite seat?
Grot, or cell, or shadowy wood,
Which may best befit thy mood?

Neither:—these would *bounds* assign,
And unbounded space is thine;
Thine, by attributive right,
Realms invisible to sight.

Fancy would thy haunt explore
On the Ocean's lonely shore;
Massive rocks, by sea-weeds strown,
Form thee there a fitting throne.

Not by daylight's dazzling glare
Dost thou love to wander there:
Silent watches of the night
More befit thy mystic right.

Then, and there, the night-breeze sighing,
Waves in softest music dying,
And the Moon up-rising thence,
Blend in mild magnificence.

Just enough dim light is given
Earth to veil, to open heaven;
Just enough of gentle sound,
To make stillness more profound.

There thou sitt'st, with beauty fraught,
Image of embodied thought;
Like some Vision, chaste and sainted,
Sung by NEELE, by WESTALL painted.

This Engraving was to have been illustrated by Henry Neele; but his indisposition having transferred the task to other hands, the writer of these hasty Stanzas only considers himself on this occasion as the *locum tenens* of a better Bard.

B. B.

STANZAS.

Suns will set, and moons will wane,
Yet they rise and wax again;
Trees, that winter's storms subdue,
Their leafy livery renew;
Ebb and flow is ocean's lot;
But Man lies down and rises not,
Heav'n and earth shall pass away,
Ere shall wake his slumbering clay.

Vessels but to havens steer;
Paths denote a resting near;
Rivers flow into the main;
Ice-falls rest upon the plain;
The final end of all is known;
Man to darkness goes alone,
Cloud, and doubt, and mystery,
Hide his future destiny.

Nile, whose waves their bound'ries burst,
Slakes the torrid desert's thirst;
Dew, descending on the hills,
Life in Nature's veins instils;
Show'rs, that on the parch'd meads fall,
Their faded loveliness recall;
Man alone sheds tears of pain,
Weeps, but ever weeps in vain!

Henry Neele.

REMONSTRANCE;

Addressed to the Writer of the preceding Stanzas,

BY THE EDITOR OF THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

CHRISTIAN minstrel, sing'st thou so?
Is Man born but to grief and woe?
Doth he alone shed tears of pain,
Weep, and ever weep in vain?
Hid is his future destiny
In cloud, and doubt, and mystery?

Far better then, indeed, had Man
Perish'd ere his brief race began;
Better he ne'er had seen the day,
Nor felt the sun's enlivening ray,
Nor learnt the charms divine to trace
That bloom on Nature's lovely face!

But can it be?—And when this clay
Or soon or later must decay,
Shall Reason's torch, shall Genius' fire,
Love, Friendship, Charity expire?
Shall all those high imaginings,
Which raise us far 'bove earthly things—
Those lofty hopes, which seek the skies—
That Mind, which through Creation flies;

Plunges to Ocean's depths; explores
With daring ken Earth's hidden stores;
Which scales the heavens, and measures there
The glorious planets' vast career;
And, bounding on through realms untrod
By mortal foot, ascends to God—
These—shall these perish?—Wherefore, then,
Minstrel, were they given to men?

What though the body sink to rest,
Like weary babe on nurse's breast,
And to its kindred dust return,—
There lives a spark which still shall burn.
Nor can this spark, howe'er defin'd,
Psyche or spirit, soul or mind,
Offspring of an eternal sire,
Like things of grovelling dust expire.

Then, Christian minstrel, sing not so;
Man is not born to gloom and woe:
Sure as he lies down he shall rise
And gain his proper home—the skies;
And though he here shed tears of pain,
He shall not ever weep in vain.
Assur'd of Virtue's endless meed,
He walks the path by Heaven decreed,
Cheer'd by his glorious destiny—
Life, light, and immortality.

'Tis not Religion's voice alone
Which makes this joyful doctrine known;
But Reason too proclaims that Man,
When he has run his earthly span,
And left his mortal dross behind,
Shall, in a higher sphere refin'd,
Perfect those energies divine,
Which through his humbler nature shine.

Then, minstrel, tune thy lyre again,
Sound a more sweet and soothing strain:
Let thy melodious numbers wake
Hopes that no doubt may ever shake;
Teach that the ills which here assail
'Gainst Virtue's pow'r shall nought avail;
That, this brief state of trial o'er,
Sorrow and pain annoy no more;
And Man—not a mere breathing clod—
Man lives for ever like his God!

THE END.

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